

SPEECHES FOR ALL  
• OCCASIONS •

JAMES SCHERMERHORN



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# SCHERMERHORN'S SPEECHES

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*For All Occasions*

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*Including "NEW DEAL" Speeches*

BY

JAMES SCHERMERHORN

*Author of*

*"1500 Anecdotes and Stories*

*For After Dinner Speaking"*



WITHDRAWN

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SCHERMERHORN'S SPEECHES



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## Advertising Goes Early to the Colors

No one is more familiar than advertising men, with the display lines and text, the shibboleths and subject matter of the wartime copy—a noble literature of revival and loyalty.

No one carries a deeper impression upon his sensitized mind of the pictorial appeal that made of every city street and newspaper an art gallery—vivid pictured challenges that touched every heart and pried open every pocketbook.

Through advertising we had President Wilson's word for it that it would be force without stint until a triumph of righteousness was achieved, and so it was.

Through advertising Mr. McAdoo solicited our complaints so persistently at every retiring and waking hour in the Pullman posters that we had to complain about it.

Through advertising Mr. Hoover pronounced grace and denounced waste at every meal, and Mr. Garfield made the anthracite situation soft for everybody.

Through advertising the American ship sang again—

Build me straight, O worthy master,  
Safe and strong 'gainst all disaster!

Capital and labor were aligned; womankind registered and classified; the marines proclaimed in a manner to give the impression that there was not much for other branches to do but



look on; aviation was urged as offering the best opportunities to see the country, with the privilege of dropping out if dissatisfied; the navy was next to a college fraternity in personnel, culture and scholarship; the tanks called to mollicoddles to become devil dogs and treat 'em rough; and public librarians were beseeched to jump in and win the war! Advertising was some branch of service, with a president, two ex-presidents, Gen. Pershing and Billy Sunday counting it a great distinction to be enrolled among the copy-makers.

Always it will be advertising's glory that it volunteered early and served for the full period of the war.

Once it might have failed to pass a physical examination. There was a time when it had some traits of the slacker, but the Associated Advertising clubs of the world got a great deal of the taint out of its blood and renovated its cantonments and training stations.

Publicity was prepared. There was more printer's ink than ordnance available; the winged word was the real Liberty motor in the matter of production.

Advertising was the alert and the clarion, sounding warnings and saving cities. It trumpeted the assembly and the advance and rallied the reserves.

It was the wig-wag from the hill-top, the white arc of the star shell, the flash of the heliograph, the only invader who got to Berlin through the president's classified copy under the heading "Wanted—someone to speak for the German people."

No one is better qualified, therefore, to summarize the American motives in this great adventure.

We said we sought nothing for ourselves beyond the safeguarding of democracy; we went forth not to be ministered unto but to minister; we became the protectors of little children, the shelterers of the aged; the solace of the desolate.

Politics stood adjourned; religious barriers fell; social distinctions were effaced; all were called upon to save, serve and suffer for the nation's salvation and glory.

We learned to get along with less. Democratic authority stepped in and sought to make necessary things go round under a system of allocation.

Business plans and hopes were halted, but goods and prices and profits sank into insignificance compared with what our sons were offering upon the altar of devotion.

If balances were being written in red, we know that the chronicle of our brave crusaders for self-government was written in crimson.

If impatient protests came unbidden to our lips, the white crosses upon the hill-slopes of France silenced us in shame and contrition.

### After-Dinner Beginner

"Only one in a thousand is an after-dinner speaker," said an ultimate consumer, "but the deplorable fact is that the other 999 think they are."

Out of the night that covereth him, black as a pit from pole to pole, this sufferer felt like propounding the ancient conundrum: "What is the difference between a Thanksgiving turkey and me?"

Answer: "The turkey is not stuffed with chestnuts until she's dead."

Some forty years of fellow-faring with the unafraid post-prandialists who sit night after night with only a banquet table between them and a possible violent death, convinces me the fault is not with the one "we have with us" at all.

The flustered bridegroom, the lovely life-partner on his arm, stammered in response to cries for a speech: "All, all I can s-s-say, friends, is this thing was th-th-thrust upon me!"

So with the next on our program, who insists that he is the last one that should have been expected to appear and proceeds to prove it. The thing has been thrust upon him because he has come through a less agonizing experience in the war, has been elected to do something, has won a million dollars for

naming a new periodical or has never lost to a passenger in crossing the street at the busiest hour.

He has been put on the program for everything but his ability to respond to a toast. It is too ghastly to think of what would happen if the same system of selective conscription were applied to making up the musical program or engaging the cooks and waiters.

Think then of the feverish fellow now on his feet—he feels for all the world as if he were on his head—who is crumpling the napkin in his perspiring hand, as one more sinned against than chinning. Think of him in the spirit of the well-remembered admonition posted above the organist in the western church: "Don't shoot—he's doing the best he knows how!"

The program committee is the one for you to get after. They reasoned one with another, saying: "We all know he'll put everybody to sleep, but he's guaranteed to make up any deficit and he ought to have ten minutes, at least."

The punishment of the first-time toaster fits his crime. No one knows how he suffers, unless he comes right out with it like the tyro who confessed: "Brethren, when I came into this room only God and myself knew what was in my heart to say to you—and now only God knows!"

And not often does the audience have the privilege of being heard as explicitly as when the guest, called upon unexpectedly, said: "This is an outrage. I came here with the distinct understanding that I was not to be called upon!"

From the floor came this report: "I've been betrayed, too. That's the only thing that got me to come here!"

Daniel Dougherty, gifted New York silver-tongue, who proposed Grover Cleveland's name to the Democratic convention, confessed that he once saved the day, when every line of his memorized oration left him, by pretending to swoon.

As he was only one of the "And Others" at the bottom of a program containing a Senator, a Governor and a General, he could not have expected more than a line at the bottom of the



account of the great political rally. But his strategy made him the first-page feature of the affair. The article went on to say that "the brilliant Irish orator, at the height of the speech of his illustrious career, was so carried away by his emotion that he fell in a dead faint on the platform. The public will be glad to know that young Dougherty is none the worse for his experience this morning, as the rostrum could ill afford to lose such a bright and shining light."

Another Irish tongue did not find so happy an escape from stage fright. When Michael Moriarty was at the beginning of his political experience that brought him finally to the state senate of Michigan, he was engaged to deliver a Memorial day address in a small community in his district.

Mike asked the indulgence of the audience for coming without preparation. He said he felt it would be a sorry tribute to the fallen heroes if he could not find words out of his own tender emotions, born of the memorial hour, to do them honor. He preferred to speak extemporaneously for that very reason.

He was picturing the return of the Civil War veterans—and doing it very graphically for one who was in the "infantry" himself at that time—when someone up in front snickered. This so upset the impassioned Mike that every word of his carefully-prepared oration left him; and he had to dig into his inside coat pocket and bring forth a manuscript as big as a roll of wall paper.

At least he had something to fall back on, unlike the minister who asked the congregation to bear with him while he spoke without preparation and leaned upon the Lord for such help as He might vouchsafe for him. "Next Sunday, dear friends," he added, "I hope to be better prepared."

The 999 who think they are after-dinner speakers, or who have the thing thrust upon them, would have a more comfortable time if they were not possessed of the idea of "getting away big" with their maiden effort. A few sentences, given simply and naturally, are much more to the credit of the beginners than

the drawing of a manuscript upon one's unarmed hearers or floundering in such grandiloquence as submerged Sam Barnard in his Fourth of July peroration on the vaudeville stage:

"Und ve stand on der shores of der ocean of Liperty und der vaves of freedom and shustice dey roll und roll—und ve stand on der shores—und de vaves dey roll und roll und roll—und— Oh hell, I'm oud too far!"

The inexperienced postprandialist wants to come first, for his nervousness is akin to that of the fond husband who said he worried so about losing Louise that sometimes he wished it were all over with.

The unready speaker always wants it all over with. He wants to be put out of his misery as soon as possible. If you want the privilege of telling a man just what you think of him, go up to the speakers' table when the torture is getting close to him. You can call him anything you want to lay your tongue to, and he'll never hear you.

With the to-the-manner-born after-dinner discoursers, the last shall be the first in spontaneity and spiciness and repartee. He wants to be after the after-dinner speakers, for all that has gone before is grist to his mill.

For in that hour when the demi-tasse has been quaffed and the dishes pushed back, only that speaker shines who has come to the feast with all the anecdotal cells fully charged. Everything that is offered by preceding speakers, be it stale or sparkling, should set the brain fibers running to those cells, a-vibrating.

And, as an after-dinner speech comprises a quotation, a platitude and an anecdote, the other cerebral storage batteries must get into action, also. So when a practiced responder to a toast confesses that he always makes three speeches, to-wit, the one he had prepared, the one he gave and the one he thought of on his way home, it does not follow that he failed to give the best one of the three.

### On the Air

I have to laugh when I come face to face with the disc of a radiocasting equipment. It is such a cold, dispassionate affair, compared with looking into the faces of your audience. As Strickland Gillilan says, "there are faces here that need looking into."

But the funniest thing about it is that some people put on evening clothes to talk in this unseeing orifice, when all they need to worry about is how they shall clothe their thoughts.

This little dark device, behind which such a far-flung multitude can hide and adjourn when they please, is part of the proof of the antiquity of the radio.

They came across some telegraph keys and codes in Egyptian excavations not long ago, from which the archæologists deduce that telegraphy existed before Christ. From the fact that no wires were unearthed it seems clear that they had the wireless, too, in that far-off period.

Then there is the word "disquisition," implying as plainly as can be the employment of a disc in the imparting of ideas.

Discobulus was a great discus-thrower. The name indicates that he not only downed his radio opponent, but it reveals what he called him in the encounter.

When they jeered Benjamin Disraeli in his maiden speech in Parliament, he sat down confused and chagrined, but saying through his compressed lips: "Some day you shall listen to me!"

He went away from the scene of that early failure to prepare himself for the fulfillment of his prophecy. Sure enough, there came a day when he commanded the applause of listening colleagues.

But he never had to go up against the invisible air audience. It is pretty tough on a diffident speaker who takes years to be at ease before an assemblage, only to find himself face to face with an emotionless, unsympathetic disc.

Also with an exacting and mentorious radiocasting tyrant standing by and adding to his confusion.

In such a trying situation nonchalance is the word for beginners. Starting off by saying what the brother sprung in beginning his Sunday morning inspirational talk at the state reformatory: "I rejoice to see so many present on this auspicious occasion."

For the benefit of the radiocaster-in-chief spring a jolly quip about its being no new experience for you to chant in the choir invisible; that your audiences have always insisted that they could never see you as a speaker.

This has its advantages in case a cabbage or two hurtles in your direction. It saves you the harsh necessity of repeating the sally of a political spellbinder under similar circumstances: "Never mind your heads, gentlemen; just lend me your ears." Then they began throwing corn on the cob.

Don't magnify the difficulties of the disc ordeal; consider the blessings attached to wireless wordiness and your embarrassment will all disappear.

There is no one to yell "Louder!" or "Vote! Vote!" or "Go hire a hall!" or "What time is it?" No one with squeaky shoes to arise in front and stalk out of the auditorium—

Rings on her fingers,  
Bells on her toes,  
She shall have music  
Wherever she goes.

Menaced by a frowning audience in front of you, it is the better part of valor to be brief. But over the non-resistant radio, you are comfortably free to speak at wave length.

In good time it will be a poor radio that will not work both ways. But until Marconi has given every long-suffering hearer a comeback, the arguments of the air advocates will remain absolutely unanswerable.

The disquisitionist is as safe as the Rev. Dr. Bill Stidger,

of Boston, when he writes his interviews with such inanimate things as statues, buildings, parks, etc. He knows that no one can sue the religious daily he serves for being misquoted.

In the midst of a terrific artillery fire that was cutting down his comrades and tearing up the terrain for miles around, a western doughboy in the shell-swept trenches had an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"What's the great idea with all the giggles?" asked an officer sternly.

"Well, sir, I just happened to remember how a footpad made me throw my hands up with a 32-calibre revolver out in Oklahoma once!" shouted the buddie whose funnybone had been hit by the deafening barrage.

I have to laugh when I go on the air for a few minutes for West Point in this intercollegiate symposium. At the United States Military Academy the embryo officers used to develop the power to command—"boning voice" they called it in cadet parlance—by shouting orders across the artillery plain.

There was Old Stentor, the mythological megaphone, who was looked upon as some voice-thrower, also, because he shouted with the volume of 50 men.

And the farmer, living at the edge of Echo Canyon, who called the hired man the last thing at night with the sweet assurance that his voice would come bounding back in time to get the menial up at break of day, was no vocal slouch, either.

But here we are projecting our impromptu remarks in conversational tone thousands of miles and smiting the tympanum of millions of ears—that is, if the management has provided the usual advance notice of who the speakers are to be.

Thus it will be seen that the thundering of the human voice has advanced several points over West Point.

I hope no one will think that I am carrying a joke too far; for it is really a solemn thought that you can shout "Forward" or "Fall In" or "Get To Bed" to thirty millions of patriots—provided they chance to be staying up after "taps" tonight to



hear these intercollegiates pay tribute to the alma maters from which they graduated with miribile dictu honors.

It is as awesome, in fact, as when a church-member was called up by telephone in the early morning by his pastor, report of whose death had been greatly exaggerated in the morning paper. "You probably saw that absurd notice of my demise," began the minister.

"Hold on a bit!" shouted the parishioner. "Just where are you talking from?"

### Airports

Landing fields are like husbands, as defined by the second-grade pupil—"something no respectable family should be without."

No accessible city should be without an airport, now that general manager and commission form of municipal government are rendering city halls vocally obsolescent.

How many of you can think back to the old common council of 40 members, who never opened their mouths but what they subtracted from the sum total of human knowledge?

This All-American Aircraft Week ought to get Detroit started toward an airport. We've been drifting toward that port for years. Once they came near taking our port out into the middle of the Strait of Detroit, tying a stone to it, and drowning it.

We have moved in this emergent matter with the celerity of the turtle that was sent for aspirin when the frogs were overtaken with hoarseness. They coughed and coughed and nearly croaked for six months when one of the greenbacks showed signs of impatience.

"That turtle is all the bunk as a first-aid emissary," he grumbled. "He's a delusion and a snare and I don't care who knows it!"

From the other side of a log came an injured voice. "Just for that," it said, "I won't go!"

We've got to do something pretty quick, or Philadelphia (where a carpenter who drove two nails in three hours was arrested for fast driving the other day) will outstrip us. Navin Baseball Field is no better as an airport than the City Hall has been since it lost its voices. The Tigers landed only twice out of six attempts last week. See how the goddess of victory shuns our boys even after they got to where they could imbibe the Spirit of St. Louis under its assumed name, Listerine.

It's no easy job to know where to land a landing-field. Not that there is any lack of sites that are on the level. We are lousy just now with sub-divisions that are flat failures. But the problem is to get an airport that is safe for aviators and dangerous, if not fatal, to reception committees bearing keys to the city, banquet invitations and engraved water pitchers and such.

Lindy, or what is left of him, should be retained as consulting engineer in connection with this last-named feature of airport building.

When the whole story is out, it will be known that the Bremen did not put its first-over record on ice on that lonely Greenley Island by mistake. That German-Irish delegation has been getting the papers. They saw what happened to "We." And their answer was: "Not for us."

So instead of descending into the clutches of a frenzied populace, they picked out the first frozen pond that came along in the frozen wastes of Labrador and set up light housekeeping. There in that uncongenial clime they built their vitality up to stand the kindness of the States. Of course it was not the plucky little Irishman's fault that a Freestater should drop kerplunk upon another British Isle. Hard to steer clear of them as one follows the morning drumbeats or the airplanes around the globe. If someone reminded Fitzmaurice that the sun never sets on the British dominions, he probably thought of that other Irishman's retort: "Begorra, he don't dare to!"

The problem of central location of an airport is contained

in the dialogue of the detraining visitor and the oldest inhabitant: "How in the name of all the distance 'twixt the east and the west did they ever plant this station so far from the city?" "Dunno, 'less it was to get ut near th' trains!"

Regional rivalry for the distinction of having the airport near is a repetition of the strife between the East Side and the West Side for the Carnegie library. The editor of the local weekly came out for the East Side. When the West Siders began to stop their paper he sought to conciliate them by explaining that he advocated the East Side because the benighted denizens over there stood more in need of the library than the West Siders. Then the East Siders arose in their wrath, and the poor scribe was in the position of the farmer in the hospital who milked on both sides of the cow to make sure that he got the right one.

The federal Commerce Department is kind to lend this occasion two of its competent young men from the aeronautical department to help us work out this municipal airport project with all the safeguards that have been devised—proper lighting and drainage and levelled area and hangar outfitting—to make clear the path and secure the transit of those who come to us out of the sky.

Who could have foreseen that the day would come when reception committees would get stiff necks from looking for the appearance of their guests? It recalls Pat's consternation when he saw a bell-diver come to the surface at the Battery.

"Holy saints!" cried the just-over immigrant. "If I had thought of it I would have come over that way myself!"

### Altars and Fires

There are more definitions for "strike" in the dictionary than any other word, so it isn't to be wondered at that the colored patriot, who was making for the rear, said, when someone asked if he were running away, "No, suh, but I passed several as was." He had heard that splendid adjuration to

"strike for God and home and native land," and he said he was striking for home.

But we will use strike in the sense of to go, to depart on a definite mission, to proceed suddenly; and so using the word strike in the fine appeal of Fitz-Greene Halleck, we will, of course, avail ourselves of the modern facilities for striking out and use, if you please, one of Detroit's marvels of motor convenience and transportation, because there is scriptural authority for the use of the automobile, to-wit, "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways."

So when we hear Fitz-Greene Halleck crying across the years, "Strike for your altars, and your fires and the green graves of your sires, God and native land," you can follow that exhortation much more quickly and expeditiously if you will go upon the wings of this modern transportation and find yourselves very soon, the interval of a day, a week-end expedition, in the presence of those altars and sanctuaries and shrines of the country where our fellow-men have yielded all but their hope of heaven, that democracy and all that it stands for shall endure forever and ever.

If we go so to the places long neglected (you know where they are because we can follow the footsteps of those who come from foreign countries with wreaths and bouquets and plant them on the graves of our illustrious dead; perhaps up to that moment we had not known of where they slept the sleep that knows no awakening) and if we journey in the spirit of those that are going to our altars and our fires, there to imbibe the inspiration and the veneration which their heroic deeds impart, we will not make the mistake of the mid-Western tourist who stood at Bunker Hill, when the guide said impressively, indicating the height of the shaft, "Here is where Warren fell!" The tourist said, "My God, did it kill him?" Nor will we have that conception of great historic things that our very alert Hebrew friend had when they were showing him the home

of Wellington in the Old World. The guide said, "Here is where Wellington received his commission," and Ikey said, "How much vas that commission, please?"

Now we will go to the shores of the Atlantic, only recently celebrated for its tercentenary significance, where the Pilgrim fathers braved the dangers of the unknown sea and the rigors of the uncharted coast that they might worship God according to their own conscience, and that they might set up here that scheme of self-government of which we are the heirs and the beneficiaries today. They were stern, impassioned people who crossed the ocean to get away from kingship, to get away from the oppressions of the Old World. I never had but one quarrel with the Mayflower folks, and that was because they thought so little of the hospitality of my Holland Dutch ancestors that they preferred to go to sea in leaky boats rather than remain any longer. I thank God that the Hollanders now have one guest who cannot get away, although he may be contributing to the multiplicity of Dutch dams.

So they came, these stern, impassioned men, and where they planted the banner of religious freedom and of civil government, Henry W. Grady, one of the great orators of this glorious Southland, stood many years later and said, "I am thankful that my feet press at last New England's sacred soil and that I turn my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty, and her thrift; here where Longfellow sang, and Emerson thought, and Channing preached and Webster thundered I hasten to make the obeisance which every American feels when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence! God bless those heroic workers," cried Grady, your Grady of the South, "and prosper the fortune of their living sons and perpetuate the glory of their handiwork!"

And on the heights of Monticello, many years ago, I heard a former governor of Massachusetts say that when the American soldiers went forth to the Civil War they instinctively raised their soldier caps when they passed Old South Church, in



Boston, because something within its homely walls spake to them and sent them forth braver, truer men.

In striking for your altars and your fires, you may go to the heights of Monticello in old Virginia, because, if you recollect, great things have come from the high places, all the way from Mount Sinai where the speech of Moses was distilled, as the dew, down to Monticello, where Jefferson dreamed his dream of democracy.

There on the summit you walk where Jefferson walked and you look out over the smiling valley and you see the mountains fringing the Southern sky, and you feel as Jefferson did when he surveyed that prospect and said: "This is a symbol of democracy, a smiling brotherhood of men overshadowed by the greater principles of truth and justice and liberty." There under the lindens he sleeps, the man who formulated our Declaration of Independence.

It is only a little journey to that quaint two-story building in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where the immortal signers fixed their names to the document that meant our liberation from kingship. When someone said, "Now, gentlemen, we must all hang together," Dr. Franklin assented: "Yes, or we shall hang one by one."

Yet not far away in the old church yard sleeps Franklin, our great benefactor, diplomat, editor, inventor, and humanitarian. He has put upon his tomb a statement of immortality that surpasses any other expression I have ever seen on that subject: "The body of Ben Franklin, printer, like a copy of an old book, stripped of its covering and its lettering, lies here, food for worms, but the work itself will not be lost, for, as he verily believes, it will in time be issued in a more beautiful edition, perfected and beautified by its Maker." A fine statement of the doctrine of the life everlasting.

"Strike for your altars and your fires." The Pilgrims journeyed westward carrying the scheme of democracy, until at last they reached the Pacific Northwest and the Pacific Coast.

Your altars and your fires are far-flung now; they stretch all the way from the lanes of Lexington where the embattled farmer stood and fired the shot that was heard around the world, even to the forest in the Argonne, where young men who loved life as much as we, bared their breasts to the hurtling death that the scheme of democracy might survive. Sometimes it seems to me a seraph voice breathes over those poppy-gemmed spaces and seems to say, "For they so loved the world that they gave their own lives that whosoever will may have justice and liberty and tolerance and democracy forever."

"Strike for your altars and your fires." An old song locates them:

"I saw Washington cross the Delaware;  
I saw Stark mid mountains green;  
I saw Warren fight at Bunker Hill,  
General Jackson at New Orleans;  
I saw Davy Crockett at the Alamo,  
General Taylor at Monterey,  
And they all fought for our liberty  
In my dream of the U. S. A."

So there are the shrines, there are the sanctuaries. And I want to say to you, also, even you men of the business world going forward with your great schemes of expansion and of organization, that it is a good thing to pause at the grave side now and then to hear voices long hushed that speak to us out of old faiths and old consecrations; we can listen to "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

### Amateur Journalists

May I claim comradeship with you, even as the candidate made himself cheek by jowl with the prison inmates by assuring them that he had served time upon at least two occasions!

You behold in me the editor and publisher of the *Wolverine*, at the advanced age of 15, with a total paid circulation at least equal to the magazine output of Henley the poet in London, who stood at the window one darksome day when the murk was in the sky, as a funeral procession was proceeding slowly down the street. Things were going badly with the publication. Henley looked grimly at the cortège a moment and then turned to one of his editors. "Great Heavens!" he cried. "Can that be our subscriber?"

Or you might measure the *Wolverine's* output by the savage retort of a tramp printer who had been fired for partaking too freely of "Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic," which the country weekly had taken in exchange for advertising. "You are not only bounced," said the publisher, "but I am going to show you up in my paper."

"Go ahead and show me up and be damned!" said the wandering Willie. "I can walk outside of your circulation in five minutes!"

You have heard of political sheets that were so disturbing to the authorities that they had to be issued surreptitiously. Well, the *Wolverine* had to be sneaked out of my father's country weekly while his back was turned, so to speak. There was not any type to spare in the office of the *Hudson Gazette*, and my stern parent began to notice the disappearance of the nonpareil. This situation became particularly threatening when a quarter-page ad. came in for *Radway's Ready Relief* and it developed that the capital "R" box was empty.

I saw that trouble was brewing for the *Wolverine*. Nighttime labor on the clandestine chronicle was necessary. So I balanced a galley of the contents of the forthcoming edition on the signboard at the open window in the gloaming, while I undertook to make corrections in the stuff.

In pushing down a space the galley tipped and fell kerplunk on the head of an esteemed Christian woman of the community just as she was entering the drygoods emporium below. The

victim shrieked and fainted. A crowd gathered, including of course my stern parent. They took the good woman into the store (her stiff bonnet had saved her life) and my father took in the situation from the overturned galley and the scattered type. I can still hear the ominous thump of his steps upon the stairs, and—well, that was the wind-up of the Wolverine!

Its demise was directly opposite to the dissolution of so many ambitious newspaper enterprises. They fail because they do not make a hit. Their contents make no impression on the minds of the populace. They answer to the indictment of the *Washington Post* which, in a duel with the *Ohio State Journal*, reproduced a paragraph from the last-named publication and offered this terse comment:

"This is the most serious mistake the *Ohio State Journal* has made since it got out its first issue."

### Armistice Day

The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eighteen was the only peace jubilation that was ever rehearsed.

You will recall we jollified long and wildly several days before the German delegation boarded Marshal Joffre's special car at Spa. It was fortunate the signing of the Armistice was anticipated, for that premature observance was more hearty and thorough-going than any subsequent fulfillment of its epoch-making import.

The war against war was supposed to have been won. But harken to what is being said upon this ninth anniversary of the Armistice about getting good and ready for the next one. With the United States out of the League of Nations, the world is still unsafe for democracy. Until we covenant with some fifty other nations to preserve world friendship the millions of lives and billions of treasure will have been spent in vain.

But the jingo spellbinder had a searching question for his hearers. "Gentlemen," he cried earnestly, "did you ever have

any war experience outside of your immediate families?"

Let me make the interrogation still more personal: "Have you had any war experience in your own soul?"

If you haven't, you have something on the noble Emerson, who confessed: "I have within me capacity for every kind of crime."

We all have. And that is where our enlistment for life comes in. And in combating the powers of darkness that encamp around about our fortifications we go not to battle, but to war.

The vaudeville hero, pointing to the two decorations that adorned the right and left of his manly bosom, says: "I got this one for getting that one." It is no mean distinction to come back from the crash and shock of battle with a distinguished service medal or a Croix de Guerre. But how about the awards in the lifelong campaign against temptation and appetite?

Here's one of the most resplendent decorations: "He that controlleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a walled city."

Greater because the conquest of habit and earthborn propensity must be accomplished without uniform, music or banners. There is moral equivalent of war in the heroisms of peace, unshowy, unseen. And that war is ever waging, with no armistice until the last trump sounds taps.

You young men of this Institute of Technology are equipping yourself for the fray by giving your spare time to practical studies. The sentinels of your better selves should challenge as direct foes those skulking presences, Ignorance, Error and Unbelief. They should cry out, "Halt! Who goes there?" whenever Idleness, Indulgence, Intemperance approach the sentry-lines of your character.

"My soul, be on thy guard—  
Ten thousand foes arise!"

Many sinister forms draw near to the citadel of your spirit in the guise of friends that are not entitled to pass the guard.



One of these impostors is the perfidious doctrine that the local unpopularity of a law should nullify the Constitution. Tell such that they haven't the countersign and call for the guard.

It is tough that in Detroit we must choose between a mayoral candidate who defies the professional drys and snoopers before election and one who derides them after election.

If "professional dry" means one who professes to put patriotism above appetite, the Flag above the flagon, the term is a tribute more than a taunt.

And it would be more becoming for a mayor-elect to declare that if there is no sneaking there will be no necessity for snooping. The hidden half-million dollar defiance of federal law and local well-being at the corner of Woodward and Selden was uncovered by snooping.

The collective will of the people should be respected strictly by all who keep Armistice day in their patriotic hearts until that enactment is changed.

The nation cannot endure half-dry and half-wet without drifting into anarchy. And we didn't acclaim the Armistice nine years ago with the idea that democracy had been triumphant only to fall into anarchy.

### Automobile Manufacturers

I had anticipated the felicities of this annual foregathering of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, but I did not expect to be a guest at a lovefeast.

The presence of your distinguished antagonists of the past ten years, Mr. Ford and Mr. Couzens, and their counsel, Judge Crisp, makes of this occasion a modern enactment of the parable of the Prodigal Son—with some important modifications.

The triumphant prodigal who has won the Selden patent suit seems warranted in returning in the spirit of the colored preacher's interpretation when he described the wanderer as coming back and shouting imperiously, "Wha's dat fatted calf?"

If it is husks that Henry Ford has been feeding upon, I know

a number of newspaper publishers that will be satisfied with the same kind of cereal diet.

You will recall that there was one sullen figure in the parable—the elder brother. He was peeved, and would not go in unto the feast. I think we will cast Judge Crisp—or any one of the lawyers on either side—for this part in the general rejoicing over the end of lawsuits; for has it not been written, “He who escapes the Charybdis of license shall perish on the Scylla of litigation”?

I congratulate the litigants who have composed their difficulties and are fellowshiping here together, and I commiserate their counsel.

I would not have been heard from at this time if I had not walked down town—if I were not the solitary citizen of Detroit who possesses a 1911 model as the patriarch Jacob saw the ladder reaching heaven—only in dreams. I am next of kin to that other publisher of an anti-septic daily who said he was just stepping out of his \$7000 Fiat when the bed broke down!

I am proud to appear here as Detroit's only pedestrian—licensed, if you please, and operating under the O'Leary and Weston patents. The pedometer is attached to joys that the cyclometer knows not of. To walk is to keep reverently near the beauteous surface of Mother Earth and to put off the hour when one goes to slumber in her bosom.

It is especially fitting to “hoof it,” even in a pneumatic-tired town if—as the tramp explained to the town constable—one has a scheme on foot.

My home is just one thousand garages from my office, and the scheme I have on foot as I diurnally traverse this distance is to see all Detroit go whirling joyously down town, the millionaires in Lincolns tossing nickels to the paupers in Fords.

It makes one think of the varied caravan that rumbled down the mountainside where “Will of the Mill” lived unto himself and wondered wistfully of the great cities of the plains far below, toward which this ceaseless flow of humanity tended.

The only difference is that "Will of the Mill" never followed the procession that swept past his mill, while I go down town with mine; and as I essay to cross the street at the end of my matutinal tramp I hear the chauffeurs say one to another that motoring in Detroit would be all that it should be if a certain pedestrian did not insist upon cluttering up the streets.

Describing the bravery of the Batavians, the historian Tacitus said their young men cut neither hair nor beard until they had slain an enemy. The man who walks in Detroit has observed that the drivers are all smooth-shaven and short-haired.

Little wonder that we have to have a brand-new model of measuring time every year and the Old Man with the Scythe, as the symbol of the hurrying hours, is succeeded by the radiant maiden at the steering wheel.

A new chronology is given unto us, based upon the local production of a machine every minute, so that it is now the correct form to say, "The Wolverine leaves for New York at forty automobiles past three."

To know things well, first-hand, you must walk. Walk with the eager high school youths and hear them read from history's page that the fair city of Detroit was founded by Cadillac and expanded by Packard and packed by Ford!

Thus, he who walks may read Detroit's new-found fame in the textbooks, while the Thucydides of the future will record how the people who lived by the sapphire strait were so enamoured of their pneumatic marvels that they named their postmaster after one pattern and the leading merchant prince got his patronym from another type of sacred vehicles—just as all the early presidents were named after streets in Chicago.

As revealing how the souls of Detroiters were possessed of one controlling passion at the period under discussion, the future archæologist may restore the dialogue occurring between two cultured citizens of that epoch. "Dost thou know," says one, "that Jones picked up a Rembrandt and a Whistler

while he was abroad?" "The deuce you say," declares the other. "What's he going to do with them? He's got a Lincoln and a Rolls-Royce already!"

Ah, it is the glorious swing down the street that starts the currents of friendly speech. Sometimes when some other citizen of Detroit gets weary of the mad whirl of modernity and would fain return to the simple life he led before he devised an engine or brought out an accessory, he steals out of his palatial residence, takes steps with me, and unburdens his soul: He is no happier with all of his fortune and rubber tires than when he walked, he says. He is glad to get the soil of the good old earth upon his shoes again and be on a level with his brother man, and all that.

Then he implores me to set him right in a signed statement in the paper explaining that he was seen walking with me that morning, not through any desire to desert the established order, but to entreat me to give up my idiosyncrasy, buy a machine and make it unanimous!

"The spirit of the times shall teach me speed." When Elisha cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" at the moment of the Prophet Elijah's translation in the whirlwind, it was a prefigurement of the horses and chariots of fire that of a truth fly over the earth and across the blue of heaven's dome today.

If you dismiss this as a strained figure, you must see through your windows darkly, for there, against the snowy whiteness of the winter night, flashes the limousine in a golden glow, and wheeling its flight in the sunlight of a summer holiday is the enthralling aeroplane—more like chariots of fire, both of them, than the shining shapes Elijah's followers saw in the electric flashes of the whirlwind.

### Aviation

When Col. Alfred G. Reeves, general manager of the American Automobile Chamber of Commerce, remarked nonchalantly

that we would fly back from Helsingfors, Finland, to Stockholm, Sweden—that we would go in a Junker plane with three 225-h.p. engines, and that there would be ten of us, including the two pilots and the wireless operator—it was in my mind to repeat the prompt reply of Rastus when he was asked to help feed the python, being assured there would be no danger with ten men on the job:

“No, suh! there may be nine of you, but dere’ll not be ten of us!”

But Col. Reeves pointed out that everybody of any consequence came and went by air in Europe; that it was a great saving of valuable time, taking us back in less than three hours whereas the trip over by boat and train required 24 hours; and finally, so competent and careful were the Swedish fliers that they had never lost a passenger.

Personally I did not feel that the statistics were any more reassuring than the bromide about lightning never striking twice in the same place, to which an analytical mind rejoined: “It don’t have to!”

“This is a hydro, and there is the Baltic sea and 30,000 lakes in Finland to drop into in case of forced descent,” continued Col. Reeves, whose bureau gets out all the statistics for the automobile industry. “Also there are 30,000 charted islands between here and Stockholm to drop onto if there is no water handy. Moreover the wireless keeps us in touch with ships and shore.”

Again I fell for the guild spirit. Col. Reeves, received by a reception committee with a Packard when we disembarked at Abo, the ancient port of Finland, on the way over, asked me to take the ride of 150 miles to Helsingfors with the committee and himself. And is it not written, “If one ask thee to go with him one mile, thou shalt go with him twain”?

Well, I went the 300 miles with the Colonel. It cost 1,000 finmarks or \$25.00, a little more than twice the boat and train fee. We went down to the end of a peninsula jutting out from



the harbor and climbed into a cabin containing ten comfortable armchairs, five on each side of the aisle. There was a window at every seat, luggage storage, 30 pounds per passenger; and lavatory accommodations.

A glass partition separated the pilot and the mechanician from the passengers. The wireless operator had the first seat on the left. In the rack above the first seat on the right was a map showing the plane's location at any juncture.

The strong face and trim figure of the navigator inspired confidence, and the wide sweep of duraluminum wings gave the impression of "how firm a foundation" after the old earth should have passed away. Nevertheless the U. S. quota in the oblong compartment were not as debonnaire as at the Yacht Club the night before. Something—it wasn't the proximity of Bolshevist Russia—gave them pause and speechlessness. FitzJames and Roderick Dhu, about to cross swords (instead of crossing the Baltic) must have been in the same mood, for—

"Both looked at sea, and sky, and plain—  
At what they ne'er might see again."

I couldn't quite keep out of mind that tender print of the grandchild reading the wrinkled palm of the grizzled war veteran and saying: "You're going on a long journey." Was this first scheduled trip going into more mileage and time than we had paid for?

Skies were frowning over the Gulf of Finland as the S-AAAE lifted from the water, and that didn't make for repartee. Even if he had been so disposed none of the natives in the cabin was able to let us know in English that it was only a local disturbance. I recalled the plight of a passenger whose pilot, at a height of 10,000 feet, suddenly broke into loud and prolonged laughter.

"What's the joke?" shouted the nervous fare.

"Oh, I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find I've escaped!" shrieked the pilot.

We didn't go that high and the navigator didn't go out of his mind. Didn't even go out of his way to find an air-pocket to go into.

Conversation was comfortably possible; smoking was permitted. Indeed, after the great Junker pointed southwest for the Swedish capital, the flight was so uneventful that my companion fell off into a doze, lulled by the motors and the steady motion of the plane.

The plane was not so high but it was possible from the open windows to make out activities upon the verdure-clad islands of the archipelago and follow the movements of vessels upon the surface of a sea that to a bird's-eye view resembled an alligator-hide traveling bag.

It was a beautiful picture, taking on increased enchantment from castles, palaces, summer homes and seaside resorts along the Swedish shore.

While straps were adjusted for the first time as the plane descended into one of the skerries outside of Stockholm, the precaution was unnecessary. The landing was the poetry of motion.

Nobody sprung Sambo's gasping acknowledgment, "T'anks for dem two rides—mah fu'st an' mah las'!" On the contrary, everybody aboard accounted himself richer in experience for having flown, and a convert for all time to air passenger service.

Including this keeper of the aerial log. But not, he trusts, in the sense of Chloe's consecration of Ebenezer to the higher life: "Yuh oughter be one of dem aviatahs, Eb, 'cause yuh no good on earth!"

### Aviation vs. Articulation

The airship is all right in its place. An immaterial mundane monologist may warm up to it as a conveyance, a common

carrier. But not as a competitor. Because it is not a common competitor.

It is unfair. It is too much out in front. It is altogether too high and mighty. It is an avaricious absorber of limelight.

It needs the treatment the old farmer gave the duck. When the corn was scattered on the share and share alike basis to the denizens of the poultry yard, one old quack-quack would push his broad beak along the ground and scoop up every kernel in sight. When this came to the farmer's attention he grabbed the monopolist and taking his jack-knife whittled that beak down to a point. "Now, durn ye," he ejaculated, "ye git down thar' an' take your chances with the rest of 'em!"

Lindy is a winged good-willer and all that. The Chinese couple who followed the fashion in naming their first little pigtail "One Long Hop," gave the Mongolian substitute for credit where credit was due. But it is to laugh to read about Lindy's unobtrusiveness, Lindy's lovely self-effacement.

Say, if that "Aeronautical We" is retiring, the Big Dipper, the Milky Way and the Corona Borealis are all lights hid under a bushel.

To be sure, he never mentions himself at meals furnished by the best citizens. Why should he, with two continents grown stiff-necked from watching him hurdle oceans and mountain ranges?

He doesn't have to laud himself. All he has to do is to land somewhere every day in the presence of the friendly government dropped down upon and the assembled taxpayers.

Speaking as a speaker whose business it is to keep his feet on the ground, I am not sore or anything. But this matter of the overhead is getting to be a serious question in a land of supposedly equal opportunities and large and exhausted audiences.

My first experience with aviation as an unfeeling rival of articulation was in the summer of 1915. At no little expense Roy W. Howard, then head of the United Press, had me go

out to the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco to tell the World-Press Congress that it need seek no further for a news-collecting phenomenon.

My mission was to rhetorically reduce all other press associations to positions of relative inferiority—a trumpeter's task that had its difficulties in Festival Hall, where a lot of other musicians were blowing their own horns.

At length the band acknowledged defeat and retired. Availing myself of the first soundless moment that had been vouchsafed to the speakers of the afternoon, I was on the point of establishing the supremacy of the United Press with a lofty flight of eloquence when word ran through the hall that Art Smith, death-defying sky-writer, was also going to write "Welcome" or some other original legend on the blue vault of heaven.

Smith's smoke-scribbling, a few miles above the Golden Gate, didn't have a thing to do with the subject before the Press Congress, but you couldn't convince the delegates of that fact. U.P. spelled something higher to them at that moment. The speaker's soaring periods didn't have a chance alongside Art Smith's aerial punctuation.

Unfair competition should come in for much contemptuousness. It is beneath one's notice. Certainly no one should look up to it who has been despitely treated by it. Too much like turning up the other cheek.

Same way in London at the time of the International Advertising Association convention in the summer of 1924. Local pride got the Detroiters to rally in Stationers' Hall, Amen Corner, Ludgate Hill, E.C., when it became known that our brilliant publicity expert, E. LeRoy Pelletier, was going to talk straight to newspaper advertising executives of the world.

Following his sparkling discourse, it was taken for granted that the Detroit contingent would all proceed to the Hotel Cecil, where I had been prevailed upon to address the American

Chamber of Commerce in London. Did the fine loyalty that applauded at the Amen Corner carry over to the Cecil?

It did not. There was just time to taxi out to see the around the world American fliers arrive at Croyden from Paris on their next to the last hop in the completion of the circumnavigation of the globe in the upper spaces.

So away rushed a considerable portion of the Chamber of Commerce audience to vociferously acclaim (along with the local airmen) the arrival of the Chicago, the New Orleans and the Boston.

What chance has well-advertised noonday discourse, even in the interest of international good will, against the world-encircling navigators of the sky? Arising at the speakers' table whence all Americans but myself had fled, I reminded the Europeans how my fellow-citizens were just carried away by aviation.

"It is a good thing one landlubber is left," I ventured, "to give England the credit for foretelling sixty years before we sat at that noonday feast (in Lord Alfred Tennyson's oft-quoted 'Locksley Hall') what 'Columbia, the gem of the ocean' had accomplished through the swooping down of her intrepid air-sailors at Croyden Field at that very hour":

"Then I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails;  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly  
dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

Prophecy by England; fulfillment by America! At the same time the Detroit speaker, deserted by his countrymen, begged the authorities to be merciful with the globe-girdling fliers (their three planes having collided with a sky-wide advertising



smoke sign hoisted by an enterprising afternoon newspaper) for having inadvertently tampered with the "London Mail."

Competition may be the life of trade, but it is the death of after-lunch elocution. The last straw—it happened to be the one that showed which way the wind was blowing for the benefit of birdmen—was when I went out to discuss with the St. Louis Advertising Club the momentous matter of "The Signs of the Times."

But every son of St. Louis was so absorbed in looking for a sign of the mazuma that was going to make it possible for a likely lad named Lindbergh to finance a trans-Atlantic flight, that all other signs and portents were seed sown on stony soil. Popular range of vision was too high just then to take it in.

There have been intimations since then that they got the money and that Lindy got over first. Wherefore, it is a matter of never-ending rejoicing that my friend D'Arcy, who handles Coca-Cola advertising, was not at home when they called on him to underwrite the St. Louis entrant's try for the stakes.

D'Arcy said later he would gladly have come through with the required \$25,000 to convince the world that the Atlantic was not too much for his famous thirst-conquering beverage to tackle.

It is interesting to speculate on the world's reaction to a first-over flight in the name of Coca-Cola! To begin with, it wouldn't have been "The Spirit of St. Louis" at all, but the spirit of Atlanta, Georgia, where the amber decoction was born in a drug-store.

Or supposing the spirit of St. Louis had been its delicately-heralded Listerine? What a corking demonstration that taking a few bottles along with you means that you will not be shunned over there!

### Bankers' Club

You may recall that Johnny proved in his composition how needles saved many lives—"by not swallowing 'em."

So you fiduciary fellows are responsible for the decline and fall of one experiment in clean journalism that I know a lot about—by not giving it the temporary assistance it needed at times.

Maybe you thought the transitory character of the assistance sought was like Ephraim's idea of a short-time obligation.

"I un'erstan' you's gone an' mortgaged our li'l home, Eph!" wailed the wife of his bosom.

"Only temporar'ly, Dinah," said Ephraim soothingly, "an' den it will be fo'closed."

When an unexpected crisis in the cause of anti-septic journalism brought me to your door, I could appreciate the emotions of the applicant who arose from an unsatisfactory session and murmured:

"I don't see why I can't get this measly little loan of \$500."

"There are possibly many things you can't see," replied the president sourly. "For instance, you probably have not seen that the man you have been talking to has a glass eye."

"Oh yes, my dear sir, I know that you have a glass eye."

"You probably did not divine that it is the one on the left side."

"You gotta another guess coming. I knew it was the left. I saw a gleam of human kindness in that eye when I was asking for the loan."

They had a neat idea in introducing the speakers when I was holding forth before the Ohio Bankers' Club at Toledo. Instead of the usual florid and lengthy introduction a bill-poster in uniform would enter with bucket and brush and put up a three-sheet announcement of the next speaker.

I told them that made me feel right at home. Always when I went to the bank in the interest of co-operation for ethical newspapers, the president would say: "I will put this up to the board."

If I had received the usual attendance fee for every time I

went before the board my reform publication would not have needed any other financing.

There was one president in whom the quality of mercy was not strained. Neither was his facetiousness. "We'll do this for you, Schermerhorn," he would say, "because Detroit needs at least one newspaper that is fit for the fireside, but remember our charter runs out in 25 years."

Long ago he went to his reward. You may be sure I think of him tenderly, whatever may be my reaction toward his successors, when I make my quarterly visits to the institution of the expiring charter.

Happily a renewal of charter was not necessary, by reason of this bank's merger with another strong bank. But it was just my luck for the consolidation to take in another institution of humane tendencies, where one of my old newspaper obligations was imbedded in the permanent structure of the concern—thereby committing consolidation of my commitments.

Just to show there is no hard feeling, I must add that the banks were fair to a newspaper intent upon living the higher life when they couldn't help themselves. You little realize how that periodic report of your condition, required by the controller of the treasury, relieved our condition.

One of our stockholders lived in Washington. He represented several corporations there. Whenever a bank statement was about to issue he would send us a lifeline by telegraph, bidding us be of good cheer. Help was in sight at the regular financial rates.

Needless to say we liked those reports of your condition. We were as deeply concerned as an undertaker I used to know in my boyhood home who made it a practice to send flowers and best wishes to the seriously ailing.

We liked those quarterly reports better than we did the statement of one waggish banker who said that Schermerhorn's stories were the only collateral he ever offered. Then to par-

ticularize, he narrated that I went in to see a national bank president of English ancestry, spun one of my latest fables and then got turned down on my application for a little patriotic team-work in maintaining an unsullied community.

A week later, insisted this report, when I was passing this president's office I heard loud and prolonged laughter.

"Schermernhorn, I have just caught the point of that joke you told me a few days ago," he roared. "It certainly was a lalla-paloosa."

After that, according to the circulator of this libel, I always went down with the anecdotes a week ahead.

### Beavers

This is something different—an after-swimming speech. I presume this regular Thursday noon natatorial frolic, followed by luncheon on the pool's brink, is dedicated to the "Better Homes Exposition" now going on in Convention Hall.

For are not the beavers the boss home-builders, albeit silent, secretive constructionists, unlike the newspapers, who are all the time whooping it up for their "model homes"?

The beavers work invisibly along the banks of streams, shaping their mud mansions with their tails, while the press does its model home-building with much flapping of wings and crowing. No mud, mind you, for that is required for campaigns.

This poolside feast leaves nothing to be desired in the way of beaver board. The forefooted little providers always have enough put by for three square meals a day. They must have got their idea of cold storage from the record of Joseph the Egyptian warehouseman.

It was enlivening to see you Beavers playing hand-ball in the pool; and it is reminiscent of the Roman baths to look upon you lunching in your loosely-flowing garments. I haven't seen so many young men in bath-robcs at one o'clock in the after-

noon since I visited my son at his college fraternity, where all were getting ready for the stern relaxations of life.

This scene takes me back to the pool Bethesda by the sheep market in Jerusalem. Bethesda with its five porches, where an angel went down at a certain season in the absence of a swimming-master and troubled the waters, making whole the first one who stepped in after the troubling of the waters. You who step in this pool from week to week are made fitter for the tasks that await you when you get back to the works with all your duds on.

For the pool Bethesda is not to be confused with the place Bethsaida, referred to by that searcher of the Scriptures who, asked to name his favorite chapter, said he liked that place where everybody loafs and fishes.

A preacher once got over-enthusiastic in giving that account of the miraculous feeding of the multitude, and reported fragments from the five barley loaves and two small fishes as twelve thousand baskets instead of twelve baskets. He got it right in a discourse on the Sunday following and asked if anyone could explain the miraculous feeding of the 5,000.

"Sure thing," said a brother, "there was enough for all in what was left over from last Sunday!"

That was a great stroke of the 19th Amendment—extending the Australian crawl to women. They were discussing a matinee idol the other day, and one of the party ventured the opinion he was effeminate. "Nothing could be further from the truth," spoke up another. "He doesn't smoke, drink, curse or swim the English Channel!"

Quite different from the shy swain who took his girl into the breakers at Coney Island. The best he could do was to keep hold of the rope a yard away from her. A comber swept him off his feet and he came up with his mouth full of sand.

"Swallow it, Gertrude!" shouted his neglected companion, "and get it into your system!"



This poor shrimp suffered from lack of preparedness. He should have learned what to do from the aquatic expert who told the class to put their arms around the girl pupils, carry them to at least four feet of water and hold them tightly while they struck out with arms and legs.

"Supposing the learner is your sister?" asked a member of the class.

"Aw, let go of her and let her sink!" said the instructor.

It took a long time for some people to become reconciled to co-education. Many still frown upon it. What would they think of co-natation as it exists in Japan and Scandinavia today, where not only the darling daughters, but the sons, hang their clothes on hickory limbs and go into the water?

If they saw it, as your after-swimming speaker of the day did in going up to Finland from Stockholm, they would probably repeat what the dear anti-co-ed spinster said upon visiting a college where the boys and girls attended classes together: "It's very much like life, after all, isn't it?"

While not a Beaver in good standing I think I can claim to have come nearer to swimming around the world than any other natatorist present. I have dipped into the Great Lakes, the Great Salt Lake, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean, the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Adriatic, the Baltic, the North Sea, not to mention by name countless rivers celebrated in song and story.

If you demand proof let me tell you I never had to make an affidavit to my mother that I had been in swimming in Bean Creek, when I was supposed to be in school.

All she had to do was to see if the skin was peeling nicely on my shoulders.

There was another veracious swimmer who vowed that he had won every bet he ever laid on his long-distance feats. His last effort was to dive from Liverpool to the Statue of Liberty.

"I suppose you won that!" said a bystander jeeringly.

"No, I'll be honest with you," the boaster replied. "That's one I lost. I miscalculated and came up at Denver, Colorado!"

### Bench and Bar

The Justice of the Peace office, up-stairs over the drug-store, was the highest court of boyhood memory; yet it was a fascinating place of resort—to a spectator. I don't marvel that courts and trials have gotten into stage productions so commonly of late. They are the stuff that dramatic thrillers are made of.

There was comedy aplenty, too, in the lower court that was higher than the levels of village life. Authority frowned from the wall in the form of a decree which ran: "THOSE WHO EXPECTORATE AS GENTLEMEN WILL NOT UPON THE FLOOR."

A local barrister once returned alone from an inner room where the court had bade him take his client for consultation.

"Where's the prisoner?" asked the Justice.

"Gone!" replied counsel.

"Where?" demanded the court.

"Well, you told me to give him the best advice I could offer. I recommended leg bail."

The activities of an Andrew Jackson type of Democrat were not confined to the courtroom. Betimes he would take himself to the sanctum of the weekly newspaper, cross his long legs, tip his ancient plug hat far back on his head and remark to the editor: "My idee of running a party sheet is to give 'em hell all the time!"

It must have been from a humble temple of justice like that single room on the second floor that an attorney moved on till he finally found himself before the black-robed chief justices of the highest tribunal at Washington. The Chief Justice interrupted his tedious outlining of his case.

"We trust counsel will give the Supreme Court of the

United States the credit of comprehending the primary principles of jurisprudence," he said blandly.

"Ah no, your honor," said the pleader, "I made that mistake in the lower court."

That the late Judge Taft had reason to inveigh against the law's delays is evident from the technique of legal procedure laid down by a criminal lawyer to his client.

"What will you do?" the prisoner asked.

"We shall first attempt to have the indictment annulled."

"And then if that fails?"

"Then we shall demur to the indictment."

"Then what?"

"Then we shall take a change of venue."

"Then?"

"Make an affidavit for continuance."

"And then?"

"Take another on the ground of not being able to get important witnesses."

"Well, what then?"

"If all these fail we shall then go to trial."

"What will be the defense?"

"First emotional insanity."

"If that doesn't work?"

"Then we'll switch to justifiable homicide."

"But if that fails?"

"Well, we'll ask for a new trial."

"If we don't get it?"

"Appeal the case."

"If it goes against us?"

"Take it to the supreme court."

"And then?"

"Then we'll have to petition the governor for a pardon."

"But if that fails?"

"Well, by that time your great-grandchildren will be dodder-

ing around with old age and you'll be long past taking any interest in the case. I tell you, our methods of legal procedure are wonderful, sir—wonderful!”

Quite as resourceful, and also illuminating the leaden-heeled pace of the administration of justice, was the statement of an attorney to his client who confessed that in the excitement of a street car collision he admitted to an officer that he was exceeding the speed limit and that he wasn't watching the road. “I fear that admission will count seriously against me,” he moaned.

“Be of good cheer,” said counsel. “We'll attend to that. We'll bring half a dozen witnesses to say they wouldn't believe you under oath.”

When overtaken in a fault it is best to make a clean breast of it as Chloe did, after she had stuck to it that she had given her right age. Left alone with her conscience for a while she asked to make a statement to the court. “Aw was confused, Jedge, when you asked what mah age might be. Aw gib you my bust measure by mistake.”

It was a Judge that gave an understanding reading of the account of the lawyer passing by on the other side when the poor fellow fell among thieves on the way to Jericho. The words that he emphasized were: “The certain man *having been robbed*, etc.”

We are indebted to an old practitioner at the bar for the division of wives into two classes: “One is the kind that shakes hands with the jury when acquitted of killing their husbands, and the other is the kind that cries when the judge gives their husbands thirty days for beating them.”

Live and learn. But the process is painful sometimes, as in the case of the young attorney, assigned by the court to defend a man without funds to engage counsel for himself. It was his first case and he was a bit frustrated as he looked around the courtroom to locate his client.

“Are all those thugs to be tried first?” he asked.

"That," said the court, "is the jury."

In granting a divorce to a negro woman who paid her respects to her husband as "de most no-accountest, orneriest, triflin'est man dat ever breathed," a Kansas City judge, suspecting another suitor in the background, remarked that she would probably re-marry within a month.

Dinah arose with flaming eyes and emphasized her denial with a shaking fist close to the court's nose as she shouted: "Judge, de man I marry ain't been born yit—and furthermore his mother's daid!"

The court gets another kind of surprise now and then. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" a magistrate demanded of the accused, charged with violating the speed limit. "Well, you can judge for yourself, yer honor," said the prisoner. "I was in that car you passed just before they pinched me."

### Boiler Manufacturers

I think these exercises have reached a point where we feel as the tired man did who was sitting in the ballroom with a lady awaiting the termination of the last dance. He turned to her and said: "How is your husband? I don't care a d—n, but it makes conversation." It occurs to me that the proceedings have gone on to that point where if we cannot reproduce the turmoil of a boiler manufacturing establishment, we can at least exemplify the figure of speech of the Sacred writer where he refers to "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

Something has been said about the inaccuracy of the press. I believe you have had just a little difference with one of the mediums of truth in this city as to its reports of your proceedings. I believe that one of our great journals of civilization said something about your demanding less sulphur than the steel trust was giving to you in its product, and in return you have been trying to hand an excess of sulphur to the aforesaid newspaper. I do not care just how the stuff is divided so that the sulphur goes to the right place eventually. I believe at the



present time that the representatives of the steel trust and the boilermakers have agreed that the excess of sulphur shall go to the newspaper in future time.

It reminds me of a time when there was an unfortunate mix-up of two items of news in a certain newspaper which was recording the death and burial of the editor and which was also describing in another article the burning of an old boat that had laid on the shore for some time. The two articles were hopelessly jumbled, and as the matter appeared it read: "As the form was lowered into the grave for the last time, suddenly the flames shot up! But the people said, it did not matter as it was an old hulk anyhow and the community would be better off without it."

We always try to do exact justice in the press, but sometimes we go astray. You remember the story of the reporter who came in and said to the City Editor, "That boiler manufacturer that you sent me out to interview absolutely refused to say one word." "All right," says the City Editor, "then hold the interview down to a column and a half."

I really think I am not qualified to stand among you gentlemen of the producing class. I figure more as a non-producer or as a consumer of boilers. As a printer's boy I had only a limited experience with a small boiler that I was supposed to get ready for service before the hour came to go to press. You see it was a hand press and we had to go find our power in one of the village saloons, where he was usually waiting all "steamed up."

I was a witness of one tragedy in which the boiler business figured. It was one of my duties to go down to a neighboring copper shop and lay in a supply of those beautiful shavings which are rolled out so gracefully by the machines that shave the barrel staves. After I had helped myself to a liberal supply of those fine shavings one night, I observed the disgusted tender of the boiler, not being satisfied with the progress it was making, fill it with some highly inflammable stuff, give it a

kick, and exclaim, "Now go, consarn you!" And it did go! It left its place under the shed and went clear across the street and into the second floor of a neighboring dwelling. The man that lived there was deaf—doubtless had been a boilermaker in his day—and he thought he heard something coming into the house as he was taking his evening meal in the basement. He went upstairs and tried to open the door, but could not, for something held it fast. "Let go that door!" he yelled, but there was no response. Then he went outside by another door and investigated and found that it was the boiler from the neighboring shop that was holding the door. That was my first experience with a portable boiler in action.

A later event in my boyhood demonstrated the efficiency of the boiler as a factor in education. I was attending school at Oberlin College where they offered very strong inducements to self-supporting young men. One very enterprising theologian made an arrangement with one of the professors that he would work up all the wood in the back yard as fast as required in consideration of receiving his board and room for the term. The next morning about five o'clock, e'er the glow worm showed the matin to be near, as Shakespeare says, the professor was awakened by the sound of saw and of hissing steam, and, looking out, he found that the enterprising boy had run in a portable saw-mill on him and had the wood (which was to give him honorable employment for the full semester) all sawed up before breakfast time. So you must not withhold from the boiler when attached to a portable saw-mill its full credit as an educational factor.

I am not mechanical. The Lord in his distribution of talents overlooked the bestowal of any mechanical genius upon me. You remember the Scotchman who was asked if he was a mechanic, and said, "No, I am a MacKenzie." I am afraid I would make as bad a mess of anything mechanical as the station agent who checked up a car containing a burro, and never

having seen such an animal before was puzzling over the way-bill. He finally endorsed it: "This car is short one bureau, and over one jackass."

We have associated boiler-making with sound, excessive sound. But now it is partaking of the sound movies. Here is an insight into present-day correspondence, divulged by Arthur L. Lippman:

The Kastiron Karpet Company, Incorporated.

Gentlemen: As the rays of the setting sun cast their roseate glow over hamlet and city, bathing them in molten gold, we shipped you last night F. O. B. our plant—

One 68 Tube Cylindrical Boiler.

Wrought Iron Work .....Mike O'Flaherty

Shop Foreman .....Joe Anderson

Timekeeper .....Harry Green

Iron through the courtesy of the Great Lakes Smelting Company.

Invoices by .....Kate Gordon

Stenography and Typewriting by .....Pearl Smith

Packing and Crating .....Tom Talbot

And so some day, out of the west like young Lochinvar, this cylindrical boiler will gently roll up to your siding, enthroned in stately grandeur on flatcar P. R. R., No. 1,879,375.

Very truly yours,

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY BOILER CORP'N.

## Bowling

By unanimous request I have put down the figures for all the teams in this inter-city tournament. Keeping tally is as far as I have gone in bowling; but possibly I will be kept free from appendicitis on that score.

A current notion of equal rights for all, special privileges to none, is to call upon a newspaper man to participate in the gladsome proceedings of the hour after all the trophies have been handed out. I can appreciate the emotions of the member

of the band which had serenaded the candidate for governor, who came out on the porch of his home and said: "Boys, that was a fine piece you just played, and to show my appreciation I bid you stand right where you are while I pass among you and drop a twenty-dollar gold piece in every instrument." This poor devil groaned and said: "And here I stand with a piccolo!"

It is confidently asserted you will never see an incision made in the side of a bowler for the removal of the vermiform appendix; but I can see a great opening for this sport, just the same. It should be of incalculable value in getting America's constantly enlarging crop of millionaires accustomed to keeping right side up on hardwood floors.

With the introduction of labor-saving machinery I can foresee this game grow in popularity by leaps and bounds. Already you have a device for setting up the ten pins in the triangle at the end of the alley. Once you install apparatus for delivering and returning the balls, there'll be no keeping the Never Sweats out of this sport.

The Never Sweats have the same attitude toward games that the colored disciple of overrest had toward his job. He was dozing on the doorstep in the morning sun, eyes half closed and his jaws busy with a chaw of finecut as big as an egg, when Dinah put her head out of the window and asked: "Ain't you goin' to work this mawnin', Adinibab?"

"I guess not, woman!" replied Adinibab dreamily.

"Why not, niggah?"

"Cawse I ain't got time!"

Some day I hope to get to bowl every day, following faithfully the same schedule in the alley that I used to observe in childhood in the pantry, when the bowl bore that tempting legend, "SUGAR." I never could understand then and do not understand now what the dear thing in white tulle with a blue ribbon around her neck meant when she got up on declamation days and recited:

"Tell me I hate the bowl!  
Hate is a feeble word.  
I loathe, abhor, my very soul  
With strong disgust is stirred!"

If anybody should entertain bitter thoughts like that it should be the team that has been trimmed in this tournament. But they haven't gone back on the noble pastime. They'll be right among the entries at the next annual contest, chanting lustily, "Come, landlord, fill the rolling bowl!" according to the eighteenth amendment of the original version of this familiar ditty.

The efficiency fiends might make much of the seeming futility of setting up the ten pins only to knock them down again. But that doesn't depress one who has worked in a newspaper office, where edition after edition is set up only to be torn down again, as if to say, "We didn't do it very well that time, lads—let's try it all over again!"

Wellington's victory at Waterloo may have been won on the cricket fields of Eton, but I'll wager the Big Bertha got its idea of projectiles from the bowling-alleys. It seems a bit sinister to a novice to see you artillerists of the alleys crouching and stealthily stealing up on the pins for a strike or a spare. But I understand the gum-shoeing is a part of the game. You stoop to conquer.

Many of our forceful expressions come from popular sports. Ten pins are invoked even to promote the pernicious treating habit. When under the prevalence of illicit bowling the tipplers are driven out of one blind-pig the word is whispered through the crowd: "Set 'em up in the next alley!"

A paid admission in the audience didn't think much of Signor Blitz' turning a plug hat into a flower-pot. He said he had been present when an Irishman turned a wheelbarrow into an alley. The victorious team here tonight will create even a greater sensation when it goes back and turns this great silver cup into the home alley.

May the victors escape the embarrassment and confusion of



the young husband presented with a loving cup for adding fine twin boys to the neighborhood population. He was happier in his old athletic days at college than he was in speechmaking. All he could say was:

"Is this really mine, friends, or must I win it three times?"

### Bremen Flyers

Aviators and after-dinnerers have this in common: They go until the gas gives out. They lose their bearings. ("Mr. Speaker, where was I at?"—Congressional Record.) They are at a loss as to where to land. They are in the air with the food exhausted. The lights go out on them—not accidentally, however, in the case of after-dinnerers.

Aviators and after-dinnerers have this in contrast: The former look down on seas of cruel fates; the latter on seas of forbidding faces. While one group goes up against hazards of terrain, the other encounters the terrors of tureen. Airport and green turtle soup are often nothing but mockeries. The islanding where there was only lighthouse keeping (no banquets) may have been deliberate.

Now which for you—aviation or articulation? Pilots (or passengers) of the purple twilight, as Tennyson puts it, or postprandialists of the thick Havana fog, as the toastmaster makes himself It? A hard life for both, mates!

Voice from the audience—"A question, please!"

Spellbinder—"Most happy to oblige."

Voice—"What makes the dirigible go up?"

Spellbinder—"The gas, of course."

Voice—"Just another interrogation."

Spellbinder—"Say on."

Voice—"What keeps you down?"

See how inevitably the long-suffering associate the gaseous with the gastronomic. The analogy between aviation and articulation was never more graphically depicted than at Detroit's festal honor to the brave Bremen bunch.

The speakers' table, extending the length of the banquet room, represented the wing-spread of the Junker plane. By the Scotch scale of measurement it was a long distance from tip to tip.

There were 3300 present at the other tables. This is the total attendance in dollars, at \$3.00 per capita. To put it this way was to acknowledge the lesson in legitimate self-appreciation which the valorous visitors from Germany and Ireland had taught this reticent nation. The U. S. cannot thank these immortal flyers enough for having inspired us to dramatize our achievements.

To give the public an idea of the fueling required and the air-pockets encountered in that three-hour verbal flight, be it known that it took twelve speeches and twelve introductions of aeronautical celebrities and supporters to impress the heroes of the Atlantic-west first-over trip with what they would have missed if they had never seen the morning of the second day out of Dublin.

No such compensating thought as consoled Daniel at the moment of his descent into the lions' den: "At least, there'll be no after-dinner speaking."

With all of the glow of success and loud acclaim there must needs be the solace of beholding the restoration of the Oriental custom of lying at meals!

Those brave Bremen women. Theirs was a double deprivation. First they saw their argonauts take the wings of the morning over the Atlantic. Joyed by the tidings of their safe arrival on this side, they rejoined them here only to see them set forth unshrinkingly into the horrors of hospitality—the indigestion and all the rest and restlessness that remaineth for conquering heroes of the air.

It was a favoring wind that blew Edsel Ford into the chairmanship. Like his illustrious father, he has never gone into quantity production of public speech. His introduction of the toastmaster was a Model T. It was so terse, it was a question

if it were not more of a suggestion to the toastmaster than a presentation. (It being now generally accepted that going to sleep in meeting is not necessarily a discourtesy to the minister. It may be a judgment.)

Taking over the controls the toastmaster, true to postprandial hifalutin' form, might have shot up to an altitude record, but he didn't. Aided by uncanny visibility, he dextrously swung around the temptation to announce that "the dauntless three are with us and we are happy and proud to have 'em with us!" The radio, which evinced a determination to go dead according to custom, came to right cheerily.

Rather than overload the glory-entwined Junker with laudation, the pilot found it easier to roll off a log. He fixed the location at daybreak. By the dawn's early light he could see the Baron's lips moving and as near as he could make out he was soliloquizing:

"Vunce ve vere oud all night und our vives didn't know vere ve vere! Und now ve vere oud all night und ve don't know vere ve are!"

The pilot let Windsor represent the dry land in the picture. He explained that as dry land Windsor was more of a bluff than an island, but it would serve in visualizing the moment of the Bremen's descent.

"Mitchel Field or Heaven!" this was the alternative. It turned out to be Heaven, by its poetic terminology, "The Beautiful Isle of Anywhere."

But how fared the triumphant three while the verbal batteries volleyed and thundered? Survivors of a score of such sieges, they endured it as seasoned warriors who, having enlisted for the fray, were determined to see it through to the bitter end. They showed adeptness in the postprandial take-offs themselves, returning compliment for compliment, and laying a laurel on the grave of Bennett who died vicariously on his relief mission to Greenley Island.

Captain Koehl, roly-poly, looking the least of the triumvirate

like a venturesome airman, made his bland bow as impressive as his halting English would permit. One could imagine that if he had dropped into the St. Lawrence where it is two miles deep and fifty miles wide, he would have shared New York's antipathy toward a deeper and wider waterway.

No trouble in picking Major Fitzmaurice, head of the Irish Free State police, as the happy-go-lucky member who just happened to come along. "Irish by birth, Scotch by absorption!" ran his own pedigree, as he lamented the fact that the toastmaster had nothing to toast with. (Why not Cork by extraction, also?) If he had been present at some of the pre-Volstead functions, when it was necessary to maintain disorder with a Canadian Club, he might be willing to become an American by abstention. But more than the dryness irked this son of Erin. He was anxious to get off to the prize-fight at Olympia that night.

More than an ocean-crosser, the restless monocled Baron Ehrenfried Gunther von Ruenefeld, who ventured his last pfennig on the exploit, proved himself the organizer of a joint high command for peace. Only one thing was lacking. He should have picked up a Frenchman, also. Then they might have all come down at Point Amour.

So the gas ran low and the sand in the hour-glass ran out. The most desirable guests were told to drop in any time on Detroit. And as for the terra-firma folk—children of dust, doomed like Hamlet's ghost to walk the footstool for a certain space—they were sent home to their earth-bound abodes without any of the nice air mattresses which the Bremen bedfellows enjoyed.

### Brickmen

May I felicitate you in this cycle of new and strange things on being identified with an industry that may safely be said to have come through its experimental stages?

By coming upon poles and wires and keys where history began the archæologists conclude that telegraphy existed many thousands of years ago; and failing to find poles and wires and keys in other excavations they reason that they must have had the wireless in the dim yesterdays of history.

But the brick, alias Irish confetti, admits of no conjectures. "You're a brick" or "As true as a brick" means that you are authenticated, all present and accounted for. For they've got them over in Egypt stamped with the name of Thothmes III, who belonged to the period covered by Exodus, favorite chapter of the Democrats, signifying "They all went out."

Or go back before that, to Genesis, eleventh chapter and third verse—I give you brickmen credit for being better posted than the father whose hopeful asked him who Hamlet was and he snapped: "Bring me the Bible, stupid, and I'll show you once and for all!"—where you find it set forth that "they had brick for stone and slime had they for mortar."

There is more industrial and financial news in the Good Book than one realizes unless he treats it like the world's best seller, which it is. Take the close-up of the greatest financier of history, Noah, who floated stock while all the rest of the world is in liquidation. What couldn't he have done with some of this Balloon Common and Bubble Preferred that has been floating around since nothing really went intrinsically wrong in Wall Street?

And the merciless Pharaoh came down upon the people like a ton of brick, so to speak. Decreed that they should gather their own straw for the brickmaking plants. "And the tale of the bricks which they did make heretofore ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish aught." He was some efficiency engineer, that Pharaoh.

There was an inmate in an insane asylum that would have frustrated that wicked old king. You know the Irishman's theory that the wheelbarrow was invented to get mankind in the habit of walking on its hindlegs. Well, this imbecile was



always trundling a wheelbarrow upside down. Someone asked him why he didn't turn it over.

"If I did they would put brick in it; I'm crazy, I am!" he replied.

In those early days brick, duly inscribed, were used for calling cards. Here and there the practice still obtains. Someone, evidently in a hurry, threw a brick through the window of a western newspaper office. "By thunder," cried the editor, "the paper was a success this week!"

Despots once used a brick in settling the fate of subjects that they wanted to get out of the way. They would toss a brick into the air with the understanding that if it stayed up the accused was to be liberated.

Brick saved to the world Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution." He had left the original manuscript with a friend for his critical perusal. A careless maid threw the result of years of labor into the grate. Carlyle was so undone by the fate of his precious manuscript that he felt he could never take up writing again. But one day he saw some workmen across the street building a house by laying brick upon brick and row upon row.

"Ah, if they can give that home form and completeness by patient toil I can restore 'The History of the French Revolution.' " In a few months it was re-written.

"Faith and what is th' stuff betwane the brick fer?" asked Pat.

"It's to kape th' brick together," Mike explained.

"Egorra, Oi thought it was to kape thim apart!" said Pat.

A brick went into the foundation of the Big Brother Movement in New York. Michael Aloysius Hennessey threw a brick through a Chinese laundryman's window. It looked like a term on Blackwell's Island for Michael until a business man tried what being a Big Brother to him would accomplish. He became a useful citizen, foreman of a construction gang finally. And Michael summed it all up in his definition of a friend:

"A feller that knows all about ye, and loves ye just the same."

### Building Officials

In this constructive period it is a weighty responsibility to supervise officially the erection of buildings that make "Jack and the Bean Stalk" a tame fable. And it is also some task to guide even old residents in and out among rapidly re-built sections, so changed are the old landmarks.

There was a time at the seat of the great British empire when the command, "Away with him to the Tower!" not only meant a certain beheading, but a certain building.

Nowadays in Detroit—and in other ambitiously upbuilding cities—one must indicate which one of many towers is meant. In fact a family is now known by the tower it builds.

The Dominion and the United States are close enough to be good neighbors and not to care a continental how much they brag about their respective structural greatness to each other.

After relating the rapidity with which they had put up one of their fine new hotel buildings in Montreal, a Canadian visitor nodded his head toward the Book-Cadillac and remarked: "That's also a sizable structure. How long did it take to put that up, pray?"

"Dunno exactly," said a modest Detroiter, "but it wasn't there when I came down town this morning."

But one of Britain's most brilliant statesmen got even with our sometimes excessively enthusiastic Yankees. They were showing Lord Balfour the Metropolitan Building in New York, with its looming tower, and the head of the entertainment committee cried: "It is 700 feet high, your lordship, and can never burn down!"

"What a pity!" said Balfour.

The New Detroit, lifting to heaven its diadem of towers, heartily acclaims you necessary men, entrusted with vital au-

thority over projects that affect not only the physical aspect of communities, but the health, security and comfort of thousands of your fellow-beings who come to abide the greater part of their work-a-day lives in the temples that take form under your direction.

We can learn of each other, builders and overseers. Canada stresses some things—symmetry, uniformity, solidity, security, conformity—that we on this side the Border may study with profit. The resistless ongoing of the United States, dismayed by no obstacle apparently, may impart its challenge to the more conservative Dominion.

Here the sky seems to be the skyline limit. A press dispatch reported the fall of a workman from the roof of a skyscraper, and added: "Further particulars when he gets down."

The clerk of a new Chicago hotel told a late arrival that there was only one room left and that was on the 37th floor. "I'll take it," said the guest, "and if anyone calls for me tell them I'm out of the city."

Eternal vigilance is the price of forthright construction. Too late they discovered that the dam built for the Los Angeles waterworks system was defective. The occasional collapsed building bids us beware.

Building officials are the public's protection against such things as the foreman reported to his chief one morning. "Ten of those new workingmen's homes fell to the ground last night!" he said.

"Ten houses wrecked! What caused it?" cried the contractor.

"Some fool workmen took the scaffolding down before the walls were papered," the foreman reported.

Some of the wonders of latest constructive methods never fail to enchain the attention of passers-by far below. The right-at-homeness of lofty toilers, the skill of the hot bolt flingers and catchers, the electric welding of steel frames, the process—so to speak—of beginning above with brick-laying and stone-

fitting and working down. These are among the marvels that arrest the attention of all beholders.

Then there are the great diagrams picturing the progress of the work under construction. And huge signboards showing whose skill and products are going into the structure. When we all are as keen to emblazon on the outer wall what we personally are putting into the conduct of our cities, there will be an improvement in the kind of civic management we are bringing forth.

"Therefore when we build," says John Ruskin, "let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time will come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them; and that men will say as they look upon the labor and the wrought substance of them: 'See! this our fathers did for us.'"

### "Business is Business"

It was an ancient affirmation of finality, bolstering brutality, justifying sharp practice.

It was a short, sinister sentence—with nothing indeterminate about it; nothing taken out for good behavior.

"Business is business!" In its harsh sibilancy one seems to divine the distress of the poor victims of the hard-of-heart—the usurer, the forecloser, the extortioner, the installment house oppressor, the advertising thimblerrigger, the unrelenting party of first part.

As if to say: "It is nominated in the bond," or "There it is in black and white!" and "You agreed to this with your eyes open!"

"Business is business!" It marshals in review before our vision Judas and his thirty pieces of silver, Shylock and his

pound of flesh, Salome and the head of John the Baptist upon a server in requital for a few fancy steps before the king.

"Business is business!" or "A bargain is a bargain!" We are all familiar with this laconic upholding of a questionable compact.

For it lodges easily in the memory. Latinity limits it to two words: "Caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware.

Synonymic for "Business is Business" in the piratical yesterdays of our commercial life, were "plunder is plunder," "graft is graft," "rebating is rebating," "stock-watering is stock-watering," "throttling is throttling."

It is not so long since we saw the predatory rich assemble and wonder where the common people got all the money they took away from them.

We heard our philosophic Celtic friend, "Dooley," call the meeting to order: "Is there wan honist gintelman prisint: If there is, put him out!"

We came upon a revision of the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not steal—on a small scale."

The "Seeing New York" orator is describing Wall Street: "It is so narrow that two railway presidents cannot pass without a merger, ladies and gentlemen. Let me call your attention to the gentleman nervously running a narrow strip of paper through his fingers as it comes out of the ticker in the window yonder. He is trying to decide whether he will order a \$5,000 automobile or go out to the self-serve for lunch."

Then he points out the ancestral trees in Central Park. "How'd they grow them trees?" a dear old lady on the back seat inquires.

"By graft, ma'm, by graft!" the orator explains.

Florida land was advertised seductively for sale by the acre that should have been disposed of by the gallon.

It was about this time that the director of the newly-organized mining corporation said to the secretary: "I understand our capitalization is \$5,000,000."



"Quite right," said the secretary.

"May I ask another question?" continued the director.

"Ask anything you like," urged the secretary. "This corporation is keen for publicity."

"Well, what I want to know now is: Is there enough of that five million dollars' capitalization paid in for us to go out and get a little lunch?"

It was the promoter of this get-rich-quick enterprise who murmured upon his dying bed: "So many to do and so few done."

The Early Dutch of New York linked this practical maxim, "Business is business," with their piety. Having bargained with the Indians for as much land as could be spanned along the shore by a man's nether garments, they turned out as official measurer one William Ten Broeck (Ten Broeck means ten breeches, but the noble red man didn't know it) and by the time he had been stripped for action the conveyance of Manhattan in fee simple to the Knickerbockers was completed.

When it came to buying furs from the Indians the Dutchmen used the foot of one of their pudgiest burgomasters as the unit of weight. The official would put his foot in one side of the scale while the aborigines piled their skins on the other side. There is no record that their season's catch ever outweighed the Dutchman's foot. "Business is business."

"Business is business" has been invoked in defiance of both earth and heaven. "Vhat vill der goot Lord tink, Levi, ven He looks down on der note you got me to sign und sees you haf charged me 9 per cent?"

"Neffter mind, neffer mind about dat, Ikey. Vhen der goot Lord looks down on der note, it vill look like 6 per cent."

Sordidness invaded hymnology, until they arose in one exclusive sanctuary and sang—

"Bring forth the royal dividend  
And crown it king of all."

In the realm of public life the predatory dictum became "politics is politics." A booming voice in a national convention wanted to know of the delegates: "What are we here for?" Pilgrims to the capital vowed their fealty to "the Flag and an appropriation."

The farsighted swapped their franchise in the election for a franchise after election. Dudley's famous edict resounded in Indiana: "Buy 'em up in blocks of five!" Taken to task for selling his vote to the Democrats for \$8 after the Republicans had paid him \$15, Rastus offered the righteous explanation: "Undah de circumstances I considered de Democracy less corrupt."

Flagellated by a progressive president after he had helped as usual to finance the victory of his party in the presidential year, a bewildered railway president cried: "Where do I stand?"

A committee approached a philanthropist with a subscription paper. "Will you give \$5 to help bury a poor old politician?" the solicitor asked.

"Here's \$50—go out and bury ten politicians!" said the benefactor.

Theodore Roosevelt assisted in the interment of such. "Drive business; let not thy business drive thee," wrote the sapient Ben Franklin in his "Poor Richard's Almanack." Teddy cried: "Have a care lest you be arrested for fast driving!"

"Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings!" wrote the Psalmist. "Do not be over-diligent in business or you shall fall by the Big Stick!" added Teddy.

### Admiral Byrd

Beginning his aerial career in the gymnasium at Annapolis, Cadet Byrd has advanced from swinging rings to vaulting poles. It has always been his dream that aviation would be taken up by the multitude. No one has done more than he

to bring the mastery of the air within reach of Tom, Dick and Harry. There's a three-engined patronymn that is going to stay up indefinitely. Byrds of a feather flock together in American imagination and admiration, most intriguingly.

The "Army and Navy Forever," but not for each other. There is more or less polarity in their athletic and aerial competitions. While the Naval Academy was getting Richard Byrd ready for mounting up into fame like an eagle, West Point was developing the verbal artillery to do his achievements justice on this occasion. When they beheld my work on the drill-plain at West Point, saw me come to parade rest with my rifle-hammer in the air, they decided I would make a great class orator. So while Annapolis may have found a couple of poles it has remained for West Point to appear here with a fine line to festoon them with. But the Navy will probably claim it is their goal post, and the eternal question will persist, "Who's got the ball"—or globe?

That old debate, pen vs. sword, is all off now. Like everything else nowadays, they've merged. My credentials for the toast-mastership on this occasion are a country newspaper apprenticeship joined to a West Point cadetship, reunion of the blue and the grey.

Aviation has put countless new words into the dictionary. And it has changed some that have always been there. Take journalism, now spelled journeyism. As in the last presidential campaign, the "Al" is dropped. In other days reporters may have gotten far from the facts, but they received no such assignments as the long-distance special correspondents of today, sent forth as far as the east is from the west or the north is from the south. It may be a fanciful tradition that "news" is made up of the first word of the four points of the compass, north, east, west, south. But it is no longer adequate. "U" and "d" should be added for up and down, and a final "s" for euphemy—

"newsuds." The new word is inclusive and descriptive, suggesting the consistency of much of the day's chronicling. But N-E-W-S spells the ongoing of our thrice-acclaimed Aeronaut from glory to glory—with "W" for "West," where he hasn't gone, thank God and his navigational thoroughness!

But it is an advantage for the young men of the press to create their own stories and be their own historians. When Johnson learned that Boswell was about to become his biographer he said: "If Boswell writes my life I'll take his." That would mean suicide under present conditions. But notice the economy of time coming out of Admiral Byrd's covering of Antarctica: While he consumed something less than 21 months to land in the magazines, that was at least five years shorter than the White House route. Truly distance is being annihilated by naval navigation in an era when the paths of glory lead but to *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *Cosmopolitan*.

I can speak with feeling of the political significance of the Conquering Hero coming home. It has been anything but comfortable for a Michigan Democrat to carry on since October, 1928, with the consciousness that half of the party had forsaken the polls they know too well to fly to those they know not of. All hail the returned 50%.

I knew his purpose. And I commend his strategy. Seeing his beloved Solid South breaking up he speedily made off for a region much more southern and solid. Strange mutations have taken place in this era of acceleration. The Solid South achieves new glory from a lighter-than-air argosy and adds to Old Dominion of consecrated soil the distinction of New Dominion over the ether sea that laves the shore of every port on the globe.

Virginians have ever been ready to spend and be spent for the common good. The Sage of Monticello, by acquiring Louisiana, added an empire for the Republicans to carve into their electoral column and now this Polar Star of the Shenandoah Valley, subordinating self and party, presents with the compli-

ments of himself and comrades to the administration a vast refrigerating expanse whereunto it may dispatch superheated insurgents. There's no transportation problem in "Little America." The G. O. P. will always carry it, if they get together.

You and your heroic associates have had your share of perils and anxieties in these months of hazardous scientific quest, the wireless chronicles of which have thrilled the world. But your absence absolves you from any responsibility for what has taken place at home since the campaign of 1928. If you still feel the challenge of the undiscovered, you might find out where that unprecedented Republican unanimity of two years ago has gone. And where from the air the exact latitude and longitude of restored prosperity may be fixed.

You may not have noticed by the papers that Senator Grundy, having proposed the abolition of certain United States senatorships, was accorded more instant co-operation in this reform from the electors at home than a prophet usually receives in his own country. They added Pennsylvania to the western states where senators might be dropped! Also, in the matter of disarmament, the category of the Methodist Episcopal church has not been reduced by as much as one Cannon. The Bishop of your beloved state is battling as militantly as ever against full citizenship without reference to race, color or previous condition of serv-it-to-you.

Congress Tinkham, to give his anti-Cannon detonation believability, has stepped out of Congress to make it. It's a sad day in our political life when it takes all the legal experts to tell whether a committee witness is in contempt.

A wonderful epoch for poles. North Pole, South Pole and the Literary Digest Poll. Candidates who don't subscribe in return for that what-will-it-be-boys? referendum, are showing very poor appreciation of pre-primary assistance. Competiting publications are up and doing. Every mail brings a coy appeal to take our paper and anything else you like. Subscribe as you imbibe!



My first insight into the hardships of polar explorations was gleaned from Bill Nye's diary, every page of which opened with "It looks like snow." There were harrowing entries, such as: "We have just divided the last can of shoe-blackening among the boys. Looks like snow." Really this looked like carrying a joke too far.

But your homecoming, Admiral Byrd, and that of your fine aeronautical group, makes us profoundly happy. The grimness of the momentous mission upon which you went, is behind you. And to the galaxy of Virginia names entwined with glory—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Lee, Wilson—we add that of America's ambassador of the air to the Arctic, Atlantic and Antarctic, Richard E. Byrd, humanity's benefactor.

### Caterers

This elaborate meal, lasting from 8:30 to 10:30 P. M., makes me think of the countryman asking for the hours for eating at the city hotel.

"Breakfast from six to twelve; luncheon from twelve to six; dinner from six to twelve," the clerk informed him.

"Geewhillikens!" cried Reuben. "When do we see the city?"

But it is reassuring to look upon you Caterers patronizing your own catering. You are not like the landlord that Bill Nye used to tell about. A guest in a Southern hotel, where the principal industry was the crossing of two railroads, heard the sad story of the maid who leaned over his shoulder and murmured: "Eggs or tea!"

He ordered eggs and he opened one of them. "Shall I open the other?" she asked.

"No—open a window!" he cried.

He took it up with the landlord, who was inclined to be haughty. "Why come to me? the hens laid 'em!" said he.

"But don't you own the hotel?" persisted the guest.

"I do; but I don't eat here!" said the landlord.

You are braver. You have been standing by your own cooking all the evening. Yours not to reason why; yours but to do and diet tomorrow, if necessary. And that brings up the sword-swallower who was making a great flourish consuming pins and needles.

"Why doesn't he swallow a sword?" a paid admission inquired.

"Haven't you heard?" asked the manager. "His doctor has put him on a diet!"

You are good to yourselves, all you regular members of the department of the interior, regaling yourselves with one culinary triumph after another here tonight. But I can't say so much for my part in this source of inside information. I feel that I have been treated like a dog; made to speak for my dinner.

Which is not my first grievance against your President. When I was served at one of his constantly-widening chain of restaurants I said to him: "Something wrong here. Yesterday I ordered the same meal and you brought me twice as much."

"Where were you sitting?" he asked.

"Right over there by the window."

"Ah, that was for advertising!" he explained.

As home-staying diminishes the importance of catering increases. Mussolini is trying to foster fidelity to the fireside and its duties in the interest of the population. The slogan is: "Less whoopee, more Woppie."

The caterer used to be called to great social occasions; now the great social occasions go to the caterer. And the community is what the caterer makes it. "I saved an entire company upon one occasion!" a Captain reported. "By a successful retreat?" he was asked. "No, I fired the cook!" It developed that this particular cook had been making Graham gems from sacks of concrete.

How true are the lines of Owen Meredith in Lucille:

We may live without poetry, music and art,  
We may live without conscience and live without heart;

We may live without friends, we may live without books,  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

But the Caterer must conform to a more exacting standard than he did in the day when the guest asked the waiter if the chicken he was struggling with had been raised in an incubator.

"So it was, so it was, sir. How did you guess?"

"Well, any chicken that had a mother would never be as tough as this!"

There are proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins, sanitation, service to be considered. And the balanced ration, so beautifully commemorated in the ballad:

"I eat beans with my honey,  
I've done it all my life.  
No doubt you think it funny,  
But it keeps them on my knife."

We have drawn on the Old World for a great deal of our catering genius; probably France most of all. The French used to taunt the English with having sixty religions and only one sauce. The English came back with the sally that the French had sixty sauces and only one joke. The Parisian is not only a prideful pleaser of the palate; he is subtle in his café methods.

A delinquent arose from an expensive meal and explained that he was again mortified to find himself without cash or cheque-book. "Quite all right, *messieur*, we'll chalk it up on the wall where we will not overlook it!" said the suave proprietor.

"Oh, I couldn't have my obligation posted where all my friends would see it!" protested the chronic slow-to-pay.

"We'll manage that nicely, *messieur*," the Frenchman assured him. "We'll put your overcoat over it!"

I think the Caterer who makes lastingly attractive his house by the side of the road must be born, not made. At least he mustn't be a printer first, like the disciple of Ben Franklin, who,

from his experience with printing-office pi, thought he was equipped for the self-serve line.

The very first day he opened his café a man ordered tomato soup to match his vest and repaired to a corner, forgetting that it is the refinement of etiquette to eat soup without an echo.

"Fine soup!" he shouted to the ex-printer.

"So I hear!" the proprietor answered facetiously.

Immediately there was a song with another tune from the corner: "This is an outrage—here's a needle in this soup!"

"A typographical error, that's all," explained the self-serve owner. "That should have been noodle."

### Village Centenary

Happily a hamlet is not sensitive about its age. It loves to announce its accumulation of years. Cheerily it chants—

"Come and grow old with me,  
The best is yet to be!"

No citizen has to say of it what a fond husband said of his companion: "We have just celebrated the tenth anniversary of my wife's thirtieth birthday."

Or what another liegeland announced concerning his consort: "Got her at a bargain. She was 42 marked down to 28."

The celebrators here assembled upon this maple-shaded hill-slope, after being regaled with barbecue sandwiches and coffee, are happier also than the anniversary guest who chorused:

"Her birthday cake was heavy,  
But the candles made it light."

It is a happy circumstance that the daughter of the New Englander who founded this town is with us today. The lovely village which he planted has become a century plant.

And—glory be!—it conducts itself like a century plant on this gladsome day. It looks blooming, but says nothing. Gives out no interview on how it managed to hang on 100 years.

Imparts no when-I-was-of-your-age admonitions to the present generation. Offers not a syllable about what used to stand where the 5 and 10 cent store now stands, or how long it used to take to get to Detroit. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for a centenary that is neither autobiographical nor reminiscent.

Big cities boast of what they have gained—area, population, valuation, output, skyscrapers, etc. Lesser communities are to be felicitated upon what they have retained—shaded streets, spacious yards, elbow room, neighborliness, healthful environment, liveableness. Congratulations on clinging to creature comforts, security, contentment that comes from detachment from city crowds and contaminations!

The heart of this 100-year-old town is all right. If it were not, you have three valve factories to put it in shape.

Your mineral springs send the boon of pure water near and far. All you need to multiply the demand is to put over an amendment to the federal constitution prohibiting the consumption of water.

While you have retained all your rural charms you have linked your community with industrial expansion through the establishment of an airplane plant. Even as we meet here to mark the completion of your first century your manufacturing fame is spreading in five different directions, even to the uttermost parts of the earth, by your argosies of magic sails.

You know the farm lad that put so many eggs under one member of the flock at hatching time because he wanted "to see the old hen spread herself." Well, upon this natal day the old town is spreading itself.

It makes for humility for the sons and daughters to come back where—as Riley said of Griggsby's Station—they were so happy and so poor. The congressman-elect thought he would like to bask for a day in the thrill his election must have brought to his native town. So he journeyed thither. On the way up to the hotel he asked the hack-driver if the people had heard of the distinction that had fallen to one of their sons.



"Yaas, they heard 'bout ut," said the driver as he gave the sorry steed a clip with the whip, "giddap!"

"Well, what did they say when they learned that one who was born and bred here had been elevated to a place in the halls of congress?"

"Aw, they didn't say anything—jes laffed! Giddap!" replied the driver.

### Chamber of Commerce

The world is governed too much, organized too much, solicited too much, assessed too much for running expenses.

But how are you going to obviate the necessity of the three aeronauts, who fell 5,000 feet, organizing the Fallen Balloonists' Association directly they struck the earth—constituting themselves the officers thereof?

Is it not written that where two or three are gathered together they shall proceed to make themselves president, vice-president and secretary-treasurer of something?

This passion for setting up associational machinery springs from the evil men do and from the good they leave undone. If we lived as wisely as the "heirs of all the ages" should; if we repressed over-reaching appetites, cut out sheer rascaldness, conformed to all laws and put ourselves in the other fellow's place, "being kindly affectioned one to the other, in honor preferring one another," Chambers of Commerce would be as absent as saloons.

And only the community heart would beat in an otherwise vacant and unneeded community chest.

The major part of human effort, corrective and alleviatory, and most of our social and civic mechanism, highly organized and expensive, are enlisted to correct the mistakes and repair the break-down of a creaking civilization.

If there were not so much repairing there would be a vast deal more of construction. While we have been bringing forth

mechanical marvels in this golden era of invention, production, transportation, we have failed dismally to upbuild a morale of our manhood to match.

Because the Chamber of Commerce is a part of the penalty for an imperfect and sometimes sordid commercial and communal life, its responsibility is all the more exacting and delicate.

They urge industries and workers to come to their cities when oftentimes they should warn them away until the conditions come nearer to making life endurable.

I can think this minute of many populous centers which, instead of beckoning people to come and swell their dazzling statistics, should follow the example of the warning posted in the hotel lobby which reads: "Avoid Caledonia this week on account of the Annual Convocation of the Calithumpians!"

Why? Because their facilities are overtaxed by the population they have now. The "Standing Room Only" sign should be up—or rather "Sprawling Room Only," referring to car-choked streets.

The record of crimes and accidents, of overcrowding and of mounting mortality rate, of inefficient administration and wretched housing conditions, of inadequate school and traction facilities, of imposition from tolerated fakery of transient merchants, argues more for the decentralization of great industrial centers than for their further expansion.

This is abhorrent doctrine for boosters, I know. Bigness is the obsession of the hour. But the time is at hand when industrial locations will be picked with more concern for the creature comfort and the security of the toilers.

The tragedy of the over-crowded, politics-cursed, incompetently policed big city is hastening the day of deliverance. Hear you not the refrain of the flivver— "Ho! for the suburbs and beyond!"

The Chamber of Commerce justifies its presence in our too

often ugly and narrow-visioned urban life as a palliative of its most glaring shortcomings.

It is a singular institution; singular because it is plural.

Styled a Chamber, it is really many Chambers. It doesn't seek any one individual's advantage, shelter, security, comfort. It will never bear any one man's name, hang any one man's portrait, stress any one man's personality, pull any one man's purse.

Singular, isn't it, in its plurality—in its collectivity? Singular in name and singular in its unselfish mission, this Chamber of Commerce is magnificently plural in its many-sided civic services.

It rejoices in the joiner's justification for having his name adorn many rosters: However unlovely a man may be prone to be by himself he finds it easy to be forthright and fine-purposed with his fellows, in regular session assembled.

It may sound as if I have been calling the big cities names, but after the restrained fashion of the man who wrote: "I refuse to call you what you are because I am a gentleman and because my secretary is a lady; and even if I did, you, being neither, could not understand it!"

I now purpose to stand here and call the Chamber of Commerce names. What I call it is based upon things I have seen with my own eyes. This is better warrant than the colored mother had for giving the Bible as the source of inspiration in naming the children. She called the first girl, "Verrilly," and when this was challenged as a Bible name she pointed to the passage, "Verily, verily, I say unto you." And she got the name of "Wherefore" for the dog from the Scriptural narrative beginning, "Wherefore, the dog came and licked the sores of Lazarus."

I look upon the civic-mindedness of the Chamber of Commerce as setting up a House by the Side of the Road, as a Forum, an Altar, a Guild Hall, an Ingleside, the Temple of the City's Soul and the Maintainer of the Civic Balance.

### Cities—Their Slogans, Slanders, Songs

The boostful brochures which American cities put out denote that this is the era of the Big Brag.

Ever and again, with tiresome reiteration, the forthputtings of Chambers of Commerce and advertising clubs and realty boards tell of totality of population, bank clearances, postoffice receipts, building permits, skyscrapers and automobiles; so many miles of paved streets, so many square miles of area, so surprising a tonnage of manufactured wares, and so on.

So it goes—forever glorying in bigness, forever stressing the structural and statistical side of city building. Emphasis upon the physical aspect of urban greatness has borne the inevitable fruitage of fierce competition, and fierce competition has begotten strange, insipid slogans and caustic slanders.

The slogans of mottoes are as vacuous as college yells—with the exception of one college yell that came to my attention recently, and that was Silence, the college yell of the School of Experience.

Acrimonious assailment of one city by another—the closer they are in location or population the more bitter they are—belongs likewise to the unlovely progeny of boost and boast, of glorifying expansion solely and prodigiousness.

New York insists that the Pennsylvania Railroad should be called to account for misleading advertising, assuring the traveler as it does that "he can go to sleep in Chicago and wake up in Philadelphia." New York insists that no one ever wakes up in Philadelphia, and solemnly calls attention to the carpenter over there who drove two nails in three hours and was forthwith arrested for fast driving.

Philadelphia retorts by maintaining that all the ancestral trees in New York were grown by graft, and that New York has one street—Wall Street—so narrow that two railway presidents cannot pass without a merger.

The mayor of Detroit spread the report that Billy Sunday,

in preparing for an evangelistic campaign in Cleveland, wrote the mayor of that Ohio metropolis for the names of citizens who were especially in need of prayer, and the mayor of Cleveland sent him a copy of the city directory.

Behold how worldly competition leads to acerbities and slanders! Little wonder that lesser communities become poisoned by the same bacillus of backbiting and covetousness. A small town that sprang up out West in the World War period took to itself the name of Old Glory. An envious village down the line opinioned that the designation was both patriotic and fit, for it would never be anything but a flag-station, anyhow.

So self-vaunting statistics our aspiring cities have, and conceited slogans, and screeds and slanders for their rivals; but did it ever strike you as significant that cities have no songs?

Oh, I know they indulge in syncopations that are hardly fit for publication.

But songs that live on, welling up out of great devotions and sublime heroisms; songs that impel flaming souls to high purposes and supreme sacrifices? Why has no city been immortalized in such a deathless refrain?

Nations have songs that endure forever and a day. One of our newly-rich automobile princes came back from the Old World testifying that he knew France had a national song, because forsooth while he was over there he heard the pheasants singing the Mayonnaise.

He had heard those gay boulevardiers of Paris—once we thought them only rollickingly festive, too much given to dalliance and indulgence, but who proved the invincible stuff they were made of in the crash and shock of Verdun—lifting up their voices in—

Awake, ye sons of France, to Glory!  
Hark! Hark! What myriads bid ye rise!

And we of the New World, out of the fullness of our renewed and reasserted devotion to democracy—never so sure of



the faith that is within us as we have been since an imperilled freedom summoned four million of our youth to the colors—with heart and voice unite in—

Columbia, the gem of the ocean!  
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

We may not always have excelled in dye-stuffs, but there were three colors that were never known to run!

Nations have unforgettable ballads, you see; and so do sections and states sing inspiringly of our great traditions and ardent loyalties. Even our hearts are warmed by the double-quick cadences of "Dixie," and we sing "The Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia," "Ole Black Joe," and "My Old Kentucky Home," and sometimes we get an unexpected slant on that plaintive ballad, as the hostess did when she discovered an old man weeping quietly but copiously at the rendering of the same at an evening function. "Pardon me, but are you a Kentuckian?" she inquired sympathetically when the vocalist had finished. "Nay, Madame," the guest made answer, "I'm a musician."

Men and women of faith have found in song a sanctifying and strengthening experience. The French Huguenots posted and relieved their sentries to the chanting of the third Psalm. Psalm 95 was the battle cry of the Templars during the Crusades, chorused as they went forth to crush the Saracens. Cromwell sang Psalm 117 after his victory at the battle of Worcester; and David Livingstone turned his inspired vision toward the dark continent of Africa sustained by the 121st Psalm, ever since called "the Traveler's Psalm"—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made Heaven and Earth."

And the tender passion has inspired sonnet and minstrelsy, that "bid a warrior smile and teach a maid to weep." In his "Song of the Camp" Bayard Taylor relates how someone called for a song as brave men from the Severn and from Clyde

and from the banks of Shannon lay along the battery's side below the smoking cannon, in the Crimean war, and the guardsman bade them sing while they might, for another day would bring enough of sorrow.

They sang of love and not of fame,  
Forgot was Briton's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang Annie Laurie.

Out of nationalism, then; out of state and sectional ardor; out of religion and love have come stately measures and simple heartfelt lays that will live "as long as the heart has passions, as long as the soul has woes." But cities do not sing! Why should they remain dumb as a sheep before her shearers?

I will tell you, or rather I will let N. P. Willis tell you in a line from his beautiful poem, "David's Lament over Absalom"—

"How much the soul delights to lift itself in song!"

There you have it. Cities do not sing because cities have no souls. Or, if they have souls, they have not yet found their souls—in which respect they are considerably behind corporations of the ruthless type, once characterized as soulless, but who recently have discovered that they have souls, the same being sorely troubled.

These corporate defenders had inclined too long and constantly to the form of pernicious activity alluded to by the dying promoter in New Jersey, who lifted up his voice in lamentation upon his deathbed, crying: "So many to do, so few done."

### All-Soul City

So notable a start have many of the large cities made in the direction of developing the soulful or spiritual values we might,

if we adopted Walter Camp's device of building an all-star football team, build an All-Soul American city. No one community has gone so far in grace that it deserves the fair designation of an All-Soul city, but if we will let our vision range over the entire country we will find that nearly every city has begun to see the coming of the coming of the glory of a finer communal policy, quite apart from religious, fraternal and charitable enterprises.

First we will put Buffalo into the All-Soul City for its forward-visioned Main Street Association, backbone of this busy lakeport's structure. All honor to this Association for what it is doing to make its far-flung business section sightly, safe, accessible and comfortable for shoppers.

We will put Louisville into the All-Soul City for the part her historic Board of Trade has taken in forwarding such essential causes as the zoning system, grade-crossing separations, city and county tuberculosis hospital, War Memorial Auditorium and school and university buildings.

Then may we put Detroit the Dynamic into our All-Soul City for its adoption of municipal ownership and operation of street railways; for its non-partizan administration, and model municipal court system; with domestic difficulties department and probation and psychopathic features; for the elimination of race-track gambling and publication of betting odds; for its anti-tuberculosis sanitarium and its Americanization night schools; for reasonable-priced recreations on island and river.

New York goes into the All-Soul City for the Straus milk foundation; the Fleischman bread line; the Big Brother movement; and the volunteer commission of engineers and economists who have set out to study the needs of the metropolitan area that embraces nine millions of people, with a view of providing better transportation, better marketing and housekeeping facilities.

Let us put Chicago in for Hull House, Chicago Commons and the Dawes Hotel for the down-and-outers; and for the

reclamation of the lake shore and the scheme of outdoor adornment that goes with it.

Philadelphia for a forum providing the best of music and lectures at a price within the reach of all, and for a newspaper that was among the first to close its columns to questionable advertising, the North American.

Dayton, Ohio, for Dr. Slutz' conception of public school teaching as human engineering.

Boston for the Christian Science Monitor, a daily newspaper "without spot or blemish or wrinkle"—a wholesome, cheerful chronicle that carries no defilement into the American home; for Ford Hall, dedicated to Sunday night discussion and free speech by all races and conditions of men; and for the Forsythe Dental Dispensary, devoted to the care of the teeth of the poor children of Boston.

Baltimore for municipally-owned wharves and for issuing its bonds in low denominations so that citizens of average means can invest in their city's securities.

Pittsburgh for its passion for education and its vast system of playgrounds.

Cleveland for the city manager form of administration, the short ballot, and group plan of federal and municipal buildings.

Cincinnati for its municipal university, making it possible for its children to progress from kindergarten to college degree under city auspices.

Middletown, near-by, for raising a million dollars in ten days for a hospital, library, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., and other public buildings.

Minneapolis for adorning the porticoes of humble homes with flower boxes—"God's thoughts in bloom"—and for being the first city to compel automobiles to stop when street cars stop, so that the population should not be divided into the quick or the dead.

Portland for its annual festival of roses; Berkeley for its Greek theatre, restoring the classic mission of the stage; San

Francisco for minimizing bill-board disfigurement, so that one may take in the scenic splendors of the Golden Gate without being obliged to go behind gaudy posters.

Los Angeles for one citizen's sponsorship of the symphony season; for freedom from tenement and apartment abominations; and for two great open-air meeting places, the Exposition Park Coliseum and Hollywood Bowl, making possible the foregathering of over 100,000 people.

Riverside for its Easter sunrise service on Mount Rubideau; for the early elimination of the saloon; for public buildings modelled after the old mission style of architecture; and for a reverent hotel the restful atmosphere of which is suggested by the legend over the landlord's desk, "Next to Love, Quietude."

Santa Barbara, for its countrywide circulating library.

Waco, Texas, for preserving the old-time darkey folk-songs in its cotton festivals.

Houston for its municipal band and auditorium.

Galveston for giving to the country the commission form of municipal government, outgrowth of the tragedy of the tidal wave that took its fearful toll of lives in that beautiful gulf-port.

Rochester, New York, for the opportunity offered the musically talented and ambitious in its endowed conservatory.

Denver for Judge Lindsay's juvenile courts.

Kansas City, Missouri, for making it possible for workers to acquire homes of their own upon equitable terms. "Any man will fight for his home," Mark Twain put it, "but who ever heard of a man who would fight for his boarding house?"

Kansas City, Kansas, for pledging sufficient advertising and circulation support to secure an acceptable daily newspaper.

Washington for the beautification of the Potomac bottomlands, for the work of its Better Housing Bureau and for inspiring statues and monuments.

New Orleans for the Delgado trade school, opening to every



aspiring lad with a soul for craftsmanship an opportunity to find and express his soul; and for the perfection of the spirit of play, incarnated in Comus and Rex and their gorgeous pageantries of the Mardi Gras.

Gary, Indiana, for the fuller, more effective use of school facilities and the school day—the Gary plan.

McKeesport, Pennsylvania, for its municipal swimming pool, built in the open.

Akron, Ohio, for what its leading industries have done for workmen in the direction of education and home-owning.

St. Louis, for its municipal theatre and opera on the site of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, a noble open-air play-place.

Niagara Falls, New York, for financing an hotel worthy of one of the world's noblest natural spectacles.

Out of these would we construct America's All-Soul City, toward which we are faring surely but slowly and toilsomely, just as Christian in John Bunyan's allegory, pushed upward and onward toward the Wicket Gate and the Shining Light.

### Class Reunion at West Point

Behold what four decades have wrought since we flunked in math. at this now revered but then reviled United States Military Academy! Your class orator and historian (all he salvaged from his West Point cadetship) left the banquet table of the Wisconsin Bankers' Association in Milwaukee at 9:45 last night, caught the North Shore Electric Limited for Chicago at 10:00, connected with the Forest City Express for Cleveland at 11:30, with the Cleveland and Buffalo Special at Cleveland this morning at 8:10, with the Empire State Express at Buffalo at 1:00 P. M., jumped into a waiting taxi chartered by the New York Central at Harmon at 9:51, and—crossing to the west shore of the Hudson over Bear Mountain Bridge—reached the scene of this fortieth reunion in ample time to join in the verbal artillery.

The guy who walks a mile to get a Camel may receive honorable mention on the billboards, but a greater reward awaits the file who comes 1,000 miles to foregather with Archie Campbell's class at its fortieth anniversary festival.

The Wisconsin Croesuses whom I foresook for this fellowship a little over 24 hours ago may have their cash surplusses and stocks and bonds, but what a wealth of memories the dear '89ers here assembled can disclose in the report of their condition at the close of business this radiant day!

And how far-flung are the ties cemented upon these sylvan heights four decades ago! The toastmaster at the bankers' feast last night, told me he was a neighbor to Ed. McGlachlin's venerable parents at Stevens Point, Wisconsin, and how the community felt honored by the General's periodic visitations to the old fireside!

Everywhere an itinerant like myself wanders he finds tender recallings of the class and forms choice new acquaintanceships through having dropped into breakfast with it in 1885-'86!

It is not necessary to enlarge upon '89's collective contribution to the splendor of American arms. What it gave of valiant and distinguished service was given as a matter of course. But there has always been something wistful in the attachment to the Class of those who never survived the ordeal at the United States Military Academy. It is the spell that the unattained and the unattainable casts over one. Blessings brighten as they take their leave.

The twentieth century facilities that have made it possible to speak in Milwaukee and West Point on successive nights illustrate the miracles of transportation, communication and production that had come to pass since '89 put on the grey 44 years ago. One feels that, rather than reviewing the class' well-earned renown, he should follow the example of the minister who was asked what in the world he could say at the funeral of a tough citizen and who replied: "We'll speak of the great age in which he lived!" It certainly was a great age that enables

children to learn their arithmetic from telephone dials, their letters from the radio stations, their geography from the rumble seats and their physiology at their mother's knee. The before-and-after album compiled by Col. Piper is libelous. Eighty-nine had no two-faced men in his day at the Point. If there had been they would have worn the other one! But the showing of retained vitality is wonderful. I feel like exclaiming with Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys tonight?"

Three noteworthy things make this coming together of comrades who have reached three score or more stand out like one class above another in glory.

First, its heart-warming fellowship has gone out without discrimination to those who began but did not finish—whose tenure at West Point was not even as extended as that of the alumnus who exclaimed when his college town was mentioned: "Ah, that was where many of the happiest years of my life were spent as a freshman!"

Second, nor color, nor race, nor religion has restricted class recognition or hospitality.

Third, it has had in its Generalissimo, Alec. Piper, an example of having life more abundantly—having it by giving lavishly of one's thought and time and labor in remembering the dead and rallying the living!

Now let our hearts dwell on five years hence in the spirit of that fine definition of friendship: "A friend is a feller that knows all about yer, and loves yer just the same!"

### Club Managers

"The Vagabond King" reigned for a day, I believe. I have been a Clubman for ten days on a Member's card. It would take a pretty mean political opponent to try to distort that into a regular membership. He would have to be so narrow that his ears would chafe and he could look through a keyhole with both eyes at the same time.

That's one trouble about accepting well-meant courtesies. You can't tell what minute they may be brought up and distorted to destroy your popularity with the common people. Supposing I had met with a violent and sudden end while holding the club guest cards that have been issued to me here and there? I would have gone to my long home dragging a quarter of a column of clubs after me just like any predatory surtax-payer who has long been out of touch with middling folks.

Ten days' privileges have always taken care of my wants. You see I never think of going to a club except when I am away from my family. There never was a time when I didn't feel free to go straight home, either from work or recreation. Under such circumstances it would have been economically unsound to keep a club membership behind the door.

"Didst ever in stillness and at night hear a still small voice speaking to your very soul?" asked the evangelist. "Sure thing," said a brand rescued from the burning. "That's my wife on the telephone." When located it is just as easy, and no more incriminating, to say where you are as it is to say: "I'm at the club, light of my life!"

I dare say in the majority of cases if, instead of digging in for the night at the club, members would breathe a little prayer and beat it for their abodes, the weather reports would be belied as usual. A congressman happened to remember that a former fellow-committeeman lived in the city where he had been transacting business. There was just time before his train went to jump into a taxi and speed to his home. A rather severe-looking female answered his ring.

"Does ex-congressman Carruthers live here?" he asked.

"He does," came the sharp assent. "Bring him in!"

I know you club managers—co-respondents in so many cases of desertion. Or rather I have a speaking acquaintance with you. I wasn't sure our coming together would be a felicitous occasion. However suave you have been to regular members,

you have treated me like a dog. Every time I have crossed your thresholds, I've had to speak for my dinner. Two of the privileges of the holder of a member's guest card is to be born in the active voice and objective case.

Another privilege coming to a ten-day card-holder is discovering the name of your host on the posted delinquent list. I was enjoying the hospitality of a friend in Columbus. He was showing me pridefully through the new clubhouse. "Here's the list of laggards," he said gaily as we stopped in front of the bulletin board. "Magnetic members these—everything they have is charged. I suppose I'm there!"

When we ran our eyes down to his name it proved to be no joke. "Let's go take a look at the swimming-pool!" he exclaimed suddenly. I decided that I didn't need to stay there anything like ten days.

I had another great privilege in a fine club at San Antonio, Texas. I saw the colored doorman, springing to open a limousine, stub his toe and roll down four steps. "My God, man, be careful!" the manager shouted, "they'll think you're a member!"

It was quite a privilege to hear two highly successful members exchanging a word as they came into the banquet hall of the Phoenix Club of Baltimore.

"Great heafens, Isadore, ve came away from der store und left der safe open!" exclaimed Levi.

"Vat does it matter?" asked Isadore. "Aren't ve both here?"

I'll bet if one searched the hearts of you managers he would uncover a yearning that here and there is a life member that he would like to see changed to the list of ten-day card-holders. It is the privilege of a member's guest now and then to overhear the manager say when word comes that one of the club's hazards is ill, "Let us hope it is nothing trivial!"

One of these take-all-the-joy-out-of-life members in a Washington club was forever insisting that his statement of



account had not been sufficiently Calvin Coolidged. One day he flew into a rage over an extortionate charge of ten cents. "I'll pay it," he stormed, "but I doubt if I'll ever enter this club again!"

Just as he stepped out the door a tire exploded. "Merciful heavens!" cried the manager. "The senator has shot himself!"

I love all the clubs over which you managers cast the spell of your easy-mannered direction. The only trouble is my ten days pass with the swiftness of a weaver's shuttle or like a bogus nobleman in the night. With the exception, of course, of those clubs in which the bestower of the card hasn't bestowed the required amount of attention upon his dues.

It is invigorating to sit on the portico of the Kitchi Gammi club at Duluth, with nothing but a screendoor between you and Iceland; or meditate in one of the millionaire lounges of the Southland, where there is nothing to hear but the falling of Balloon common or the hardening of the arteries.

I am not a golf club member for obvious reasons. You'd scarce expect one of my age, etc. But I am counting the seven years till I reach the eligibility age of "tee score and ten." Then, O you self-computed totals!

But my ten-day tenure has given me an insight into the industry. I kept my eyes and ears open while I was with Judge Landis at Walloon Lake last summer and I will say to you here and now that no one can go uncorrected when he or she says in my presence that a caddy is a small kitten or that the greens committee passes on the freshness of the spinach.

It was one of my great privileges, as a ten-day devotee of a Country Club, to hear a noble countrywoman come over from an adjoining farm to ask the manager if it would be cheating if she told him where there were a lot of balls. When incidents like that take place we may be sure the peasantry is essentially honest.

### Commencement

I had almost as much trouble getting to this platform as you feel you have had getting to this hour. The assistant principal, guardian angel of the outer gate, insisted upon my showing a ticket. Maybe she felt you Commencers have gone through enough this graduation week without listening to the speaker of the evening.

But when I explained it was somewhat essential that I get in, she was reasonable. Even regretful. In that respect she was more yielding than the man on the stage door to whom a frantic mother applied for admission. "Impossible," said the doorman. "But my daughter is appearing in the school operetta as a butterfly and I have her wings!" the mother persisted. "Can't help it," the guard replied, "orders is orders—she can go on as a caterpillar."

Another Commencement orator had trouble. His eye caught the word "PUSH" as he came through the stage door. He used that for his theme. "Yonder upon that door, my young friends, you'll find gathered up into a single word the 'open sesame' of success!" Following his gesture and his thought, the graduates looked at the door and read "PULL." Unintentionally the speaker had given them both sides of the subject.

Yours is the satisfaction of having set out to do something and made good. Dr. Jorden, a popular prelate of England, told his son to wire him the moment he knew the result of his final examinations. In a few days he got this message: "See hymn 461, second verse." The minister looked it up and read: "Labors ended, sorrows over, Jordan passed."

Less happy the fate of the collegian who went in for Campus activities. The second week after he entered college, his father got a wire reading: "Feather in my cap—elected president of my class." Two weeks later came a second wire: "Another feather in my cap—rushed for fraternity." Then in a month

this triumph: "Still another feather in my cap—selected for the class play." But in January a brother at home got a wire of different import: "Flunked in everything; prepare father; have him send money to come home." Back came this answer: "Father prepared; better prepare yourself; Dad says stick all those feathers in your shoulders and fly home."

It is easy to understand the father's disgust. No doubt he was looking to the oldest son's success in the halls of learning with the thought that there would be someone to take up his work when he was weary of the heat and burden of the day, like the veteran storekeeper who said to his graduated offspring: "Now that you are prepared for responsibility, I believe I will retire and enjoy the respite I have denied myself for fifty years, and let you carry on the business."

"Fine idea, Dad," said the well-schooled scion, "but why not wait a year and we'll both retire!"

Another fond sire sought a quiet talk with his hopeful who had carried off the class honors. "My dearest wish is that you have found yourself, son, and are ready to buckle into the activities of the sphere upon which you have set your hopes. What is your idea of a position in life?" "I'm not dead sure, Dad, but I think I'll play shortstop!" the graduate replied.

Specialization is the order of the day, but be dead sure of the vocation whereunto you are called. An alumnus saw in his dreams the letters G.P.C. standing out as luminously as Constantine beheld the shining Cross. His destiny was fixed. He would Go Preach Christ. At the end of his first six months the fellowship to which he was called told him he had misread the signals. They advised him to Go Plant Corn.

Wellington's victories, they say, were won on the cricket-fields of Eton. Some day we may hear of great commercial and industrial achievements being attributed to our college football gridirons. Can you imagine the help opening the store or starting the machinery in the factory to the vociferous chorusing of

"Yea, firm! yea, firm! yea, firm! Bigger and Better Output, Rah, Rah, Rah!"

Happy are you that you step upon the scene fortified by the knowledge and mental discipline of a school career. Wonderful things have been happening in science and industry and politics while you have been at your books. Listen to the lament of the street car conductor: "My folks fairly drove me to school, but I thought I could get along without an education. But the neighbor's son honored the advice of his father and mother and got an education. Look at me today—collecting fares in this horse car!"

"And the neighbor's son who stuck to his books?"

"He's up there in front driving this horse car!"

### Commission Merchants

Blessings brighten as they take their leave. We never miss the water till the well runs dry. Once let the commission merchant cease commissioning and we would appreciate how essential he is to our daily life. The radio may bring the wide, wide world to our fireside; it takes the commission merchant to transform our tables into terminals for the world's edibles.

Thus the table-cloth beats the magician's handkerchief or the flying carpet of the fairy story as a collector of calories. The manna that fed the Children of Israel in the Wilderness and the food brought by the ravens to Elijah by the brook Cherith were not so wonderful. These edibles were from point to point transfer. But you call upon all Christendom to come across with the sustenance for the sons and daughters of men—nuts from Brazil, bananas from Jamaica, apples from Appleton, Wis.

The member of the Farmers' Alliance in South Dakota didn't sense all this, didn't appreciate your indispensability, when—his wife falling ill—he told the neighbors to send for the undertaker.

"What, don't you want a doctor first?" they asked.

"Nix—don't want anything to do with middlemen!" he answered.

Who would have brought the farmer with the egg and bar-keep with the sherry together if there had been no middleman? And what could have been fairer than his reply to the question as to what he would require for his part of the transaction:

"I'll take a sherry and egg, if you please!"

O shade of Napoleon, not only the army but the community travels upon its stomach! So your mission is locomotive, as well as economic and gastronomic.

Licensing, icing (why didn't Calvin Coolidge take up commission merchandising instead of insurance?), shipping, unloading, ripening, auctioning, distributing—Ah! there is more to your job than the consumer comprehends. I'll wager my hope of Heaven that the Governor and the Poet who are here awaiting their turn to speak under the classification of "Green Goods," have an idea that you are here to consider the use of zippers in string beans or how to ennoble a cowardly tomato that hits an actor and runs. Or, perchance, like the tramp caught in the hen house, they are just trying to get the lay of the land!

"Rah for auld Ireland!" shouted Pat.

"Hurrah for hell!" sneered the Tory.

"That's roight—ivery wan for his own counthry!" retorted Pat.

Everyone for his own calling, too. Tony the peddler couldn't answer the Judge's question as to the number of states in the Union. "You are not fit to become a citizen if you are as ignorant as that," said the court.

"How many banana in de bunch?" asked Tony. The Judge said he had no idea.

"Den you no feet to be judge!" came back Tony.

I notice a part of your agenda is to get the public to eat more vegetables and fruits. This convinces me that you have made a close study of the business-building methods of the surgeon



who distributed fireworks to the boys and girls until nightfall on the Fourth of July. It looked like liberality, but it was really a form of daylight saving for the surgeon.

Anyway, it is a good gospel, this eat more of the fibrous foods, more leafage, more roughage. The Big Colon will call you Big Brother for your kindness. My only regret is that this dietary reform was so long in coming. In my blameless boyhood I operated in cowslips and dandelion greens; used to sleep with the lions, in fact, to be up early and to market with my livelong fodder. But there wasn't the market there should have been for the greens. Like my revered friend Bryan, I was years ahead of public sentiment.

Now that the gastronomic demand has been educated up to the supply, it is good to look upon you commission merchants doing a ripping business where I sewed.

It is a healthy sign to see all branches of your great carlot industry foregathering here. The public may misinterpret this, like the lover of his fellowmen who came upon a strapping big lumberman and a little runt of an Irishman operating a crosscut hand saw. Looking at the giant jerk it his way and the midget pull it back, he came up behind the stalwart sawer and gave him a biff that laid him low. "Now you big bully, will ye let the little fellow have it?" he shouted.

He had mistaken team-work for a struggle for the possession of the saw. So the consumers may suspicion that you are in conference to take something away from them instead of operating as you are in accordance with the recommendations of the Federal Trade Commission for the common good.

"It is such things as this that bring tears to one's eyes," said the onion-peeler. The way you know your onions makes the distrustful retail buyers weep unnecessarily.

As for all you eggs (excuse the figure) getting into one basket at this convention, you are not only car-high with good faith and conscience, but you are reaping the benefits of mutuality, like Isadore making a discovery at the Phoenix Club.

"Vat do you think, Moses," he exclaimed to his partner, "I came away from der store und left der safe open!"

"Vat das it matter—aren't ve both here?" asked Moses.

You are all here, all your problems are here, and that ought to be a guarantee against sins of commission.

### Community Fund

To some, I dare say, this drive is about as popular as the one the bereaved husband took with his mother-in-law to the cemetery. When it was pointed out that it was the proper thing to do he muttered: "Well, I consent; but it will spoil all the pleasure of the occasion for me!"

Others feel that they are justified in holding out against solicitation, like the churchman who was approached in the every member canvas. "No, I'd really like to come across, but I can't do it, brethren. I'm up against it. I owe my banker, and—"

"But don't you owe the Lord?" asked the head of the committee.

"Sure," said the churchman, "but he ain't pressing me."

The Community Fund deserves from you a different attitude than that of the policeman who, when the collection box came around at the Sunday morning service, threw back the lapel of his coat and showed his badge.

"Dare to be a Daniel" in this drive! Don't be a deacon—at least a tightfisted deacon like the one who, when the colored pastor said, "Dis church certainly's gotta walk," growled: "Let 'er walk!"

"But, breddern, dis church oughter run!" continued the pastor.

"Let 'er run!" assented the deacon, warming up.

"Breddern dis ol' church oughter fly!"

"Let 'er fly!"

"But it's gwine to take money to make dis church fly!"

"Let 'er walk!"

It is going to take money to replace what populousness,

prosperity and quantity production take out of a community. Serenity, security, morality, health, often life itself make up the price we pay for urban bigness and gainfulness.

Henry W. Grady, the eloquent voice of the New South, gave up a newspaper career in New York and went back to his native town of Athens, Georgia, because no one could tell him about a little casket that was being taken down the stairs of his apartment house one morning as he was going to work.

New York, where the little girl on the East Side used to say: "Yes, we allus know when it is spring 'cause we can see the Bock beer sign in the window across the street!"

Give, ye haves of the big cities, because of what ye have unintentionally taken away from the have nots.

Give not for contribution, but for restitution; not for charity but for equity; not for benevolence, but for conscience. Don't content yourself with giving three cheers—sometimes reduced to two cheers at the instance of the efficiency engineers.

Give in the spirit of largeness that illumed the offerings of the philosopher who said: "What I kept I lost; what I gave I saved."

Any other policy is as illogical as Pat's reply to the command, "Money or yer life."

"Take me life," cried Pat. "Oi'm saving me money for me old age!"

### Country Weekly

For fifty years the writer has retained a mental image of the original country weekly—no self-starter, but hand-cranked, hand-inked and hand-impressed by means of the devil's tail as fast as the hand-lowered and hand-raised frisket could drop the virgin sheet upon the type-form.

Always standing guard over the Washington press was the office towel, stiff and upright, back to the wall, everybody's hand against it.

There came a day when kerosense lamps succeeded tallow dips and the Washington handpress gave way for the Cottrell Babcock, still run by a pair of hands at the wheel, but with improved inking, feeding and delivering facilities.

One can remember an old model if he has been run over by it. I was run over by this model when I was so young that they had to use a soap-box to make me type-high at the composing case. No bones broken, but it made an impression on me that half a century has not been able to efface. I was caught for keeps by the press.

I offer this tip as my credentials. I gave the press a tip—it was the middle finger on the right hand—when I was caught by it in the late seventies of the last century. The fly of the new Cottrell Babcock was out of order and I was taking the sheets off as they were released by the grippers. I let my hand get on the track of the bed of the press. Takes more than toll and time and tears, things present and things to come, or any other creature, to wipe out the scars of the press.

There is among the writer's souvenirs a faded print of going-to-press in the office of the Hudson Gazette. The period is fixed by the full-sheet poster in the background announcing that the eloquent temperance apostle, John B. Gough, is coming to town. (Did his eyes foresee the coming of the glory of the saloon's abolition?) Hi Dewey is bending at the wheel of the printing machine and Billy Bowles at the feed-board, pushing the "patent inwards" within reach of the grippers on the cylinder. It is a motion picture, with sound enough to cause nervous customers in the drygoods store underneath to cast inquiring glances toward the ceiling.

It was long before the mailing machine. My heroic Democratic father, with a printed slip in one hand, shears in another, is stamping the names of delinquents upon the papers. A subscriber with whiskers is standing at a safe distance apart (the publisher had made it known that subscribers should go to the postoffice for their paper) waiting for him to come to the

"S's." A curly-haired sister is folding the Gazettes with their inky aroma ; so is Walter Galusha, folder one day a week, popcorn vender the rest of the time, whose head and shoulders seem to rise out of the Round Oak stove, where the subscription wood sends up its incense through the long stretches of stovepipe. Perched upon an office stool in the rear is the latest edition of the publisher's household holding the latest edition of the Gazette. Another son, barefoot boy in a big straw hat, bought on account from the emporium of a Gazette advertiser, is toting a bushel basketful of papers to the postoffice, there to be committed to the tender mercies of a Republican postmaster.

No one could dispute the claim of this journal of civilization to the distinction of being a strictly family newspaper. But it explains in part why that Democratic parent—who sprang from a race that wrestled with the encroaching seas in Holland, succeeded in bringing up a family of twelve, denying them no needful care, publishing a party paper on the county-line between two hopelessly Republican counties. Verily, there were plenty of facilities for beating the Dutch.

Perhaps it should be explained how it happens that there is such a thing as an interior view of that old Hudson Gazette office in existence. You see, right across the hall from that second-floor print-shop was a dentist's office, and on the third floor a photographer's gallery. (There was also a lodge of the I.O.O.F. up there that sent down sepulchral cadences of the ritual, accompanied by thumpings and foot-falls, in the silent midnight watches, but we will let that pass.) Some, as the old hymn runs, may be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease ; but those who came up the stairs leading to the teeth-extracting place, often waded through bloody seas.

A Newlywed, seeking to catch the wedding-day shadow 'ere the substance faded, got into the Gazette office by mistake. A scalawag of a journeyman printer set him down in front of one of the long iron molds used in the home manufacture of printer's rollers, which he placed across an imposing stone, and



bade the bridegroom look pleasant while he threw a black blanket from the bed of a press over his head and squinted through the iron tube. Then he struck a proof of a Democratic donkey and submitted it to the Newlywed as the outcome of the sitting.

Instead of waxing wroth and wrecking the whole plant the bridegroom said the proof was a faithful likeness of the way he felt after taking on a wife on his limited income; and to show his appreciation went up to the photographer and contracted with him to take a picture of the office with his compliments. Evidently that groom was under the same emotion as the young man who always vowed he wouldn't marry the best girl living. A week after the ceremony he said he had kept his vow!

It helped that an uncle was with the United States Express Company in Chicago, and he franked through the weekly bundle of Kellogg's patent insides, which bore a remarkable twinship to the inside pages of our exchanges in what a Republican statesman of Michigan used to call the "contagious counties." In after years I conceded the provincialism of those ready prints and of the receipt of telegraph news in plate form by express the afternoon preceding publication, until I looked upon the syndicated sameness of the modern metropolitan editorial and feature pages. There was once a Greeley, Dana, Bowles, Patterson, here and there; there is now a Brisbane, Cadman, Rogers, McIntyre, Chick Sales, Calvin Coolidge everywhere.

### Credit Men's Association

Credit men have always been keen for George Washington, probably because he left a "Farewell Address." Patriots buying on the installment plan, please copy.

Common people, reading the society news in the daily paper, may fall into the melancholy reflection that no one cares enough about them to record their movements while at that very moment more than one merchandiser may be interesting himself deeply in their new location.

We all count for more than we think in the midst of great populations. Some cities go so far as to pass ordinances compelling moving van owners to keep a record of all renters, high or low, who move from one street address to another. There are concerns who go to great trouble publishing what they call "Locaters" so that the humblest citizens may not be overlooked in their social activities.

It is hard to conceive of there being such a thing in this county as the "submerged tenth" when "the least of these" is looked after so tenderly as they come and go.

There was once a country editor who went out of his way to give conspicuous attention to his most humble subscribers, even when they were far behind in payments on their paper. He printed their names upside down whenever he mentioned them in his columns. But this distinction was not appreciated. The delinquents even went to the extreme of paying up to get their names right side up in the next edition. Middling folk are not so crazy for conspicuity as they are supposed to be.

Another editor printed this editorial squib: "A well-known society woman of this community kneads bread with her gloves on. If the people on our books do not come forward soon the editor of this sheet will be needing bread with nothing on."

One of the outgrowths of credit men's associations is the form letter. This series of follow-up appeals is based upon the proverb, "Continual droppings will wear the stony heart of a dead beat."

A credit manager wrote to a customer of high rating, setting forth that they had sent him seven of the series of ten letters but it was a shame to be wasting postage upon one so abundantly able to pay on the due date. The customer came back with the explanation that the letters were so darned good he didn't want to remit until he had a chance to read them all.

There was a Dutch retailer who was so far behind in his settlements the wholesale house felt it necessary to send him a

sharp letter with threat of putting the claim in the hands of their attorney. The customer replied as follows :

Dundee, Mich., April 7, 1926.

Shentlemen :

Dat vas a harsh letter you send me after our long acquaintance und business dealings but it ish all right I take bleasure in enclosing check for seven hundret und fifty dollars und I hope there vill be no occasion for furdur unblesantness.

Yours truly

HANS DINKELSPIEL.

P.S.—Dis is der letter I vould have written if I hat der money.

An editor once displayed at the top of the page a warning to the effect that there was a certain notorious cheap skate who was buzzing the milliner when he ought to be at work earning the money to wipe out a balance that had been standing for years on his books. Failure to take care of the account within five days would make it necessary to print the delinquent's name in full.

Before the ink was dry on the paper, Seth Salisbury showed up at the editor's office and threw down a wad of greenbacks, saying: "Doggone it, Mr. Editor, I've been trying to get in here for weeks to square up with you. Gimme a receipt in full, will you?"

Then another followed and another until by nightfall the editor had writer's cramp from inditing, "Paid in full."

### Current Review Club

A current review that seemed to be sufficient unto the evil thereof was handed a literator by a reader recently. "There is only one flaw in your book," he said to the author, "and that is there is too much space between the covers."

Two realists turned current reviewers recently. "You have filched the plot of my latest novel word for word," said one heatedly. "Why worry, old boy?" came back the accused, "isn't there obscenity enough to go round?"

A current reviewer of art came upon this notice beneath the first painting hung by a fledgling of the Cubist school: "Don't Touch with Cane or Umbrella." He added: "Use an Axe!"

Modernity has been raising havoc with many a quaint and ancient volume of long-forgotten lore. Modernity has simply been raising the mischief with the immutability of literature. Indeed there is no such animal as immutability in this age of scientific and mechanical miracles. Invention is using an axe on the old libraries. Where not absolutely obsolescent by reason of progress that moved Mike to exclaim, "Egorra before long we'll be travelin' without l'avin' home!" they must be rebuilt to conform to changed conditions. New libraries for old!

East Hampton, New York, has just voted to buy the 200-year-old homestead of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." That shows how impossible it would be for John Howard Paine to write that ballad today without a change of accent. There is no place at all like a home nowadays. Home is the place where you come back to get the telephone call that tells you where to go next.

One never says now, "keep the wolf from the door." It runs "keep the wolf from the garage."

You must have new dictionaries for old. The lexicography has been enlarged by thousands of words by the coming of auto, radio, hydro, and aero. Even the mounted traffic officers have trouble in keeping up with the fluidity of our language. "Whaddaya mane running into a shtopt strate?" yelled a motorcycle cop to the woman driver. "I tried to stop, officer," she explained, "but it went forward on its own momentum." "Well, whatever it was, ye gotta get the thing fixed," he admonished her.

New library of designations for old. Non-producers are "flat tires," the slowed-down in the race of life "have sand in their gear-boxes," nomadic wives that haunt the bargain counters are "little runabouts," too spoony young men that have to be cleaned out by father at midnight's holy hour are "spark-

plugs." So strange the lingo used in current speech, one is liable to make the mistake of the man on the Canadian Pacific. "Where you from, stranger?" he asked his seat-mate. "Saskatchewan," the other replied. "You speak no English?" he was asked.

In other days when the lovelorn swain quoted—

"Leave no tender word unsaid  
Love while love shall last,  
The mill will never grind  
With the water that is past."

the sweet young thing murmured, "How true!" But now the electric current generated by the rushing waters can go back and run any old mill anywhere. New poem needed to take the place of that one.

And will Phineas Fogg of Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days," kindly go away back and sit down while Detroit's intrepid citizen, E. S. Evans, who did it in one-third of that time, takes his place on the library shelf?

And "Enoch Arden" and "Robinson Crusoe" couldn't get into the new library of today, with wireless and seaplanes to tell the world where they may have landed. Neither would Leander's nightly swimming of the Hellespont to woo beautiful Hero be worthy of embalming in romantic literature with the English Channel choked with girls doing the Australian crawl.

Too bad to minimize Sheridan's twenty-mile dash, for it was done on a Michigan horse. But 20 miles with the facilities Papa Joffre used in getting his army down to the Marne would mean about 20 minutes away. There's no deathless ballad in that.

When dragged to the Galleys for stealing a loaf of bread to save his sister's children from starving, Jean Valjean put out his hand seven times (according to Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables") as if touching seven uneven heads. Ridiculously improbable today, under economic hardships and birth control.



They would have a hard time today keeping Philip Nolan, "The Man Without a Country," from hearing anything about the United States he had traduced, with the radio deluging the warship with tidings; and how emotionally inane for Sir Walter Scott to cry, "Enchantress, Wake Again!" when all he would have to do would be to get HARP or start the Victrola.

Lord Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" would have been pardoned long before his hair grew white, but not with years, and "The Scarlet Letter" wouldn't be such an agonizing brand to wear when the red on the first page of lurid journalism is so much more eye-filling.

Facial surgery has put the kibosh on that Victor Hugo story of the horribly-scarred face, "The Man Who Laughed," and who on the border here could conceive of Rip Van Winkle getting anything out of the Jolly Dogs' keg that would put him to sleep for twenty years only?

Go through your libraries, dear clubwomen, and make them comport with twentieth century phenomena.

### Dairymen

Going up to Zermatt in Switzerland one summer afternoon to view the eerie splendors of the Matterhorn, I saw the Swiss urchins driving the cows home perilously along narrow paths far up the steep mountainsides. For the first time it dawned upon me how it chanced that butter first came down to us in rolls.

I know this version varies with the more commonly accepted account of the origin of rolled butter. This legend has it that two frogs fell into a tub of cream. One frog, of little faith, immediately gave up the ghost, but the other kept on jumping. When the dairy maid came down cellar in the morning she found one frog cold in death at the bottom of the tub and another frog sitting triumphantly upon a cake of golden butter. He had jumped and jumped until he had churned that cream into a life-saving station.

The figures dealing with the wide range of your operations and the exhibit of mechanical facilities that you have set up here before the wondering eyes of exposition visitors, suggest the strides in dairying since the simple pastoral episode of the poem—

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”  
 “I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.  
 “I cannot marry you, my pretty maid.”  
 “Nobody asked you, sir,” she said.

This, as we all know, was the original milk shake. How much happier the sequel of the later romance—

I bought Sarah some ice cream  
 And she ate and ate and ate ;  
 Then she gave her heart to me  
 To make room for another plate.

I must confess that my early knowledge of dairying was not as intimate as now. The twelve children in our household knew more about apple butter and molasses on their bread. By tipping our plates one way and then another when served with the liquid sweetness of the New Orleans variety, it always looked like more.

And then I could never warm up over the inauguration of dairying on a wholesale scale, for the sweet vision in seer-sucker gown who kept the books in the creamery that I passed every day, was not able to see which side her bread was buttered on.

But all that is passed now. The outcome of my infatuation was in keeping with the lament of the unlucky devil who wrote :

“I never had a piece of toast  
 Particularly long and wide,  
 But if it fell upon the sandy floor  
 ’Twas sure to strike the buttered side!”

"Fine words butter no parsnips," but you must know that I acclaim you without bitterness for the proud place you have won in the vast scheme of production in this country and century.

A militant female doing her part to call her countrymen to the colors, came upon a dairyman calmly milking his Jersey at the roadside.

"Why are you not at the front, my man?" she cried.

"'Coz I git th' milk at this end!" he replied.

By this token, a mighty and puissant nation should be as mindful of the importance of your industry as the candidate who gave his former constituent a helping hand at milking time.

"Seen anything of my opponent lately?" he asked the farmer as he made the lacteal fluid beat a tattoo in the milk pail.

"Sure!" said the voter. "He's milking on the other side of Mollie!"

### Dean of Political Writers

One may appraise and applaud the guest of honor without envying him. "Beware of the Greeks when they come bearing gifts." Beware of the friendly gazables when they come dubbing you "Dean." From the gilded "Dean" to the bier and the shroud is a matter of changing but a single letter—the final "n" to "d." So why should the spirit of mortal be proud? With death—as Bert Williams the minstrel used to say—so permanent.

Becoming the Dean of one's profession has as much of a melancholy ante-mortem distinction as being vice-president of a political meeting or honorary pall-bearer.

When it is suggested by well-meaning admirers that you have become a Dean or that you should become a Deacon, it is time to make sure your affairs are in order.

Perfectly all right, mind you, for those who don't mind being poetically saluted as the "last leaf on the tree." And it is not so depressing when the craftsman who is decorated or

Dean-ed is a case of arrested development, a solitary mullein-stalk in the pasture of life, a man without wife or children to speak of. He deserves his fate. He may be said to have brought this Dean business down upon his unsoothed head.

But as for the rest of us, we incline to the attitude of the God-fearing citizen who testified that he was never very keen for the hymns of his boyhood—"In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye," "There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day," and "I Would Not Live Alway." He said he could understand how Grandma was keen for that sort of thing, for she was all in. But he was busy thinking about living and going places.

So it is about becoming a Dean and getting ready to wrap the draperies of one's couch about him and lying down to dreams of what the public prints will have to say about you, beyond the list of country clubs you should have paid dues to.

Possibly his passing might excite the same protest as that of the political leader whose sudden death appeared in the morning contemporary of the political writer who had gone out of his way to befriend him.

"Here's a pretty note!" the scribe bewailed. "I've played up this man on the first page, sailed into his enemies, suppressed stuff that would have queered his pet measures, and now look at the raw deal he has given me—dying for the morning paper! I tell you these politicians are incapable of gratitude!"

There's another thing I don't envy this Dean of political writers for. That is the ennui, the horrible sameness of chronicling political developments in a state where the Republican party from time immemorial has sung "Michigan, My Michigan" as a solo; a state where the Democratic party is in the position of the lovelorn youth whose girl had given him the gate. He went straight to the mid-week prayer-meeting and fervently petitioned the throne of grace, saying: "O Lord, we come to Thee because we have no other place to go!"

The Michigan Democrats are driven to the Bible for comfort. Their favorite book at election time is Exodus.

Think of the monotony of recording campaign outcomes when the election returns on the first Tuesday in November can just as well be written when the Sunday paper goes to press the preceding Wednesday.

If it was deadly tedious for Lindbergh to sit at the controls for forty hours, think of the superhuman power of endurance that has made it possible for Fitzgibbon to stand unbroken Republican controls for forty years in this state.

While you are assembled here to do him honor, don't forget that his best friends have been the Democrats of Michigan. They alone sought sincerely—if unsuccessfully—to put a little variety into his life at Lansing.

There has been comment here tonight that John eschews stenography and typewriter in his work. Pray why shouldn't he write out his stuff in long hand? If what little he has to do under the one-party system in Michigan were accelerated by shorthand and typing machine, it would only add idleness to loneliness the greater part of the time. And that would soon break down the strongest constitution.

It has been a Godsend to the Dean that the national Republican administration intervenes every little while and either puts out or keeps out some of the surplus that the party sends to Washington.

There have been two other bright spots for this historian, threatened with the fate that overtakes many farmers' wives from unvarying routine: Once we had a Republican governor who called the adjoining county the "contagious county"; and an upstate candidate who was elected to a seat in the "haw-buck legislature" showed up at Washington. He thought he had been sent to congress.

### Declaration of Independence

You have noticed, of course, that the Declaration of Independence continues to answer all purposes just as it was framed



by the plain men who gave it out from that little brick building on Chestnut Street in Philadelphia 132 years ago.

While the liberty bell aloft proclaimed it so long and loud that it cracked itself.

The patriots who put that document together and who bound themselves to hang together as a more agreeable alternative than hanging one by one, left nothing for those who have come after them to do but to celebrate their work.

Many men died gloriously in support of that declaration and many have died foolishly in making a noise about it, but the document itself will never die.

It remains as deathless as the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount because the divine fervor to be free was in the hearts of the authors and the signers.

The ships and buildings, the facilities that made life worth living 154 years ago today, wouldn't answer at all in this age of skyscrapers and ocean hounds, of subways and air-sailing, of wireless telegraphy and electric wonders; but the Declaration of Independence does not need modernizing.

There is something new, something later every year in the noise-creating fire-crackers; but no 1930 style of saying what the signers said so well in the long ago.

That reminds us that there is no trouble in putting a thing powerfully when you feel a thing powerfully. Diction takes care of itself when a patriot is in dead earnest.

That is why we never hear of any move to modify or amend the Declaration of Independence. Letter and line remain unchanged from the day the forefathers in their passionate protest against kingship, pledged their lives and sacred honor to the holy cause of liberty. What they have written they have written.

Year after year we acclaim but we do not try to reconstruct, to take from or add to this sacred ark of the covenant. That it was inspired is proven by its deathlessness.

Less than 20 per cent of the American city people own homes.

This is important. There is no room or welcome in flats for children—only standing-room for Teddy bears.

Mark Twain touched upon a great truth when he said every man will fight for his home, but where is the man that will fight for his boarding house?

American people, the past few years, promising relief from the yoke of economic and legislative evils that have done so much to make us a nation of renters. There are far too many who have several homes (in the city, in the mountains and by the sea), while the great mass of the people have not where to lay their heads without the tender indulgence of the landlord.

I look to the residents of this favored section to join in the declaration of independence of the vicious doctrine that legislation is for the favored few and that wealthy offenders should go unwhipped of justice.

We can bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth while rendering unto capital the things that are capital's and unto labor the things that are labor's which is something more than a full dinner pail.

We should declare our independence of the baneful idea that those who are sworn to execute the laws impartially, have the right to exercise an option as to which laws shall be made effective. This is a more deadly form of anarchy than the weak or vicious of the Old World bring to us. We want no imported incendiarianism that invokes a reign of waste and terror; neither do we want any of the home-grown variety that nullifies laws for personal interest or party advantage. Of late we have heard cowardly and incompetent officials crying out, "We are the state."

We should declare our independence of that slavish subserviency to custom that prompts us to keep up appearances when

we cannot keep up our credit. If you are not brave enough to live your own lives as you can afford them, if you think your children should have autos and radios because your neighbor's children have them, and if you give your girls dancing lessons while you keep the grocer dancing for his pay, then you need to declare your independence of a policy of false pride and enslaving imitation.

A good name is better than a great motor car. Let us abhor extravagance, of living beyond our means, with all the earnestness with which our forefathers abominated the tea tax, that precious sign of an unrelenting rulership.

### Gymnasium Dedication

Let me rejoice with you, Roseville high school students, over the addition of this fine gymnasium to your educational plant. I don't see how you ever got along without it, for we all know that knowledge is power—to prevail over the other team.

Here's hoping Roseville will give a good account of herself as she goes forth to meet the athletes in this area. May she lick Halfway all the way, push Lake Shore so far out she can't wade back and soak Mt. Clemens in bath season and out of bath season!

With a well-equipped training-place like this, you will not have to depend upon the device of a high school team that received \$5 from a minister with the word that they were to use it for uniforms or in any way that would do the most good.

The dominie came out to see the lads win their first game. He was pleased, but expressed surprise that the team were not in uniforms, whereas the visiting players looked spick and span in their regalia.

"I was hoping to see you in your new outfits," he said to the captain. "What did you do with the money I gave you?"

"Oh, you said to put it where it would do the most good," the leader explained, "so we handed it to the umpire!"

I feel sure you are going to uphold better sportsmanship in

this muscle-building department, and that you will make eligibility a more inclusive term than it is in many universities where vocal exercise in the stadium is as far as the greater part of the student body gets in athletics.

A critical game found the star in a college eleven disqualified by a bad showing at examination. His presence on the team was so vital, several members of the faculty brought pressure to bear on the Dean to give the player the benefit of a special dispensation. Finally the Dean agreed with one of the interceding professors that if he would give the student another examination and find him able to answer 50 per cent of the questions, the ineligibility would be removed.

The professor limited the test to two questions. To the first one, "Describe the alimentary canal," the gridiron wonder answered, "It runs from Buffalo to Albany." "Wrong," said the examiner. Now only one more. "What is the color of blue vitriol?" "I don't know," replied the student. "Right!" cried the professor; and the star player was saved to the team for its crucial game.

Recruiting is also conducted in a peculiar way sometimes, its wonders to perform. Some school lads, discovered in an apple orchard by the owner, were seized by the scruff of their necks, conducted to the fence and with the warning if they were ever found there again it would go much harder with them, were helped out of the enclosure by the toe of the farmer's boot.

Next day the invaders were found in the orchard again. "Didn't I tell ye t' keep out of here, ye scum of the airth?" cried the apple king, advancing threateningly.

"We ain't after apples," the spokesman of the crowd explained. "We wanted to know if you wouldn't play on our football team?"

This is such a mechanical age it is necessary to provide gymnasiums to give boys and girls physical exercise—something besides dumb-belles, which we always have had with us. Something to take the place of the bodily tasks of the preceding

generations. Errands to run and chores to be done, early to bed and early to rise, made one healthy and wise—even if it didn't make him wealthy—in my boyhood.

Indian clubs, swinging rings and horizontal bars were not in it for physical development with digging subscription wood out of the snow and blasting it verbally and actually for the kitchen stove or kicking 10,000 dodgers off the foot press in my father's country newspaper office. Possession of a little pocket-money presupposed cleaning off the widow's corner lot after a heavy snowfall or carrying a cord of wood up two flights of stairs to a doctor's or lawyer's office.

In fact, so little was known as an institution like this that when the brightest young woman of the village came back from college her father eyed her proudly and exclaimed: "My, but you're looking fit! Whaddaya weigh, Dorothy?"

"Just 125, father, when I'm dressed for gym!" she replied.

"Who the devil's Jim?" asked her father.

Well, I hope you clean up on all comers, you happy athletes. It's your sacred duty to the town that's provided this wonderful body-builder. There's Scriptural warrant for it. You remember that searching question, following a miracle:

"Were not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?"

### Diamond Jubilee

An historic church like this, full of years and fruitfulness, is happily free from anniversary sensitiveness. No one can reveal what the wretched husband reported when he whispered that his life partner was observing the tenth anniversary of her thirtieth birthday.

Or chortle with that bargain-seeker of spouses who announced a sweeping reduction in his last alliance. She was 42 marked down to 28.

There was one old maid—or, to be more gallant, unappropriated blessing—who left off celebrating her natal day so long



that the rumor got around that she was the hostess at the Boston Tea Party. At length weary of concealment and dissembling, she invited in all her friends and lighted the correct number of candles. Four men and two women were overcome by the heat.

No, this seventy-five-year-old sanctuary would not gainsay one facet of its Jubilee Diamond. Planted here where cross the crowded ways of life, it has been like a tree by rivers of water. Its leaf has never withered; whatsoever it has done has prospered.

Before me are the tables of honor, where sit those who have kept the faith and continued the fight from 25 to 64 years. It was not of this type of communicants the church clerk reported a gratifying gain through the dropping of ninety-some names—steady members in the sense of Bridget's recommendation to the foreman of the section gang to whom she applied for a job for her man Mike.

"Is Mike steady?" the foreman asked.

"Stidy?" repeated Bridget. "Stidy? why if he were inny steadier he'd be dead!"

Think of it! Over a thousand years of church allegiance totalled at these tables of honor! And one husband and wife representing together over 100 years of fellowship here! These have lived life more abundantly—the antithesis of the unstable brother whose trouser-seat became all shiny from backsliding!

I am sure the wraiths of Knox and Calvin are here waving approval of such faith-keeping as this. It calls up the devout verse in the Rhymes of the Ancient Mariner—

Oh sweeter than the marriage feast

'Tis sweeter far to me

To go together to the kirk

And all together pray,

While each to his dear Father bends—

Old men and loving friends

And youths and maidens gay.

Seventy-five years! A little while ago the nation was acclaiming Light's Golden Jubilee—half a century of the incandescent globe. But tonight we signalize the rounding out of three-quarters of a century of an infinitely Greater Light, such as there never was on land or sea!

Think of how the world has been changing while the Light of the World has been unchanging. Since this church was builded upon a rock the electric light, the typewriter, the Pullman car and the dining car, the typesetting machine, the telephone, the talking machine, the automobile, the airplane, the radio, the cinema and now the talking pictures have come to pass. All of Mother Shipton's weird foretelling has thrilled the world except the last two lines—

The world to an end will come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

And the Republicans thought that had happened when Grover Cleveland was elected in 1884.

Men's thoughts are widening with the process of the suns. But with all the mutations and all the complexities of this present epoch the world needs what the church has to offer more than ever and it needs such testimonies, such living testimonies, as this occasion offers to the reasonableness and the workableness of religion.

Henry Drummond said a great many people are kept out of the Kingdom of Heaven by the unlovely behavior of those who profess to be inside. Another statement of the same truth is implied in the little girl's prayer: "O God, make all bad people good and all good people nice."

Still another authority puts it that there are people who profess to be pious that are only bilious.

True religion and undefiled admits of a reasonable amount of the admixture of modernity in its adjustments and applications. It cannot continue cathedraled all the time. It must

get out into the currents of life—off the sensory nerves onto the motor nerves, for the best gospels are bound in shoe leather, on their way doing good.

For example, once the bedecking of one's self with jewelry was deemed objectionable in the sight of the Lord. You recall the young woman convert who declared that when she found that jewelry was dragging her soul down to perdition she gave it all to her sister.

And here we find this House of the Lord bedecking itself with a scintillant Diamond Jubilee, a showy and resplendent and unusual decoration! One can venture the conviction that it is approved of the Most High, with an injunction to other fellowships not so long or so stout in the faith to go and do likewise!

### **D.D.—Drafted Democrat**

The good physician who makes his daily calls through the columns of our favorite newspaper is everlastingly right when he warns his patient readers to avoid drafts.

The Democratic draft did not strike me until I returned from a short absence. Directly I knew from the tenor of the first-class mail on my desk that someone had left a window or a door open somewhere.

As a drafted candidate for the state legislature in the first Michigan district (action of a pre-primary convention) would I attend an organization dinner at the Hotel Tuller on the following Friday evening? There was assurance, in the light of Republican factionalism, that Democratic prospects were never brighter in Michigan. There was a "patriots, the hour has struck!" incisiveness in the call to arms.

The Citizens' League wanted at once a concise story of my life; a secretarial service bureau stood ready to get out my letters to voters; there were sundry and diverse publications

that awaited only a sign from me (upon accompanying blank) to throw their total circulations wholeheartedly into the campaign in my behalf—for a consideration; the Anti-Saloon League would appreciate a declaration as to where I stood touching the return of licensed iniquity. The Association for the Modification of the Prohibition Amendment wanted to know if it could count on me to annihilate the Volstead abomination and bring in true temperance—and incidentally the executive secretary's salary.

"Where do you stand on the Shepard-Towner Act?" the Independent Women Voters' League wanted to know. And the Mutual Workers' Association were inquisitive about my regard for the laboring man, for equality of all races before the law, and the right of a householder to remain undisturbed in the possession of his property in any locality after he had acquired it.

This letter gave evidence of being loaded. It called up the question put to a candidate for the police force: "What would you do in case of a race riot?" He answered: "I would get the number of both cars." It was easy to get this inquirer's number.

From "prominently mentioned for Congress," back in the old town, to being drafted for the legislature in 1926 didn't savor exactly of brilliant political ongoing. It came nearer to parallelling the experience of the colored aspirant who coveted the post of "Minister to Dahomey" in the hour of his party's victory and compromised on superintendent of the wastebaskets in one of the departments at Washington.

On the other hand, rather than being a millstone about the neck, it might prove to be a stepping-stone. The shining path of Roosevelt and Coolidge lay through the legislature. They adorned this lesser sphere, so often dismissed with ignominy and contempt, as in the poem that relates the old mother's receipt of the letter from her son. "Bill's in the legislatur'," she mourned, "but it don't say what fur."

Democratic foregatherings in Michigan have always been more high-spirited prior to going to the polls: but this first dinner meeting of the drafter nominees was vibrant with congratulations and foretellings of triumph. Mediocrity had prevailed in the legislature too long. Now, by pre-primary selection, the Democracy was offering a slate that shone with all the splendor and eminent respectability of a platform array of founders' day vice-presidents or a half column of honorary pallbearers.

It was simply impeccable, and the truly independent press and the Civic Searchlight, good government organ, said so. Wherefore there really appeared to be "a sound of the gong in the mulberry branches"—hopeful music to a minority's ears.

All this, to tell the truth, was definitely heartening to a draftee who had known politics as a chronicler rather than a candidate. It was uplifting to listen to dedications to public service. In truth, the high professions of unselfishness and consecration became so ardent there was danger of designating the drafted candidates, the people's reliance for better laws, as the "draughty candidates." But the fervor of it was heart-warming just the same.

Away from headquarters and party feasts, one began to feel the chilling effects of the draught. "That's not *you* running for the legislature?" long-time business acquaintances asked deprecatingly. "I thought it was your son—or somebody. Well, good luck, if you really want it!"

Of a Lord's day, in my happy church home, the "better element" seemed to be able to repress their enthusiasm for the drafted ticket idea. "I never knew you were a Democrat!" exclaimed one brother, with unfeigned surprise, and with an expression that betokened someone in that fellowship had been obtaining brotherly love under false pretenses.

It all took my recollection back to a fateful fall in the second district when, by some concatenation of miracles that silver-haired hero of the Civil War, Colonel N. S. Eldredge, was



elected to Congress. He arrived at the little town of Addison in Northern Lenawee on a day given over to a meeting of a district Methodist Episcopal Conference. Espying his broad shoulders and Prince Albert coat one of the reception committee greeted the Colonel as he alighted from the train.

"Have you been assigned, brother?" he asked.

"Assigned? Whaddaya mean?" asked the gruff old soldier.

"Why, aren't you one of the visiting clergymen?"

"Hell, no! I'm a Democrat!" roared the Colonel.

Other dilemmas beset the drafted Democrats as they went about upon their redemptive mission in a district hopelessly Republican from time immemorial. They lacked side-stepping agility. They failed to rely upon the little girl's definition of a lie—"an abomination in the sight of the Lord and an ever-present help in time of trouble."

They were shamefully shy of the adjustability of the nominee who closed his perfervid speech of acceptance with: "Gentlemen of the convention— These are my unalterable sentiments! But if they don't suit they can be changed!"

Having nothing ulterior in the back of their heads, they eschewed the caution of the candidate for sheriff when the preacher said he felt it his duty to ask him a direct question before he decided whether he could vote for him.

"Shoot!" said the would-be sheriff.

"Are you in the habit of indulging in intoxicating beverages?" asked the minister.

"Before I answer I want to ask you just one question," came back the candidate.

"Is this an inquiry or an invitation?" asked the candidate.

The logic of the pre-primary preferences of the Democratic party of Michigan gripped quite a few reflective souls, who ignored party labels and put their crosses on the side of a restored minority in the legislature. But there were not enough independents to indicate that the dominant party had imbibed

the drafting idea very deeply. The clamminess of the draft was felt in the "cold grey dawn of the morning after."

As a result drafted Democrats had the fun of a campaign without expenditures, pledges or persuasions and without the burden of service at Lansing. All were well removed from any likelihood of repeating the error of that Michigan statesman several years ago who tradition says was elected to the legislature, but who reported at Washington. Not until the roll was called down there did he discover that he had not been made congressman. He was a self-starter—not a conscript.

### Drama Week

The lowering of the curtain is a part of the stage illusion indicating a lapse of time. What I have to say in this inter-act talk will be so abridged that there will be no suggestion of eternity.

All the world may be a stage, but it does not make a body feel at home stepping out here. You feel so out in front that you are afraid to find out just what your weight is. You are so fussed you don't know how to act.

I hope Miss Bonstelle didn't have any reference to stage presences not strictly in the cast when she selected for this week's bill "The Devil In the Cheese," Especially as there have been ministers and judges coming out here and making curtain speeches.

I confess to a romantic reaction when I was given to understand my visit to this Playhouse on Valentine week would not be altogether distasteful to the charming and gifted woman who presides over this realm of enchantment. But when I find that these tender intimations have included Judge Frank Murphy, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough, Rev. Chester B. Emerson and other eligibles, I find myself in the position of the ardent young man who was jilted by his heart's desire. He went

straight from her house to the midweek meeting of his church and prayed: "O Lord, we come to Thee because we have no other place to go."

We come to a church here that need not be ashamed of its slightly changed ministry. The dramatic art, expressive of human action and characters in poetry both epic and lyric, had its genesis in religious worship and aspiration. In a garish age that has seen the perversion of its high function, drama such as makes its home here resides fittingly in this former sanctuary.

Not at all like the army chaplain, with unsteady gait and speech, who reported at roll-call that he belonged to the Army of the Lord. "Thin ye're far from headquarters!" said the Irish sergeant.

The drama is life drawn down to the dimensions of this proscenium frame, tragedy appealing to our sympathies, comedy to our sense of mirth. Its mission is to awake the soul and lift us higher or to let us down in wholesome relaxations.

But too often we find it offering an alternative to a visit to hospital clinics, a retreat for the neurotic sister who says to her recently afflicted companion, "Ah, here's a morgue—let us go in and renew our grief!" A refuge for the muddy-minded who listen and laugh at lines that would make appreciation uncomfortable in a drawing-room. A giving-the-people-what-their-dollars-say-they-want in the way of eye, ear and nose entertainment.

At times the melodrama is necessary to remind us of our relaxed loyalty to those we love. A neglected wife called her husband's attention to the way the Romeo in the play was lavishing loverlike attentions upon his heart's desire. "Why am I not made much of like that?" she inquired wistfully.

"Do you know how much that guy gets for going through with that every night and two afternoons?" the prodded life-partner retorted.

Art for art's sake—not for the sake of increasing the de-

mand for disinfectants—should be encouraged. Ignorance is so rife we come upon people who think Easter Sunday is Billy Sunday's sister and that Rex Beach is a summer resort.

A Chicago youth took his country cousin to see the patriotic spectacle "America." The relative from the sticks was entranced. "Gee, wasn't it great when little Phil Sheridan came dashing in on his charger!" he cried as they were going home from the show.

"Don't say that before anybody you know here in Chi," warned his know-it-all cousin. "That wasn't Sheridan at all. Sheridan hasn't been with the company since it left New York."

Grabilowitch, eminent symphony conductor, was giving his fortnightly lecture to lovers of music in Detroit. In discussing the Schumanns he appraised their marital devotion as equal to that of the Brownings. An audible titter ran through the room.

"What have I said to provoke merriment?" asked the director. "I really was thinking of nothing approaching levity. Will not someone please explain."

"We thought you meant 'Peaches'!" a voice confessed.

Grabilowitch was flabbergasted. Then, recovering his composure, he said quietly: "Well, I admit I read Browning more than the lurid first page of the public prints."

While an episode like this is possible in this capital of Motordom we need Drama Week and the brave-spirited Jessie Bonstelle to recover the lofty mission of the stage and so give us life more abundantly.

### Drive

I am glad the committee has lunched already. Now there is no danger of my report spoiling its appetite. What I have accomplished for the Million Dollar Fund to date corresponds with Levi's brilliant showing in salesmanship. He was boasting to a brother salesman that he had just received a \$50,000

order. "You're spoofing," said his friend. "Nothing of the kind," replied Levi. "I can show you der cancellation!"

The Committee have done their work so well in getting literature into the hands of prospects there has been nothing left for the canvassers to do but to go in and collect the cancellations. A tar was telling of his terrible fight with a shark—how the creature came upon him while swimming naked near his ship, and how he slew the monster of the deep by taking a knife from his pocket and jabbing it into a vital spot.

"How could ye find a knife in your pocket when ye had no clothes on?" asked a skeptic.

"Y' don't want no yarn," exclaimed the tar disgustedly. "Y' want an argyment!"

That advance data sent out by the well-meaning Committee had been pondered by all the prospects and they were primed for an argument. How true it is that one-half does not know how the other half lives! I never knew there was so much acute suffering among the business and professional classes of this community. "If there is no hell," say they all, "where's business gone?"

I am glad I haven't signed up a dollar as yet, for that qualifies me for a talk on "Successful Selling." How would "Hurdles and Hazards" do for a topic, approached without the prejudice and pre-conceived ideas that are bound to spring from successful experience?

It is a mighty good thing that the Chairman of this Campaign is the country's leading vacuum cleaner manufacturer, for I have gone far enough in this Drive to see that we are going to need all of his prestige and example as the nation's champion dust-collector. Vacuum clean methods must be employed or none at all.

With all of the cock-sureness and conviction of a non-producer I want to impress upon my fellow-solicitors that they must efface from the minds of pledgers that a million dollars is an amazing amount of money to be expended in



"Keeping Detroit Ahead" the next three years. Seek to show how relatively infinitesimal it is by calling attention to the thousands of millions of miles the most recently discovered planet is from the city whose material well-being we are trying to further. Then there are the uncountable millions of bacilli on the point of the pen you are asking the prospects to apply to the dotted line. Bill Nye used to say that all he knew about microbes was that it took a lot of them to make a mess.

I tried deftly to minimize the total we are after with one merchant by asking him if he realized that the Literary Digest was asking 20,000,000 citizens to step up and say what they will have through a straw. Forthwith he wanted to wager \$5,000 that the 18th Amendment would be repealed in ten years. I didn't go any further with him because the money would not be available in the three-year period we have in mind.

The Bible has a wise tip for Community Fund raisers. "Agree with thine adversary quickly!" it cries. One discriminating professional light allowed that he was not interested in the Drive, but that he would give \$100 a month gladly just to hear me speak. I handed him a card forthwith made out for \$1,200 a year for three years. "One of the objects of this Million Dollar Fund," I said softly, "is to get conventions on Detroit's mailing list so that they can be correctly addressed."

May I pay my respects to the individual on the Committee that put down the amount expected of every prospect as a "Rating" rather than an "Assessment"? The highest hope I have of a card with a healthy figure is a retail merchant who was incensed at the modest figure set opposite his "Rating." He is holding his card until he finds out what his largest competitor is "Rated." He wants it understood that he "Rates" with the highest in his line, and will accept nothing less.

How like "apples of gold in pictures of silver" is the right word in season! This prideful prospect makes me think of the prisoner pushing another culprit awaiting sentence, like him-

self, in the prisoner's box in court. "Quit yer shovin'," growled the crowded malefactor, "I've got as much right here as you have!"

There is everything in the way you put up a matter. A colored parson caused a sensation by declaring there were a dozen chicken-thieves in his congregation, including Brother Johnson. Brother Johnson demanded a retraction at the end of a razor. The dusky sky-pilot made haste to admit that he had spoken without due consideration.

"What you' shep'hard intended to declar'," he said at the evening service, "was dat dere are eleben henhouse raidahs in our midst, not includin' Brother Johnsing!"

The aggrieved member declared the apology and explanation to be entirely satisfactory.

Christopher Wren, the great architect, asked three workmen on one of his jobs what they were doing. One said, "Earning fifteen shillings a week." Another, "Mixing mortar." But the third replied, "I am building a cathedral." It is good to go about, even meeting rebuffs, when upborne by the thought that one is helping to build a Greater City.

### Elks' Memorial

There is a story of a spirit released from its tenement of weariness mounting to the regions of the blest and saying as it looks back at weeping friends and fragment floral offerings at the graveside:

"Ah me! If I had known in life how much they loved me how much happier I would have been."

There isn't a brother whose place is left unto us desolate today, who would not have preferred to hear these gracious things we sing and say while he was yet in the way with us.

Perhaps he did hear them, for it is a part of your creed to laud the virtues and be merciful toward the faults of your brothers.

Someone with a genius for epigrams has said that humanity needs more taffy and less epitaphy.

And your order has done well to invoke the spirit of "In Memoriam" this side of the grave. This gives you warrant to hold this festival in memory of those whom you did not neglect in life.

Only those should be permitted to hold memorials who do not need them to remember. Before the sense of loss there must be the essence of fellowship.

Real sympathy can proceed only from those who have suffered. Beautiful memorials are the manifestations of a devotion that cannot die.

A philosopher who is not without honor in your own great state has declared that he would rather go to the grave attended by one sincere mourner than to be escorted by a regiment of militiamen anxious to get home to supper.

And he adds that a single sincere tear dropped upon his casket is greater than a volley fired by a company of soldiers, one of whom pipes: "Who is this guy we're planting today?"

Finally, he says: "Don't mourn for me; if you are really sorry, go up on the hillside and speak to that lonely little woman up there who was present when I came into this world."

The best time for the words we utter in this memorial hour for the year's dead, was just a year ago:

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger  
And smiles for the sometime guest—  
But oft for our own the bitter tone  
Though we love our own the best.  
Ah, lip with that curve impatient!  
O, brow with that look of scorn!  
'Twere a cruel fate if the night came too late  
To undo the work of the morn."

But in this hallowed hour of self-effacement no thought of self or power or place seems to obtrude. The mystic chords of

memory draw our departed comrades into view, and we who still walk the earth reverently step back that they may stand here for a space in the old likeness, and that we may hear their hushed voices speak again.

Behold how good a thing and how lovely for brethren to dwell together in a unity that even separation cannot dissolve; in a covenant or fraternity that challenges death to prove its sting and the grave to produce its victory!

And shall we be frank enough to say there are memorial occasions that are marred by confusion of loss and gain? It is related that an over-ambitious politician stepped up to a Governor at the funeral of an officeholder and whispered: "I want this man's place." "You can have his place right now for all I care," replied the Governor, nodding his head in the direction of the hearse.

### Engineers

"We cannot all be masters, and all masters cannot be truly followed." But it is different with engineers. We can all be engineers and we can follow what our fellow-engineers are up to.

A Wandering Willie was arrested for stealing eggs. He insisted he was just getting the lay of the land. A right of way engineer.

"Ye need nae cook but one egg for breakfast this morning," Sandy called to the maid, who knew by that sign her missus had passed to her reward in the night. A Scotch efficiency engineer.

"How much for this cigar?" asked Jock. "Fifteen cents." "What will you make it for two?" "Twenty-five cents." "Ye may gi'e me the ither one," said Jock, laying down a dime. Another Scotch engineer of efficiency.

The unsheltered citizen crawled into a section of sewer pipe strewn along the trench for a night's repose. As he dreamed the

workmen rolled the pipe into position. Said citizen is tied up for a long time as a subway engineer.

As the flames shot from every window a beautiful maiden came out on a ledge beyond reach of the ladders, attired only in the filmy things one sees in the department store pages. Bewildered, she could only stare down at the fireman while they stared up at her. Then she made her way down on the stares. Engineered her rescue, in other words.

"Kin I use your phone, Mistah Johnsing? T'ank y', suh. Dat you, Missus Brown? I dun advertise fuh man about de place. Aw, y' dun gotta man an' he's pufectly satisfactory? An' you doan 'spect ter change nohow? Well, goodbye, Mrs. Brown."

"Sorry, you lost the job, Ephraim," said the storekeeper.

"'Deed, suh, I'se got de job all right; I'se jes checking up." A consulting engineer!

"You may give me a glass of soda without any flavor."

"Without what flavor?"

"Is that necessary?"

"Strictly so, this fountain is run on a system."

"Give it to me without strawberry."

"Sorry, but we're all out of strawberry. What other flavor will you have it without?"

A chemical engineer!

When they got Mike out of the ditch where the limited had hurled him, they asked him why, when he heard the train bearing down upon him, he did not take to the hill?

"The hill?" repeated Mike. "If I couldn't gain on it on th' livil, a helluvatime I'd have had b'ating it on the hill!"

A grade engineer!

Billeted with the staff in an abandoned house in the Civil War, a Dutch sergeant awoke at 4 A. M., to get the effluvium of a pole-cat that had visited the vicinity in the night. Coming upon his slumbering comrades, Yawcob cried:



"Mein Gott! Dey sleebed und I wake, und I must schmell it all!"

A sanitary engineer!

They were showing Lord Balfour the Metropolitan building and tower in New York. "It is 700 feet high, your lordship, and can never burn down."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Balfour.

An architectural engineer!

We are all engineers in some sense. Women are natural engineers. A man went home from his office and said to the maid: "Beatrice, is my wife going out this evening?" "She be, sir," answered Beatrice. "Dost happen to know, Beatrice, whether I'm going out with her?"

Needless to guess who was the engineer in that domicile.

There is the engineer of efficiency. Old-fashioned captains of industry insist there is no such animal. They liken this comparatively new expert to a Welsh rabbit in which there is nothing Welsh and no rabbit—just a hunk of cheese.

But if they paid attention to modern industrial methods, especially about the executive offices, they would learn something to their advantage. Coming down earlier than usual one morning an efficiency engineer was able to point out to the head bookkeeper that he used three unnecessary motions in embracing the typist. Wasted power is an economic crime.

Prevision is yours, as well as preparation, plan and specification. "If a man die, will he live again?" is an age-long question. The works of the engineer live twice—once in the brain and again in steel and concrete and stone. Very deservedly his name endures on tablets that tell who lifted graceful façades to the sky or swung the arching bridge across the stream.

The Swede who lost his job because the alarm-clock failed to go off, banged the Big Ben so violently that it fell apart and a dead cockroach rolled out. "No wonder he no go," said Steve, "the engineer bane det."

Let the engineer rest from his labors and construction and production cease. He must go before if there is anything to follow. His position in human progress is symbolized by the place the locomotive engineer occupies in the thundering train.

The dullest boy in the class went into chiropody—bound to be at the foot. The engineer is always at the front. During the coal famine, a family living along the railroad track would have frozen to death if they hadn't made faces at the engineer.

But nobody else does, he is so pre-eminently essential to civilization. A thousand pities that government and administration and citizenship cannot be perfected through his exact science, that makes things material work out so beautifully through fixed laws.

The old scissors-grinder gave the answer when the fop asked him if he sharpened wits: "Not unless I kin find sumpin' to git hold of."

### Exchange

Service for service! By this sign the Exchange Club enterprise has gone on conquering and to conquer. Fellowship and fraternity could find no finer label than Exchange. Commercial mutuality could rest upon no fairer basis than Exchange. Long before there were currency systems or bills of exchange, an hour of one man's time paid for an hour of another man's time, and a better ethical basis of interchange could not be contrived. Service for service!

Ethics is used here in a different sense than the clothing merchant interpreted it for his student son, who sought information in readiness for the morrow's lesson. "Vat are ethics, fadder?" he asked.

"Listen, poy," said the clothier. "If a man come into der store and puy a pair of trousers for ten dollars, und gifs me an extra ten-dollar bill by mistake, der ethics is vether I should tell my partner!"

Neither does Exchange Club integrity take for its text the

story of the lawyer, who—the unhappy pilgrim on his way to Jericho having been robbed—passed down on the other side of the street. Rather it stands unswervingly for the fair exchange that is no robbery.

“What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what will a man give in *exchange* for his soul?”

This is not the sense in which “Exchange” occurs in your code. Nor have you re-written the Commandments so that they read, “Thou shalt not steal on a small scale.”

There was a mortal—not an Exchangeite—who read over the Ten Commandments deliberately and thoughtfully and wound up by soliloquizing: “Well, I h’ain’t murdered anybody anyhow!”

One of the delights of my apprenticeship in my father’s country weekly was to dig into the basket of “valued exchanges.” It was a pretty compliment to our paper to have an unfamiliar publication come in marked on the margin, “Please Ex.!” The cheer and inspiration of our presence was besought by an esteemed contemporary.

This overture obtains outside of country newspaper offices. By their sign of the celluloid name-discs upon your manly breasts you are saying in this fellowship, “Please Ex.!” Greeting one another; heartening one another; getting back what you give!

Life at its best is like that—granting that an exchanger sometimes expects much for little. The head of a little jerk-water railroad once wrote the president of a great trans-continental system for an exchange of courtesies. The executive addressed politely declined, pointing out that his system was so much longer an exchange of annual passes was out of the question. The applicant came back with the claim that, while his road might not be as long, it was just as wide.

“Exchange” is writ large upon our abiding in this mundane sphere. We exchange the Nowhere for the Here and the Here

for the Hereafter. But a farmer who poked his head in at the sign of "The Woman's Exchange" and made a quick appraisal of everyone in sight, allowed that he would stick to his Mehitable.

The Exchange Clubs should adjourn over Christmas, however. The Exchange idea is as repugnant to the principle of true Christmas giving as it is to the gift-shops the day after Christmas.

We should not encourage the spectacle of Dooley making for Hennessey's backdoor with a copy of Tennyson just as Dooley is headed for Hennessey's front door with an edition of Longfellow. Nor promote such Yuletide episodes as friend wife taking husband into the parlor to show him the window curtains she has bought for him, while he reciprocates by conducting friend wife into his den to display the latest style of typewriter that he has installed for her!

But suspend the noble phrase, "service for service," at any other season, and you become accessory to such sharp practice as the dying promoter in New Jersey had in mind when he cried, "So many to do and so few done!"

Your motto, "Unity for Service," envisages mass conduct making in the right direction. Macaulay has immortalized collective achievement in the lines:

As we wax hot in faction  
In war we wax cold,  
Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
In the brave days of old.

Maeterlinck tells in his story of the bee how, left alone, the honey-gatherer dies of detachment and loneliness. Permitted to be with its fellows it goes about its work joyfully and productively the day long. Humans are much like that.

"Unity for Service." It is said the elder Guggenheim brought his stalwart sons together at the scene of their mining success in Colorado, and taking a bundle of fagots showed how fragile

they were when snapped one by one, but how unbendable and unbreakable when bound together. It was a parable of sticking together, "unity for service," for the Guggenheim brothers.

### Father's Day

Giving Dad a day when he is supposed to have his Sunday lay-off, anyway, is not so much of a concession to the head of the family.

But it is an improvement on the family attitude when a conscientious father confessed at the evening meal that he seemed to have made a failure of life:

"Here I stick to my job day after day, from sun-up to sun-down, and yet I do not seem to be able to give you the comforts that other families enjoy. I don't know what to do!"

Up spake the oldest son: "Have you tried working nights, Dad?" he asked.

That was supposed to be a joyous "Father's Day" when the son came home from college, bearing his diploma and many special honors. "The day I have long looked forward to has come at last!" cried his weary father as he embraced him.

"I have kept the business running nearly half a century with hardly a day's lay-off. Now here you are, well trained mentally and physically to succeed me, and I believe I will retire."

"Good idea, Pop!" said the graduate. "But why not hold on for another year, and we'll *both* retire!"

That was an evil day for the indulgent father when his son wrote from college that he was in the way of making a mint of money. All he needed was \$1,000 to buy a talking dog, and if the father could stake him he would train the animal so as to take him around the country and coin any amount of cash in vacation time.

The father was not altogether convinced but he forwarded the money, and eagerly awaited the hopeful's appearance at Christmas with the phenomenal cur. When vacation arrived the son showed up, but without the talking dog.



"Where's the freak canine?" asked the father.

"I might as well make a clean breast of it, Dad," the boy began: "I started home with that dog, after weeks of training, and it was simply wonderful how he could use words, but we hadn't gone far on the journey when he began to talk about you! He connected your name with the maid at home and with the widow woman next door, and I was so incensed at him for besmirching the name of a noble father and churchman that I hurled him from the car window and killed him instantly."

There was a long silence, broken at last by the father.

"Are you—are you sure he's dead, son?" he asked.

"Father's Day!" He had paced the corridor outside the maternity ward for hours, it seemed, before the nurse came with the whispered report,

"It's a girl."

"Thank God!" said father. "I never want a son of mine to go through what I have today!"

A popular composer was felicitated upon the arrival of the firstborn. "Your realization of fatherhood must make life seem like one long sweet song!" the message ran. Back came the answer: "More like a first-night presentation, with frequent calls for the author."

Fathers are in for some exciting days when the boys begin to bring their problems home from school.

"What keeps the world from dropping into space, Dad?"

"Why, the law of gravitation, my son."

"Well, what kept 'er up before they passed that law, Dad?"

"Father's Day" is sometimes enshadowed and full of heart-heaviness. A friend sat with Theodore Roosevelt when he was crushed by the news of Quentin's death from the crashing of his plane in France. The splendid head was bowed for a moment. Then he looked up with the old gleam in his eyes, saying:

"You can't bring up a boy to be an eagle and expect him to stay on earth! I thank God my boy died in his country's service!"

### Father and Son

Take it from this Dad that he does not get much of a kick out of "Father and Son Movement." He is not so keen for "Father and Son Week." The inference is that they don't see very much of each other through fifty-one weeks—unless the son chances to be the father's caddy.

The association is fine; but there are associations coming down from the remote hence that are not so tender now. They were too tender then.

Artemas Ward used to say his family was great for art. His father drew on wood—and oftentimes drew wood on him. The father and son movement was in the direction of the woodshed.

Under the imposing stone where the type-forms were made up and locked up for the press in my father's country print shop, were what we called the slope-sticks. They were made of cherrywood, two feet long, and were planed from a half inch at one end to an inch and a half at the other. When the forms were made up they would take one of these slope-sticks and place it next to the form, lock it tight by driving wedges or coins with a crow's foot and mallet.

Sometimes when the printer's devil—a rôle filled by myself and five brothers in succession—would act up the slope-stick went next to his form. That Holland Dutch country editor believed in authority and discipline and obedience. A father and son movement—unless it led quickly to the door and down the stairs—was a warm affair, with music. If it were postponed by the unavoidable absence of the son, it was all the livelier when it did come off—when everything came off.

Son used to say as the armament came into view, "Father, can't this thing be arbitrated?" But there was no League of Nations then; and we're not in it, anyhow.

The Chamber of Commerce, nor any other organization, had to do with that Father and Son association of my boy-

hood. It was so close and constant, it sometimes got to be oppressive—and embarrassing. There was a program for every day and speaking at every meal. Such toasts as “Split the wood for mother,” “String the clothesline for mother,” “Shovel off the walks,” “Clean the yard,” “Tack down the carpets,” “Don’t be late to school,” and “Come straight to the office after school.” A fellow didn’t have to be a Boy Scout to locate something to do in that Father and Son movement of 40 years ago.

And say, when a son needed a friend was when he was in the office after school or on Saturdays running off 10,000 handbills on a foot-press—that’s where I formed the habit of kicking against the kind of press we have nowadays—some excited citizen showed up to complain that the window-panes had been shattered in his vacant house on the edge of town, or that his cutter had been appropriated and used for sliding down hill the night before, or that his grape-arbor had been molested. Imagine the son’s sensations. It would be just like a red-faced neighbor coming in here where we are all so happy and saying to one of these fond fathers, “I want to see you a moment about your son Theodore!” It wouldn’t help to make this evening a success, would it?

I never could understand where respectable citizens got that idea of coming right down to my father’s office every time there was the least thing irregular about the peace and quiet and property in their vicinity. And it was so hard to get them to come near the office when something besides the devil was to pay.

I thought the Father and Son movement was pretty confining then. The days that are so short on the playground were so long in the printshop. But it proved to be for the best. That weekly newspaper had to serve as my polytechnic school, my gymnasium, my school of journalism.

Just how close Father and Son were in that day may be gathered from the fact that I acted as my father’s amanuensis.

He was a stout figure with a nervous temperament. It was hard for him to write and hard for the typesetters to make out what he did write. As the typewriter had not begun to muss up perfectly clean white paper then, he dictated to me at his elbow. And how he could dictate. And how he could drive it into my head that he didn't fancy the balloon effect of my stem letters. Every time I see a specimen of Spencerian script to this day I instinctively duck.

One night soon after the election of Grover Cleveland to the presidency, I sat chatting with a boyhood friend who also found the days so full of duties that he loved to have these quiet hours of loafing in the hush of the fading day. While we exchanged confidences and hopes, dreaming of the great things we would do some day, the kerosene oil lamp suddenly flickered and left us in darkness. An hour later I was to learn that the light of life had suddenly gone out for my stouthearted father, as he awaited a train to bring him home from the county-seat.

Then, in taking up his duties as the head of a large household, I learned for the first time a thing that is the most vital matter that can come before this annual meeting of the greatest firm on earth or in heaven, Father and Son. That was, if I thought I had a pretty tough time of it, the senior member had infinitely more on his mind and hands.

Later, when it would not avail for the junior member to try to tell the senior member that he understood, my grandmother sent me without comment a letter my father had sent to her in which he said I was a great help and comfort to him in the office.

Then I rejoiced that the Father and Son association had been so close and continuous. I saw how much he needed my help and my company—for he was a Democrat and therefore a lonely man in that community.

Most firms like to look back as well as ahead at their annual meetings. That's why I give the experience of one firm. We

will not any of us, senior or junior member, rate 100% in our relation as co-equals. But keeping lovingly together, linking experience and enthusiasm, being kindly affectioned to one another, in honor preferring one another, will take the sting of bitter reflection from that inevitable day of the firm's dissolution.

### Financial Advertisers

The earliest financial advertiser known to sacred history was Noah who "took 'em in," two at a time, when he floated stock while all the rest of the world was in liquidation. Eventually all who went in got out of the wet.

Pharaoh's daughter was the precursor of the vigilance work of the Financial Advertisers' Association, saving, as she did, little Moses from the rushes on the banks. At least, as the skeptical Sunday-school pupil put it, that was her word for it.

Then consider, if you please, the original strong man, Samson. He took only two columns and made a great killing in fall business.

It seems to me there was a royal unbeliever who was something of a financial advertiser. I don't remember much about his copy except his last line. "All my jewels for an inch of time!" he cried.

Apart from these recorded instances the dawning of financial advertising is obscure. There was the hotel clerk with the flaring financial publicity upon his shirt front; and again there were those bejewelled favorites of history, Catherine and Cleopatra, who carried such heavy financial advertising top and bottom of column that they clanked when they walked.

Bank advertising at the beginning was unenlightened and bad. In addition to the gold-leaf lettering on the window, one bank president used to sit about in the lobby or on the sidewalk outside during the banking hours, with his hat on, whittling a great pine stick. His pastime was suggestive enough in itself. It symbolized incessant note-shaving. But the dicer he wore always capped the climax. A colored depositor came



in and drew out his entire \$8.90. "You're not leaving us, Sambo?" asked the whittling executive, his jack-knife busy, his hat atilt. "Ah sure am," said Sambo. "Ah doan feel like trustin' mah fortune to a bank where de president looks all de time 's if he's about tuh leave fer somewhar'!"

Financial advertising alack! was left to the Scheftels, the Burr Brothers, the Tom Lawsons, the Doc Cooks,—all more or less related to the New Jersey wildcatter who cried upon his deathbed—"So many to do and so few done."

Anything approaching reason-why copy was so foreign to bank policy when an ad. writer submitted a work of art beginning, "'Neither borrower nor lender be,' as Polonius said to Laertes," the bank president roared: "Strike those cusses out! Let 'em pay for their own publicity!"

Anything like congestion was looked upon as out of keeping with the tomb-like austerity of the bank and trust company lobby. I recall, as a reporter, arriving as the crowd was gathering at the scene of a window-cleaner's tumble from the tenth floor of an office building. He fell in front of a bank, the president of which was leaning over him tenderly and saying, "Don't you know this is enough to cause a run on our bank?"

Happily the government stepped in and compelled the banks to use a few inches of space every three months. My mind goes back to the days of our experiment in religious journalism in Detroit when the telegraph editor would come running with a slip of flimsy saying the comptroller had called for a report of the condition of all banks. It made a lot of difference with our condition, for the banks—bless 'em!—were not afraid of anti-septic journalism. We would all join hands with the telegraph editor and circle to the left, singing: "This is the week we eat!"

I should judge, from the sizable and sightly copy which you gentlemen are displaying regularly, that eating is an uninterrupted privilege in all the daily prints. Also, if they take your typographical hints, many millions are eating regularly

and with plenty to spare by reason of the thrift, frugality and investment sagacity which your pronouncements inculcate.

You are thrice-welcome because you are giving advertising its worthiest office work: arresting attention, creating desire, arousing to action in directions that rebound to the advantage of your readers.

At the same time wresting the susceptible from the clutches of the flim-flammers who have so long afflicted them. In this service the Association of Financial Advertisers is continuing the patriotic policy of forewarning and safeguarding, pursued by the banks throughout the war.

### Football Pep Meeting

It's a great spirit of optimism that fixes upon the night for this ratification many weeks before the football season is over. It reminds one of the sanguine city scribe who dashes into the office and shrieks, "Hold the forms for a terrible murder to be committed at nine o'clock tonight!"

There's something invincible about a university that arranges its ratifications in advance, and never has reason to postpone them.

Win or lose, it shows you are dead-sure there will be something worthy of commemoration at the end of the season, and so it has ever been with the wonderful Wolverines from year to year. The old guard graduates, but it never surrenders.

But a truce to words; what you are interested in is Letters. This is an occasion where the Initial ceremony comes last. After viewing several football battlefields, I congratulate the young men on getting an M—not a block of marble.

There are those who flout the intellectual value of athletics, but where will you find a keener relish for the lives and letters of the great than in a festal occasion like this.

"Life and Letters of Macaulay?" Always alluring. "Life and Letters of Carlyle?" Forever relishable. "Life and Letters of the Brownings?" Heart-warming. ("The Scarlet Letter"

has been rejected since the game with Cornell.) But when our 16 trophy-winners receive the guerdon of their gallant services, we will hear them say "This is the life and this is the letter."

When there are so many lives to lead, why this particular life? When there are so many letters in the alphabet, why this particular letter?

It surely isn't because of the fabric, the bunting—I take it they don't use anything else in making football letters. The bunting, or crash, or whatever material the M is made of, perishes with the using. Why, then, is this resplendent letter above all other letters in glory?

You know the answer, boys. It is because the M we emblazon upon the loyal breasts of our team, is the miniature replica of that vast fluttering, palpitating, hurrahing, huzzahing human M that flashes into form and fervor on Ferry field whenever a cheer, or a protest, or a warning will help.

What makes the M? The same thing that makes the national oriflamme. It is the loyal souls back of them both; greater than both.

The vibrant message that the student democracy transmit in gleaming maize and blue and in the hoarsely-repeated "Yea, Michigan—fight 'em, fight 'em, fight 'em!" to their representatives on the fields, is the message that inspires and sustains the soldiers of the common good in the national struggle.

Happy the statesman or editor who hears from the stadium of constituents or subscribers, such shouts of well done as your human M choruses across the lines of conflict.

One reason why reform moves with leaden heel is because so many onlookers quit the scene of the fighting, their anxiety to get a seat in the train for home, surpassing their interest in the final score.

Not so the stronghearts that make up the human M. They stay and shout and hope till the finish. They even rush upon the field while the game is on, and strip off the goal decorations in order to gain a few more yards for their side.

Well may you covet and cherish the M, you who have been honored with it. The human M, composite of forms and faces that shall never quite be lost while life endures, has backed you loyally; the living maize and blue have been to you what the golden cross standing out against the blue of the sky was to Constantine—a sign of conquering.

Yes, the M has been back of you; now you are to be back of the M. We know you will bear it proudly and back it up bravely to your last expiring breath, renewing always one heartfelt vow of fealty: "If I ever forget what it has done for me or refuse to sanction what it symbolizes, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget her cunning."

### Football Smoker

I confess to three qualifications for appearing here as a lighthouse in a fragrant Havana fog:

I never graduated from anywhere; I never played football in my life; and I don't smoke. It takes two negatives to make an affirmative; here the law department will agree we have enough negatives to make an ideal American juror.

Let it never be said I haven't tried to score in all three quarters. I tackled the weed early and vigorously after passing through the clover seed, mullein leaf, corn silk, umbrella rib and cubeb stages of training. The village shoemaker, passing the hitching-block where I lay wan and silent from a chaw of tobacco tendered me by an older boy with the dare "Take that and let's see you walk straight," said he knew what ailed me—he could tell it at sight. I had ague. I remember fond parents bending over the cradle and assuring each other that I would come out of it.

As to the pigskin, I beg leave to report that my first college experience was at Oberlin, where they played the game with the same Western Reserve that marked other phases of life

there. Religious influence predominated in the game; Isaiah and not Yost furnished the coaching, the basic principle of which was, "Ye shall run and not be weary." You see we always played football in those days right after chapel exercises in the afternoon. It would have been impossible for anyone to have gone straight from prayers to a game like the present.

After two terms or so there, I began to see that von Berhardi had it sized up right. I was getting soft under football according to Isaiah; so I went to West Point to take up the art of destroying my fellowmen.

Football was not an arm of the service at that time; the sea-coast battery was the most formidable thing to be found. There was some hint of early gridiron practice in the discovery of a colored cadet, gagged and bound to an iron bedstead in his room, with his ears slit; but it turned out that it was only a case of self-hazing.

Later a pastime of rolling plebes down the mountainside in a barrel found considerable favor; but football as we now know it, is really a recent feature at the United States Military Academy.

When I was a cadet there, Gen. Wesley Merritt, the superintendent, permitted no intercollegiate contests. He was a strict disciplinarian. Once when we had been especially proficient in studies and drills, he relaxed his grim severity to the extent of permitting the corps of cadets to take the ferry across the Hudson to the little station at Garrison's, to salute the funeral train bearing Gen. Grant from Mount McGregor to his last resting-place in New York.

But a terrible thunderstorm came up while we were away and soaked all the tents in the summer camp, and Gen. Merritt took this as a sign that he had been too indulgent with the corps, and he never repeated the mistake.

This was really the only football incident of my cadetship—this tribute of the grey battalion to the Great Plunger who vowed he would fight it out on that line if it took all summer,



and who crossed the enemy's goal at Appomattox with his unconditional surrender tactics.

I ought to add another word about Gen. Grant on this occasion in view of the fact that he was the first great American smoker. In the old riding hall at West Point was the mark of the highest jump by Cadet Grant; and he was the lowest man in the class.

There is some comfort here for the team if perchance it should ever feel that the season has not borne its blushing honors as thick upon it as it would wish. Grant said that at graduation he would have been a high-ranking member of the class if the class had been turned around. But mark how far he advanced after that first down.

"The chief glory of man," wrote the old philosopher—we put it "old philosopher" when we haven't time to look it up—"is not in never falling but in rising every time he falls."

The modern rendering of the same reassurance is "Yea, team—fight 'em, fight 'em, fight 'em!"

The University of Michigan has an eleven that understands the uses of adversity; they know that the gridiron like the footstool, has its ups and downs—that it is, in fact, just one down thing after another.

In Ferry field is what your friends feel that it is—a vital part of your tutelage for the fiery tests of life—we wouldn't have its greensward untouched by defeat or the home goal line uncrossed by the invader for anything in the world. For the day lies not very far ahead when the client you covet or the contract you need will fall to some other fellow, and then these reverses of the occasional inglorious season on the gridiron will come to you with the message of fortitude and renewal that swings through the valorous lines of Edmund Vance Cooke's ballad:

You were beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
But to lie there—that's a disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce—  
Be proud of your blackened eye!  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts  
It's how did you fight—and why?

### Fourth Estate and Real Estate

According to Thomas Carlyle, the brilliant historian and essayist, it was Edmund Burke who first coupled your vocation and mine.

He reports Burke as saying in a speech in the House of Commons: "There are three estates in parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there is a fourth estate more powerful than them all."

As the basis of all the other estates—nobles, clergy and commons—was property in land, this was according the press—never at the fore as a freeholder—a great moral distinction.

So from that day to this the newspaper has been known as the fourth estate.

Guttenberg, in the fifteenth century, really gave us the newspaper when he discovered movable type. Real estate harks back to the feudal days and the unremovable kings.

The private land-owner was only a tenant. His interest was described as his "estate in the land," that is, his status with reference to the land.

Estate meant a condition, just as Boston has been described as a state of mind.

The "real" came in as a distinction from "personal" property in the artificial classification of property rights by English and American law.

Hereditament or descent represents all the varieties of property known as real. The fourth estate sometimes has great capability in descent. It comes down upon an adversary like a wolf on the fold. "Where's the scoundrel who wrote this scur-

rilous article about me?" thundered a caller at the editorial sanctum. "He's out attending the funeral of the man who called the day before," replied the office boy.

Real estate represents a qualified ownership; it is not susceptible of absolute possession. So does the fourth estate. Someone who knows says the average newspaper is as liable to declare a dividend as a church is.

Real estate is subject to "dower and curtesy." I am not sure about the dower, but the fourth estate is subject to courtesy all right, even if it fails to show it.

An editor printed the account of the funeral of a rival publisher. It got mixed up with the story of the burning of an old building by the Board of Health.

This was the courteous rendering of the obituary: "As the form was being lowered into the grave—suddenly the flames shot up! But everybody rejoiced, because it was an old hulk and had disfigured the community long enough."

Real estate is subject to the free power of alienation, according to time-honored law of the land. I have noticed the same process in operation with the fourth estate when one is running a newspaper as a real palladium of the people's interests, unawed by influence, unbribed by gain.

All the fourth estate can do when a subscriber is alienated is to exclaim with the Western editor when the brick came through the window, "By Jove—the paper was a success this week!"

The nature of one kind of hereditaments—so runs the law—renders it incapable of seizin or possession and therefore alienation by the ancient process of livery of seizin, to lie in livery.

I am sorry to relate that I have seen both newspaper men and real estate dealers lying in livery—the latter being the livery of heaven which the parties referred to used to serve the devil in through the publication of fake land advertising.

Real estate has been defined as any interest in land greater than a term of years. That could hardly have been a freehold which the Kentucky representative of the fourth estate described by Opie Reed enjoyed. He found it desirable to take porous plasters in exchange for advertising because it was cheaper than getting his trousers patched. A college graduate came to write editorials for him and to carry spring water from the other side of the mountain.

He was inditing editorials one day on the subject, "Whither are we drifting as a nation?" when the proprietor—who was also the only typesetter—rapped upon his desk and commanded, "Stop using capital A's!" "What do you mean—the editorial is not half written" the budding Greeley inquired. "Can't help it—we are all out of cap A's and you must cut her off right where you are." "But what are we going to do with this paid notice for Andrew Albright?" inquired the leader-writer tremulously, "Oh, we'll fix that, all right," the mountaineer publisher replied. "We'll call him Colonel and use a small cap. for Albright. But don't produce any more of that 'Whither are we drifting stuff.'"

It seems that they used such strong lye in that journal of civilization that it sometimes took the dots right off the i's when they were cleaning the forms. One night the office towel fell over with a crash and gave the cat such a scare that she overturned the lye-kettle and the powerful liquid percolated through into the rooms underneath where the landlord slept. He appeared on the scene as soon as the publisher and college graduate reported for duty in the morning.

"You've got to move!" he shouted. "It's bad enough to have your rent overdue for eleven months; but when you filter stuff down on me at night that takes my hair out in bunches, your ingratitude has gone too far. Now get out." Which proved that the fourth estate, in this instance, was not a freeholder.

### Golf Club

I must confess that for years I have resisted the lure of the links, claiming immaturity. They would scarce expect one of my age, etc. A pugilistic champion abroad received an invitation to Buckingham Palace. He wrote, so the story runs, as follows: "Dear King— Can't make it the 17th; tied up. Hold on till the 20th and I'll show you something you never saw before." In like manner I have assured the golf fiends among my friends that once I have reached the Psalmist's allotment of three score years and ten, with time to concentrate, they could look for another wonderful score.

Let's see, how is it the old saying goes?—"Old men for stick-and-pill, young men for war."

But maybe I'll take it up before seventy. One objection was the time required to get out to the farmlands, converted into links. Distance didn't lend enchantment to my view of taking half a day to play. Now that the links, having pre-empted all the available outlying areas, have acquired the vacant city corners, I may drop over of an evening for an electric-lighted circuit of the landscaped Floridian Miniatures. The mounds have come to Mahomet. One touch of real estate depression has made the mortgaged suburban acres and the metropolitan building sites kin.

To be sure the Tom Thumb urban lay-out is drawn down to the dimensions of a glorified croquet-ground, with which the moles seem to have been busy. But the humps, hills, holes and hazards are there—and greensward ready for the amateur mutilators. Only with reference to the caddy is it a missing link.

Then there are drop-curtain depictments of country-club and grounds containing perforations for bull's-eyes, and 220-yard stretches screened off and calcium-lighted for addicts whose case is so critical that, time not allowing for a trip to the country, they can take treatment right at home, as it were.



Golf at your door is tempting to one who would like to go in for it without giving up business. Being socially inclined, it would really mean a great deal to me if I could putter with the game just enough to join in the converse at lunch when everyone is telling what he did it in. It would make one a man among men without devoting so much time to reading and pondering other subjects.

Playing within plain view of the passing throngs makes it awkward to back up one's skill with a little wager. I wonder what those two clergymen would do who were wont to put up a Sunday morning sermon against a prayer-meeting on the outcome of the afternoon's playing. Maybe they did this for the same reason another divine always repaired to the smoking-room of the Pullman—"just to smell like a man."

Be it said to their credit the golfers of the cloth never yielded to the tendency to employ unministerial terms in the course of a match on the green. When greatly incensed one of them would merely expectorate. The caretaker reported to the greens committee that something was killing the grass here and there.

With golf citified we look for a reduction of domestic infelicities, such as were suggested by the sad female looking at mourning cards. "You may make the border green," she ordered. "You see I am a golf widow."

As she sat with her little flock at the cottage door in the hush of the fading day, a sad-faced mother was asked by Harold, the eldest: "Haven't we any daddy, mamma?"

"Yes, Harold," answered the mother with a quaver in her voice.

"Aren't we ever going to see him?"

"I hope so, Sonnyboy—some day."

"Where is our daddy, mamma dear?"

"He's waiting his turn on a municipal golf-course, Harold. Please, please don't question me any more!"

There'll be joy in more than one reunited household because

golf has come to town. The accessible but restricted greens ought to appeal to the slow golfer who was an annoyance to the player behind, and who was the owner of a perfect pair of bow legs. Finally, his patience exhausted, the member behind drove through the deliberate player in front, and his ball passed neatly between the widespread bow legs.

The impropriety enraged the gentleman with the arched understanding, and he confronted the offender.

"Do you call that golf, sir?" he demanded.

"No, but don't you think it was darned good croquet?" the other asked sweetly.

These town lot Tom Thumbers may strike the inveterate golfers as croquet grounds, only; but they will at least inspire no such crooning lullaby as the mother breathed over her wakeful cherub:

"Hush-a-by baby, pretty one sleep,  
Daddy's gone golfing to win the club sweep,  
If he plays nicely—I hope that he will—  
Mother will show him her dressmaker's bill.  
Hush-a-by baby, safe in your cot,  
Daddy's come home and his temper is hot;  
Cuddle down closer, baby of mine,  
Daddy went round in a hundred and nine.

### Grandchildren

Clubs like this and noonday lunching groups and parent-teacher associations and father and son feasts and boy scouts and campfire girls and take-a-little-interest-in-your-own-wife week and cash prizes ranging from \$1.00 to \$100.00 for doing what you otherwise would not have done!

The whole thing makes you think of the title of a work from an English author's pen— "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure."

But collective and associational schemes will never do the work. Parents by proxy may patch up temporarily the fabric

of youth, but nothing can take the place of faithful parenthood.

Many men have realized this last week the disadvantage they suffer in being required to borrow a boy for father and son week; what they are missing by not being permanently supplied. Out of threefold felicities—with my father's children, my own children and my children's children—I can testify that there is always more joy to follow!

Joe Jefferson used to say the tragedy of old age is the death of expectation. He urged everyone to get a garden. "A garden," said the great actor, "is full of expectation."

But I adjure you to get some grandchildren. Get them and live more abundantly. You can be with them for hours and never hear a word about the House of David, Fatty Arbuckle, Hollywood be thy name, or anyone's bridge or golf score. It's simply great.

Why do I stress the point that it is primarily the business of the youth of 1875 to safeguard the generation now coming after us from the tolerated temptations, defilements and allurements that so thickly beset them?

Because these conditions are of our own ordering, under democracy. And the youth of today came into them without having anything to say about it. If they could have had any say about picking their ancestors, we might have lost out altogether. Let's not abdicate as forebears, of course; but let's not overstress what those we bore without their sanction, owe us.

"Mother, where were you born?" asked Edward. "In Massachusetts, my dear." "Where's father born?" "In Connecticut, Edward." "Where's sister born?" "In New York," "Where's I born?" "In Michigan, my son." "Gee, how'd we all get together?"

We are not together long. How with the swiftness of the weaver's shuttle passes the halcyon period of planning and doing all things jointly! Yet a little while and too much noise has been cut out for Dad and it is "Alice Sit by the Fire" for Mother.

Yesterday and Today met in a pension on the Rue Washington in Paris last summer. Yesterday was a fine-grained attorney from Canada, a Christian gentleman, head of a large family. He had come over with the Bar Association to see London and Paris as guest of the overseas barristers.

Today was a daughter in the twenties. True to her Scotch-Irish ancestry, she had elected to do something different from her brothers and sisters, who had married, and set out to make a career for herself in journalism.

A prodigal daughter—but with variations. She had been gone five years. She had not returned to her father's house and she had not fed on the husks. Without help from home she had made a few thousands net in New York, and was looking for new worlds to conquer with her pen when her father came over for a little vacation.

She was out with another of the lawyer guests until 2 A. M.—Paris is never troubled with the problem that bothered Uncle Joe Cannon in New York, what to do between midnight and the hour for retiring—and her fine churchman of a father wondered and waited and demurred.

"Listen, father dear," spake up the spirited prodigal whose sparkling eyes and gloriously fresh countenance carried assurance of well-ordered living, "I've been away five years now absolutely on my own. You belie confidence in mother's and your own teachings and example to be concerned about me. Besides, whatever your child may be, it's too late to make her over!"

Multiply this one I-should-worry young woman of the New World by millions and you have what has happened to the youth of Yesterday and Today, detached from the restraints of home by educational opportunities or economic necessity.

But don't lose sight of the main point. When the hour of breaking home ties comes, fathers and mothers have won or lost in the great business of their successful upbringing.

Children outgrow Santa Claus. They learn that he is father.

Then they outgrow father as Santa Claus, disclosing frailties like unto others of stumbling lives. Trustful affection's work must be done in the formative, impressionable period of the children's lives.

The youth of 1875 has power to order conditions that touch the lives of the coming citizens at every point, who are entitled to a fair chance of healthful and wholesome upbringing. The youth of yesterday has no time to lose in vouchsafing the youth of today this inalienable right and blessed heritage.

There is nothing inherently wrong with the youth of 1925. It is just the soul stuff of 1875, with less of parental nurture and admonition, but with more frankness, more sophistication and multiplied facilities for making their seniors wonder what the harvest will be.

That frankness, whether it shows itself in the way they clothe their thoughts or their persons, is no cause for concern. Abraham Lincoln once pardoned a young lady's brother because she did not wear hoops. On that basis of compassion, a battalion would go free today. But what young women leave off makes for grace and health. What they put on of red or white is a cheerful offset to the soil and grime of smoky cities and landscapes disfigured by billboard abominations.

The youth of today will read its title clear to a resplendent citizenship if the youth of 1875 will get out of the way.

### Halt! Who Goes There?

Granting that his accents were reverent, as well as vehement, the America-bound father was imbued with the right idea when he followed little Tina's "Goodbye, God, we're going to America"! with a ringing "Good, by God! We're going to America"!

The faithful outpost, mindful of what the infusion of many splendid and varied stocks and strains have done for the national fiber, will get a sympathetic slant on his duties as chal-



lenger under the new immigration restrictions, if he will take up Dr. E. A. Steiner's "On the Trail of the Immigrant."

Steiner, professor of sociology in the University of Ohio, was attracted to America, the same as Jacob Riis, as a blessed land of opportunity and equality and tolerance and freedom to worship according to one's conscience. He says in his work very pointedly that we cannot expect to make a thorough-going American out of the immigrant just by permitting him to come in, put his hat on a peg and then turn him loose to shift for himself unaided and alone. He needs help from us, Steiner insists, in counsel and example.

Steiner lives the gospel of patient Christian assimilation that he lays down for others in his works. He travels with the liberty-seekers in the steerage, on their way thither. He visits them where they work and live.

He was coming back from an investigating trip far down in the mines when he saw a group of traveling salesmen occupying seats for themselves and as many more for their feet while the aisles were filled with standing miners going home after their day's toil. He asked the thoughtless drummers if they would not remove their feet and let the tired workmen have a chance to rest as they rode.

"They may not be very dainty in their work-stained clothes," said Steiner, "but if it were not for them the fires in our furnaces would go out, industry would be at a standstill, and our hearthstones would be left unto us desolate."

"Aw, those Dagoes! What do they amount to?" cried one of the seat-usurpers whose comfort was being interfered with.

"You may call them Dagoes," said Steiner, "but the land they hail from has given to the world a Raphael, a Michelangelo, a Dante, a Boccaccio, a Garibaldi—"

"These wops are not like them!" interrupted a drummer.

"They are as much like them as you are like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln!" retorted Steiner.

Keep in mind, oh sentinel, as you challenge the homely figures

in their rough garments, bearing their possessions in sacks and bundles, that many, many names written large in the nation's heroisms and successes, were once on a steerage list just as theirs are.

I treasure a letter Colonel Young, colored graduate of West Point, wrote me from Liberia, Africa, where he was organizing a native cadet force and police, mapping the Hinterland, and building a road right through the Big Bush.

With a plank for a writing desk, at his headquarters in Monrovia, he acknowledged with feeling the courtesy his classmates had shown him in bidding him come to the first reunion. He mentioned with touching gratitude members of the class who had helped him with friendship and counsel in the years that were made hard for him by insult and ostracism. "Thank God for a country in which even a struggling black man can command a fair chance and kindly consideration in his efforts to serve his country!" the lonely fellow exclaimed.

"Halt! Who goes there?" should never imply rejection of the challenged on the score of religious allegiance. Bear in mind it is the citadel of our guaranteed liberties that we are guarding.

Sentrymen should take as a textbook for this phase of their duties—challenging and advancing those of different faith than their own. To the young Jewish girl, Mary Anton, who wrote "The Promised Land," Columbia, the gem of the ocean, meant just that to her oppressed soul; but discovery that prejudice and intolerance still obtain here tarnished, but did not quite spoil, her beautiful dream. She found enough that was sweet and inspiring (with all of disappointment and suffering) so that America was still to her yearning Semitic soul "The Promised Land."

"My soul, be on thy guard—ten thousand foes arise!" With this self-challenging hymn of faith, let us sentinel our own spirits.

What is the highest duty of the sentryman, pacing the boundaries of the Camp of the Constitution?

It is to place his patriot feet unfalteringly in the paths of unwearying vigilance and sacrificial service, panoplied in devotion and unafraidness; to cry out the passing hours and the "Halt! Who goes there?" and the "All is well!" of Christian citizenship.

### Hotel Dedication

It used to be the boast of the best hotel that its bus met all trains. It would take some hotel nowadays to meet all busses.

A little while ago I crossed the Thames to take lunch in the last of the old galleried inns in Southwark. Dickens, whose house is hard by, had his pot of ale there betimes. It was in this ancient tavern that Pickwick fell in with the Talkative Stranger, and whence he set out upon his travels for the edification of the Pickwick Club.

From the sagging gallery you can look out upon the court where the coaches came in with sound of horn. To see a coach now you have to go early to avoid the crowd of 100,000, and you had better get your ticket well in advance.

But these are not the only changes that have taken place in the hotel business. Once you went to a public inn when you didn't know anybody in the town, or when you arrived too late to disturb them. Now if your friends are anybody, you go to the hotel to join them. And the later you are the better.

Ask the caterers what has become of the once popular "at homes." Detroit has a prince of providers for family functions by the name of Andrew Hair. I have heard Hair complain that patronage was getting so thin he might have to give up his central Woodward Avenue location and move over to the corner of Macomb and Brush.

Family festivities are so dependent upon hotels that it is no uncommon thing for households to show their gratitude by preserving the names of hotels that have served them by naming their linen and silverware after them. You can carry commemoration too far, however. A week-end guest created something

of a sensation lately when he called the hostess "Mrs. Statler."

Hotels just missed the distinction of cradling the Greatest Man that ever lived because "there was no room at the inn." The warning was up: "Avoid Bethlehem this week—Meeting of Taxpayers." So Joseph and Mary had to seek accommodations in a stable.

But they have made up for this lost prestige. It was in a hotel in London—the Savoy—that a French king was imprisoned and the printers who came immediately after Caxton set up their presses. It was in a hotel in Paris that our great war president labored with the European powers to support in performance what they had approved in principle, namely, the League of Nations.

It was at the slave-block set up in a hotel that Lincoln cried: "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing I am going to hit it and to hit it hard!" It was in a hotel that Burchard pronounced trippingly upon the tongue the alliteration that cheated the "Plumed Knight" of the presidency. It was in a hotel that Roosevelt revolted against the regulars and let loose the rampageous Bull Moose. It was in a hotel that Harding, his pillow of weariness soothed by the soft tones of his loyal companion as she read from a book, murmured with his last expiring breath: "That's good—read some more!"

They are accommodating with these historic associations over in Europe. "Did you know, my good man, that you occupied the room once used by the great Wellington?" asked the clerk of an American when he came down in the morning. "You don't say!" exclaimed the one-nighter. "He didn't by any chance occupy the same bed I did?" Doing his best to oblige, the clerk said: "Yes, the very same." "Ah, then I know why they called him the 'Iron Duke'!" declared the guest.

It is all right to perpetuate great names in christening new hotels, but when it comes down to rooms and furniture there is danger of embarrassment. The man who wrote back that he stayed all night in the Marie Antoinette room did not create any

more consternation in Missouri than the newspaper report of Queen Marie's occupation of the President Taft bed at the White House occasioned in Roumania. Hotels should permit an odoriferous realistic drama to enjoy a monopoly of these subtle double-meanings.

Hotels as news sources are highly esteemed by city editors. No places more productive of interviews and interior views, inside and homicide information, arrivals and departures—by the 44th floor window. "Man has just jumped from the roof garden of the Jolly House," runs a dispatch. "Further particulars when he gets down." Later—"He was heard to observe as he passed the 19th floor, 'All right so far!'"

As to the educational influence of the hotel in its function as public forum, it is only necessary to say that the competition is nip and tuck between university and caravansary. It's a toss-up whether a teachable lad shall become a collegian or a waiter. Compare the Yale and Harvard curricula with the daily bulletins in the hotel lobbies. The only difference is the student who sits at the feet of the noonday and nocturnal savants in the hotel banquet halls avoids all danger from the feet of the visiting team. He avoids both physical and financial hazards. To contemplation he is not tempted to add speculation, realizing that the stoutest helmet offers no immunity to ticket-scalping.

Bearing an open mind and a full tray through four years of hotel disquisitions sends the graduate into the world with a D.A.D.D.—Doctor of After-Dinner Discourses.

And it makes him discriminating, with all else. A man on the program waved aside all courses; said he never taxed his digestion when about to make an important speech. After he had concluded, a student waiter whispered to another undergraduate: "He might just as well have eat!"

### Hunters

Hunting has other uses besides furnishing spirited pictures for hotel rooms. If it were not for riding to the hounds, how



would the world know that the Prince of Wales' mount was the power behind the throne?

Then, notwithstanding hunting fills the Michigan north woods with thousands of animated stop-signals, it is a force making against over-population. It is related that an enthusiastic Nimrod came wearily to the camp at the edge of evening and inquired if Bill had shown up.

"Yes, sir," the cook replied, "he has had his supper and is taking a nap."

"Jo been here?"

"Yes, sir, he's washing up."

"How about Tom?"

"He's cleaning his gun."

"Then, by thunder, I shot a deer!"

Happier this deer-slayer than the footsore and weary marksman who summed up the day's misadventures by saying: "If we hadn't lost our dog we wouldn't have had any hunting at all!"

The hound may have been of the breed of the pointer that got hot on the trail of a bull moose, was deflected by the scent of a rabbit, left that to pursue a squirrel and when found was barking at a chipmunk's hole. "All the trouble with that cur is, he lacks concentration!" said the disgusted owner.

It was one of the excitements of my boyhood to watch the clay pigeon shootings on the Flats. As the birds were projected into the air the expert riflemen would catch them unerringly on the wing. The village brag begged a chance to show what he could do. The trap-tender was given the wink to sneak in a pulverized clay pigeon. They pulled the string and the braggart blazed away. When he saw the air filled with fragments he turned triumphantly to the sharpshooters and gloated: "First time I ever had a gun in my hand!"

That trapshooting was a passion of the local dentist—an excellent dental surgeon but for his absorption in gun practice. After a patient had climbed his office-stairs several times seek-

ing relief for an aching tooth only to be told the doctor was at target practice, she exclaimed:

"Looks to me as if I would have to have that filling shot in!"

This same D.D.S. liked to go spearing for frogs along a great ditch that ran through the Buradown. He was clever with the flint-tipped weapon of the ancients. A transportation line on the Great Lakes put out great iron frogs as an emblem of its service. The wags who made the boaster believe he had smashed the clay pigeon to smithereens planted two or three of these huge iron croakers along the ditch, for the benefit of a real marksman.

"Quiet!" the dentist whispered to the gang as he took aim at the green and yellow fellow at the water's edge. "Pst! it's a whopper!"

Zing! went the spear. And crack! went the point against the metal souvenir. The spearing was off for the rest of that day.

Not even the proximity of a house of worship can restrain reckless Nimrods when they catch a sight of their quarry. A country parson had just announced the opening hymn when bang! bang! bang! came from just outside the window in line with the pulpit. "Ouch!" the sky-pilot cried. "Brethren, you may change that selection to 'A charge to keep I have.'"

A colored parishioner had one, too, for keeps. But acquired under different circumstances. The parson was eating Thanksgiving dinner when his store teeth clicked on a bullet.

"Rastus, you told me it was a tame turkey we were partaking of," he said sternly.

"Sartin' sure, parson," said the host, "that bullet was intended for me."

Big and beguiling has the hunter and trapper loomed from the earliest annals, the incentives of the ironhearts ranging from self-preservation to scientific adventure. The Rooseveltian zest for Big Game has been a fascinating phase of the story, and he has had many followers in the strenuous life out of which he remade himself physically and established himself politically, add-

ing the Bull Moose to those other party quadrupeds, the Elephant and the Donkey.

Enough of the primitive has outlasted the refinements of civilization to make humans responsive to the element of danger in sports and recreations.

"I ought to explain that I have never been on a horse before," a young man said when he reported to the riding-master for a morning trot.

"Well, this colt I am giving you has never been broken," the riding-master observed, "so you start even!"

The true sportsman, while reaping the blessings to body and spirit from his fascinating adventures in the open, will not knowingly flaunt the laws or trespass upon the rights of others. He will not try to justify himself as the trespasser did who was caught upon forbidden land.

"Hey you," roared the farmer upon whose domain the hunter was caught, "are ye dumb? Didn't ye see that sign marked, 'Private—No Hunting Allowed?'"

"Sure," said the hunter, "but it is against my scruples to read anything marked 'private.'"

### Insurance—Accident

I am better known to at least one great accident insurance company represented here as No. E6-1681. At least I was well and intimately known by that numeral for 22 years. But it no longer identifies me. The company has got my number. The relationship heretofore existing between the Itinerants' Insurance Company and myself has been dissolved without mutual consent. It is almost as melancholy as that annual meeting of the New Jersey corporation which the famous Rogers Brothers were wont to present upon the vaudeville stage in the era of high finance. While the stockholder waited expectantly at the back of the stage the comedians would get their heads together down by the footlights and repeat the lament of the dying

promoter, "So many to do and so few done." Then they would rejoin the stockholder and say: "Very sorry, Mr. Brown, but der gompany has helt a meeting und you are no longer mit us."

And so it has come to pass in the domain of indemnity. I am no longer a member of the insurable and the insured; with the insured and insurable I no longer take my stand! You cannot imagine how desolate a thing it is, gentlemen, to stand in your presence in the hour of your hopeful outlook for another year and to realize that I am to have no part in it all. Like Cardinal Wolsey, here I totter in my dotage, "weary and old with service, left to the mercy of a rude stream that must forever hide me."

My thoughts go back over the years when I was fair, fat and forty, and it comes to me like the perfume of June forget-me-nots how tenderly the Itinerants inquired into the occurrence of my next birthday, marked the brilliancy of my professional future, expressed enthusiasm in enrolling a citizen of my physical perfection and blameless life among their outstanding policyholders, and asked the privilege of proclaiming it in the gates that I had signed upon the dotted line.

Tonight, with no word of explanation or commiseration—probably because I am a bed-ridden diabetic or the palsied victim of locomotor ataxia, or housemaid's knee, or something—I am cast into outer darkness. Now Lord let thy servant depart in peace—and without indemnity.

The die is cast. The worst has come to pass. A cold, brief note from the Itinerants' Accident Insurance Company is at hand. There are no details—just the advice that in the third round for the wresting of my long-possessed policy from me, I had lost the decision.

The dialogue of the scene of the automobile crash came to me:

"Hello, old man! Have an accident?"

"No thanks, I've just had one!"

I have done my duty by the insurer by remaining the only man in Detroit who walked. I never drove an automobile. Never had a weapon of any kind in my hand. Daily passing the 1000 garages that are lined up between my house and office, lookers-on must have suspected I had a scheme on foot.

Mayhap this was what was the matter with me as a risk, if the interview in another insurance office was true:

"What car do you drive?"

"I don't drive a car."

"What, a pedestrian? Nothing doing!"

(Noise of tearing up application blank).

I cherished the thought that total abstention from drinking and smoking enrolled me with the policy-holding elect. But an incident of Anti-Saloon League campaign activity jolted this complacency:

The League's publicity director visited a centenarian to get his testimony that teetotalism was responsible for his long stay upon the earth. He found the object lesson in bed.

"Yes," he replied wearily, "I'll cheerfully attest what total abstinence has done for me if you'll prop me up on the pillows and steady my hand while I write."

As he was putting his signature tremblingly to the testimonial, there was an outpouring of profanity and a crash of broken furniture in the next room.

"What's that?" exclaimed the League emissary.

"Oh, that's dad!" replied the centenarian. "The old fool's drunk again!"

I understand a recent court decision throws new light upon the matter. It seems the holder of an accident policy in Hollywood, California, sought to realize upon a severe case of lumbago. The company was awarded the verdict upon the judge's reasoning that the lumbago was not an accident but a visitation of Providence. The policyholder appealed and had the decision reversed on the ground that if there had been a visitation of Providence in Hollywood it must have been an accident. Think



of that in the idyllic region where the little girl prayed: "Our Father which is in Heaven, Hollywood be Thy Name!"

Late in October I got word that No. E6-1681 belonged to that shining host of the departed whom no man can number.

The last time I foregathered with the quaint Tom Marshall at an insurance dinner I heard him lament the same summary dismissal. He said he didn't know whether he had been in the Vice-Presidency eight years or whether he had been the victim of sleeping sickness. But he had woke up to the fact that he no longer had any accident insurance.

It might be all my fault for having been cast into outer darkness in my prime, I suggested to the agents. Possibly, I should have plucked a leaf out of the experience of the applicant for a life insurance policy whose family record ran something like this:

"Father's age at death—33."

"Cause of death—consumption."

"Mother's age at death—29."

"Cause of death—cancer."

Here the medical examiner tore up the blank. No use going any further!" he muttered. The applicant sought another agent, and revised the record in the light of later and more complete information, as follows:

"Father's age at death—97."

"Cause of death—thrown from pony in a polo game."

"Mother's age at death—93."

"Cause of death—child birth."

He went away happy with a 20-payment life for \$50,000, the story goes.

Sadly disappointed was the insured who tried to collect on his accident policy after being laid up with ivy poisoning. "But, my dear sir, poison ivy isn't an accident," the agent insisted.

"Deuce you say," yelled the sufferer. "Think I did it on purpose?"

## Insurance—Life

More than once in the course of this rather prolonged meal I have been impressed by the fact that with all the other things that you are, you are a choice representation of the standing army. You remind me of that considerate host who had a distinguished Englishman for a guest and thought it would be fine to provide a chair which played automatically as he sat down "God Save the Queen." Of course, tired as he was, he had to be on his feet all the time in order to salute that patriotic air.

So this afternoon you are showing your loyalty to your company by saluting its officers in the approved method of compliment and discipline.

It is rather a suggestive thing—the first time I have ever known a toastmaster to do it—to quote the number of policyholders dying in the course of an after-dinner speech. It begets a feeling of restraint that is quite wholesome.

I want the Vice-President to understand that there are some of us newspaper men and others who still have a little work to do. As long as his company does not advertise, we have got to go out and hustle for other business. If he had only thought to use the persuasive power of printer's ink, he might have finished his opening remarks by the Fourth of July. It is an old saying that it is the store that does not advertise that has the bell over the door. Well, I am in the position of the reporter who said, "The spellbinder spoke to a large and exhausted audience."

But in the presence of these large sums, millions and billions (the Vice-President has said that a hundred thousand is considered small), I feel somewhat modest. You have heard of the experience of that good Irishman who went to heaven. "You have a fine snap here, St. Peter," he said, "holding down the same job century after century without being interfered with." St. Peter said, "You must remember that in Paradise a million dollars is but a cent and a million years but a minute."

"Well," says Pat, "will you lend me a cent?" "Yes," says St. Peter, "in a minute."

I always like to listen to an authority on good salesmanship, who appreciates also the value of initiative. He reminds me of that last New York City horse-car, the conductor of which was discharged. His receipts were falling off. They got a good Jew in his place. The first day he took in four dollars. The next day it was eight dollars and the next day twelve dollars. This was a remarkable increase. Then the Board called a meeting. They said to him, "You are doing better than has ever been done with that car. You are taking in eight, ten and twelve dollars a day. How do you do it?" He said, "Vell, business was not very good on Van Dyke Avenue, so I ran the car up and down Broadway."

I believe in insurance, but not exactly as Isaac and Levi talked about it. Isaac asked Levi, "Do you carry any cyclone insurance?" "Not on your life," says Levi, "it is too much trouble to start it." But the idea is to provide against that rather tragic future that the widow contemplated when someone said to her in an effort at consolation, "Madam, was your husband insured?" She said, "No, he was a total loss."

I knew a man who said he went up to the nineteenth story of your tower. He met one of your agents there, and—that was another story. New York is a great place, where all the ancestral trees in Central Park are grown by graft.

A couple of second-story men broke into a house in New York and the man who was on guard outside said to the man who had gone inside, when he appeared, "What did you get?" He said, "You can have four of them." "Four of what?" "Well, he said, "that place I broke into was the room of a Life Insurance agent. He sold me eight policies."

When the ex-Insurance Commissioner had something to say about a rival company, I thought it was going to be as lively as the room where a brick came flying in and someone said, "See the Irish confetti."

Under the stress of competition, it is just like rival newspapers and rival automobile people where they fall across one another. In England a Tory was complimented for saving a life. He said, "Oh, no, it was nothing. I saw the man couldn't swim, so I swam out to him, turned him over to see that it was not Lloyd George, and pulled him ashore."

I want to salute you especially upon broadening the sphere of business. We have put too much emphasis upon accumulation. We have given it too much of our energy. We have neglected the finer things. We have fallen short of the highest standard because we have over-emphasized the sordid. Of course I can see a practical side to your keeping people alive. In fact, that is a policy of intelligent selfishness that has led the State and the country to struggle to keep people alive, because as an economic principle people are worth more to society alive than dead.

### International Balloon Contestants

You needn't have passed that resolution disapproving of trans-oceanic airplane stunts on my account. I'm not contemplating anything of that kind. I'm impressed with what Nicodemus said when they asked him if he preferred to remain on terra firma :

"Yes sah! an' de firma it am de less terra fo' dis chile!"

There's danger enough in after-dinner speaking without taking the wings of the morning and setting out over the vasty deep. They asked a speaker once if he had his audience with him. He replied that they were for three blocks; but that he left them in the fourth block.

Usually there are three essentials of after-dinner discourse that pleases. They are: Get up; speak up; shut up. To this you balloonists have added a fourth— Go up!

It is too bad you can't go up tomorrow with the hot air that is being generated by the fifteen speeches being given here to-

night. Conservation is still in its infancy when the after-dinner deflation of tonight fails to become the afternoon inflation of tomorrow.

The James Gordon Bennett trophy is the one international cup that cheers but does not inebriate. The newspaper profession had taken an interest in ballooning before the great editor put up this trophy. They arranged to have some beautiful society women go up with Donaldson, one of the early martyrs to air-sailing, but upon reflection it was deemed too hazardous, and they substituted a newspaper man—the ill-fated Grimwood.

If you will permit a personal reference, I may claim some aeronautic experience myself. I did not make an ascension myself, but an ideal newspaper that was the very apple of my eye went up six years ago. If any of you brave high-flyers come across it up there kindly advise and oblige.

They claim this is the era of the first all-metal airship. Wrong. The first all-metal blue-sky proposition was the New Jersey promoter who specialized in balloon common and bubble preferred. Remember his last words: "So many to do and so few done!"

Advertising has claimed aeronautics for its own. At the British Empire exposition at Wembley an anchored balloon guided people to the colorful show. But long before that a balloon at a county fair in this country caught a little Jewish boy by the foot as it ascended. The crowd stood aghast as the lad was borne heavenward, but his father made a megaphone of his hands and shouted: "Ikey! Ikey! trow out some our pizness cards!"

You contestants for the coveted cup, representing nations that faced each other not in friendly sport but in furious onslaught ten years ago, will all go aloft on the morrow. But you will not be as much up in the air as you were in the World War. The glory of international sport over international strife is that sportsmanship seeks to win but does not want to kill. The James Gordon Bennett ballooning has linked France with Russia, Ger-



many with Norway, Belgium with Austria in its competitive flights.

May it be by the overcoming of barriers do much to speed the day when the measuring of skill and resources between nations will be stimulating, spirited, but never sanguinary.

If we could organize international peace as expeditiously as we do everything else, all the forges on the footstool would be clanging in no time with the beating of swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks. A brave swimmer, rescuing a drowning woman, brought up her false teeth, then her switch, next an artificial arm. Then he shouted to the struggling female: "Madam, we've got to organize and co-operate if we make a success of this thing!"

I report this thing impartially, because I am not eligible for membership. A friend asked me the other day if I had balloon tires. I told him no; that I didn't even have a balloon.

### Kiwanis

The flattering foreword with which I have been brought to my feet in this Kiwanian wigwam, was quite in keeping with your club warcry, "We Build." It reminds me of the speaker who was given a sendoff somewhat in excess of his just deserts, and who acknowledged the introduction as "approximately correct."

"I am not Major William Henry Jones, but Captain Richard Paul Smith," he began. "The city where I have been engaged in the undertaking so kindly alluded to by the toastmaster is not Kokomo, Indiana, but Kalamazoo, Michigan. The figures he gave, \$15,000,000, were correct; but unfortunately I did not make that amount of money—I lost it!"

Your praiseful president has built up a little more elaborate biography than my modesty permits me to accept. But I can murmur, with the local hero at the public unveiling of his portrait done by home talent, not exactly a Michael Angelo, "Gentlemen, it is a beautiful frame!"

This is a destructive as well as a constructive age. There are marvels of upbuilding in the spiritual and material world; there is likewise much tearing down. There are destructionist forces and factors who are not as refreshingly frank about their work as Mike who bragged to Pat about his latest job: "Faith and I'm tearing down a Protestant church an' being paid for it!"

Here comes in the worthwhileness of the Kiwanian slogan, "We Build," proclaimed by over 100,000 business men of America. Not what you can take out of life, but what you can put into it. Carlyle laid down the same ennobling life-task when he affirmed: "It is great, and there is no other greatness, to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier—more blessed, less accursed."

That's Kiwanianism, pure and simple. We all like to feel that we count in the scheme of things. That's why in displaying your name-plates and calling your own roll there is conscious pride in revealing your identity and your calling. A Kiwanian pow-wow is a prideful "Who's Who In This Community." It is the old-fashioned idea of the testimony meeting—taking a stand in public for better things, with the help of God and your fellowmen.

Your conception of building is more substantial, I am sure, than the contractor's, who posted his foreman on the other side of a wall and shouted, "Can you hear me?" The foreman answered, "I can." "Can you see me?" the contractor shouted. "I cannot," the foreman replied. "That's what I call a good wall!" said the contractor.

You have seen the great placards upon the façades of new buildings, giving the names of architects and builders, and also the firms supplying the building materials— "Steel window frames by So-and-So," "Marble Floors by So-and-So," "Mail Chutes by So-and-So," and so forth. In this tabernacle of the soul, this house not made by hands that we dwell in, Kiwanis may well claim the credit for qualities that have gone into

its composition, building a more stately mansion of the soul!

With your welfare department and your civic endeavors your record for construction easily surpasses the record for conservation of the guy down in front who was listening to a talk on "Forest Conservation." "What did any of you ever do in this great movement?" asked the lecturer. This enthusiast answered, "I shot a woodpecker once!"

The way Kiwanis strives to build in the fields of friendship, fellowship, forthright citizenship deserves a different dialogue than the one that took place before a certain somewhat ancient and fantastic structure that the reception committee were showing to Lord Balfour on Broadway, New York.

"This edifice is 700 feet high, your lordship," said one of the personal conductors proudly, "and can never burn down!"

"What a pity!" said the distinguished visitor.

Demolition does not always proceed to the thwack, thwack of sledge or the detonation of dynamite. There are degenerative forces working as silently, insidiously in the body politic as in the human body. There should be periodic checking up to determine if we are building a better community and a better nation than our forefathers enjoyed.

Kiwanis points the way to this searching self-examination with its positive affirmation, "We Build," counting that day lost whose low descending sun sees from its hand no worthy action done.

And this club's dedication to the constructive side of life is bound to be as inspiring as the example of the patient, toilful bricklayers was to Carlyle when he was dispirited by the loss of his manuscript on "The Story of the French Revolution." He loaned it to a friend to read and a careless maid threw the result of years of labor into the grate. The anguish of the great author was beyond words. He felt he could never take up his pen again. But brooding by the window one day he saw some masons across the street raising a building in beauty and completeness by placing brick upon brick and row upon row.

"Ah!" said Carlyle to himself, "if by this patient perseverance those workmen can make that building take form, by the same application I can restore my manuscript. Inspired by a worthy example he went to work and in a few months gave to the world his "Story of the French Revolution."

Building, Kiwanis inspired others to never grow weary in good works. Its credentials at the Pearly Gates will be more impressive than that of the Tightwad who demanded admittance on the score of paying his washerwoman ten cents more than she had actually earned. "Is that down, Gabriel?" asked Saint Peter. "Yes, here it is under date of August 21, 1913." "What else?" asked the Keeper of the Gate. "I gave a newsboy a nickel for Christmas." "Is it on record, Gabriel?" "Yes, it is recorded back in 1920." "Very good," said Saint Peter, "give him his 15 cents and tell him to go to hell!"

### Ladies

I arise with embarrassment. I am in the predicament of an over-advertised attraction where the flaring announcements are all there are to the show. To use a lawyer's phrase my case has been prejudiced. The Reverend Father, Master of Ceremonies at this St. Patrick's feast, with splendid facetiousness, has presented me as being thoroughly conversant with my subject. He knows and you know and I know that this is irony. And yet I venture to submit that my experience has been as extended as his. Although I am not Irish, it makes me feel a St. Patrick's day color. His condition is due to his own selection; mine isn't.

Without further explanation I hope it will be plain that my feelings towards the gentler members of the human family are not of the calculating kind, as was the sentiment expressed by a maiden of uncertain age at a New England school years ago. It was the rule there that every student who was late should pause at the door upon entering and recite some passage of Scripture or poetical quotation for the edification of the rest of

the students. This lady was what the vulgar and unfeeling would call an old maid, but who, in fairer phrase, was an unappropriated blessing. This unappropriated blessing had the unfortunate faculty of saying startling and inappropriate things. She appeared quite late and much flurried at the threshold one day and startled the assembled students by repeating, "I love those who love me, and those who seek me early shall find me." I will do better than that and love those who do not love me nor seek me early or late.

At first it might seem that the ladies had been slighted in arranging the order of toasts, but when I was a boy the ladies—girls, we called them then—always came last. First it was the Sunday evening voluntary, then hymn, scripture reading, prayer, anthem, sermon, benediction—and then the girls. But it is a long time since then and things may have changed. I know it changed right then with one lad. He asked a pretty girl if he could "see her home." "No," replied the pert and positive miss, "but you can observe me start." We have had several courses of substantials, alternating with musical relishes and interspersed with the toastmaster's choicest tarts and bon-bons. We are now engaged on the most delectable portion of the feast. When I suggest "the ladies" you may know we are dealing with the dainties, and you will all bear me out in saying that I am doing my level best to see that they get their deserts.

I plead guilty of having given this toast in sections and do not blame you for not liking it any more than the proud young lady fancied the wooing of a stammering suitor. He decided to declare his passion to Arabella one night, and throwing himself on his knees, began as follows; "Arab-b-b-b-b-b-ella! I l-l-l-l-l-ove you!" "That will do," exclaimed the proud beauty coldly, "you may rise. I do not care to be courted on the installment plan."

Not new but never old is my theme—"the ladies." As I look upon this bright scene I am reminded of Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light," and of the facetious gallant who said:



"When I entered this banquet hall and gazed upon these angels bright and fair I said to myself 'they look good enough to eat,' and I noticed that they did."

The gallant cavalier proposes, "A stirrup-cup each for the one gracious woman that loves me!" The soldier steals a faded picture from his bosom while on the march that he may catch a glimpse of a loved face. The sailor recalls the bonnie wife and the wee bairns far over the raging main. The brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde and from the banks of Shannon sang of love and not of fame on the night before the battle. The toiler, homeward going, sees afar off the gleam of the cottage lamp. Always enshrined in the heart of man, in the image of mother, wife, sister or sweetheart, are the ladies!

And we hope they always will be. It is impossible to keep house without them. To lend the graces to life and relieve the severities, to conserve the excellences and exert the gentler influences—this is the mission of the ladies, and wherever a sweeter voice, a more graceful step, a more soothing hand is needed, there their mission lies. The hat is lifted, the harsh words smothered, the tones softened where they come. When men meet without their tempering, restraining presence, beware of plots, broils and brutish deeds.

Mr. Toastmaster, have you heard of No-Man's Land? It is in the West somewhere. This peculiar name suggests to my mind a desolate and uninhabited country. Sir, I do not care to immerse this joyous assemblage in gloom, but I can suggest a more desolate thing still, and that is a "No-Woman's Land." Supposing a proclamation should come from the courts above calling all the daughters of Eve to the regions of the blest. Then we would have a "No-Woman's Land." What would that mean? Why, that would mean that man had lost his best friend; it would mean that he would have no one to tell of what nice pies his mother used to make; it would mean the use of shingle nails in lieu of suspender buttons, perforations in his stockings, and patches of grotesque shapes and hues on his clothes. But

sadder than all this, it would mean that his house would be left unto him desolate, that charity, gentleness and peace would vanish from the human heart, that the flowers would droop and die, and the sound of child-voices would be hushed, and all brightness would be gone out of life. Aren't you glad you do not live in "No-Woman's Land"?

On the occasion of one of Daniel Webster's visits to Boston a great demonstration was held in his honor. A countless multitude pressed around him bringing gifts and congratulations, but what touched the heart of the great statesman more than anything else was the offering of a little girl—a basket of pinks. At the sight of the well-remembered flowers the home of his boyhood came to his mind and a vision of his mother's face. We appreciate the ladies because every place and occasion is better and brighter for their presence. But our homage is most sincere when we reflect that they bring with them the aroma of fireside affections and that their gracious presence is invested with the sweet associations and deathless memories of home.

### Laundryowners

There is in Kipling's "Songs of the Seven Seas" one poem in particular that I want to call your attention to tonight, and that is Mulholland's Contract. Mulholland prayed, when the storm was on the deep, that if the Almighty would save the cattleship and its crew and its cargo and its passengers, he would become His minister. The storm abated, and the cattleship rode into harbor and then he prayed again and said, "I am a faith-keeping man, and You saved the cattleship and its cargo and crew and passengers, and I will enter Your pulpit and become Your minister," and the voice from heaven said, according to Kipling's splendid rhythm, "No, Mulholland, be My minister in the cattleship."

We who are assembled here in the name of indispensable service, can be ministers of the finest quality, can serve humanity, by working, planning, achieving, in that spirit of mak-

ing a transaction not a gain for one only but a gain for two. You are one of the cleansing forces of this potential age—if you please. There is a renovative value in what you do.

If you turn to the Roger de Coverley papers which Addison wrote in his beautiful diction years ago, you will find that he lays especial stress upon the value of clean living, of wholesome apparel on Sunday. Quite as much as the gospel and church going, he says, is the sense that you are decently and freshly appareled, and so the psychology of clean living is clean thoughts, and clean body and clean conduct. So may I salute you as one of the cleansing forces of our modern civilization.

I am thinking of what marvel there is in our business organizations such as you represent, for instance. There is something of a miracle in the fact that the articles of personal adornment which grace the form of many women during the day, collars and cuffs, etc., all are gathered up at a certain time and sent off to the laundries and come back promptly and accurately to those who are entitled to put them on again. It reminds me of the little girl who said to her father, "Where were you born, father?"

He said, "I was born in New York."

And to her mother, "Where were you born, mother?"

"I was born in Maine."

"Where was I born?"

"You were born in Michigan."

She said, "How did we all get together?"

So I marvel sometimes that in a great population one can collect all of these articles of apparel, send them off to be renewed and rebeautified and have them come back to their proper owners. There is back of that a system of organization and of achievement and of distribution quite as exacting as the office manager who put his head in the door when the young man was embracing the stenographer and said, "You used three unnecessary movements in that transaction, young man."

In the old primitive methods of conducting wash days, it was your speaker's province to be quite a factor in the carrying of

water to the boiler and to the tub and in joining the revolution of the wringer, and also in digging the path to the garden in the winter snows so that the week's wash might stiffen and crackle in the frigid Michigan atmosphere. I think next to the funeral in the house and the auction in the house, wash day is one of the most solemn. So I am in favor of the aspiration of this organization to convince communities in general that along with its cooking and canning and other of the old laborious processes of home keeping, the home washing should go to the efficient organization which will provide for the expeditious handling of the week's wash.

I salute you as factors in the cleansing process of life. Do you know how essential you are? There can be no great occasion, no feasts, unless the laundryman goes before and the laundryman comes after. I never feel the cool restfulness of the clean sheets in the hotel beds, or have access to the ample supply of unflecked towels, or sit down to the snowy linen, but what I pay silent tribute to the patience, the labor, and to the organization that has sent those things upon their mission of wholesomeness and of daintiness. And you are the keeper of the secrets of civilization; you alone know of the inner life of those whom you serve; you are entrusted with great responsibility; you know, as the shirt front comes to you, whether there are those among your patrons, in their late revelries and indulgences who have adopted the new form of wine, women, and song, which means, wood alcohol, a trained nurse, and Nearer My God to Thee.

You are the keepers of the great secrets, and you know also that it is your service and your promptitude that get the bride and groom ready for the nuptial altar, that send the children in their unflecked holiday garments upon their summer picnics, and that make it possible for the after-dinner speaker to stand before you in shining raiment.

You are of the cleansing part of life. You must come before and after great occasions, and it is no stretch of the imagina-

tion to put you very close to the spiritualizing forces, because it is written that cleanliness is next to godliness. We sing, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." The companionship of the angels involves garments of sparkling purity. A new heaven and a new earth John saw on the Isle of Patmos, and the old things were washed away. "These are they who have come out of great tribulation," goes the Holy Writ, "and they have washed their robes and are clean."

You come close to the spiritualizing forces of humanity, and you can appreciate what the colored pastor said when a man arose and said, "I thank God that my sins have all been washed away." The pastor said, "What denomination do you belong to?" He said, "I am a shouting Methodist." The pastor said, "Your sins ain't washed away, you'se just dry cleaned."

So I hope you will accept the symbol that you come close to those purifying and redeeming forces which make for better living and that is your ministry, not serving on the cattleship perhaps, but serving in the laundry where the forces of renovation, of sanitation, of hygiene and of redemption are ever at work to fulfill Walt Whitman's splendid lines when he said,

"World over all, beautiful as the sky,  
Beautiful that war and all its deeds  
Of courage must in time be utterly lost,  
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night  
Incessantly, softly wash again, and ever again,  
This soil'd old world."

The old world was soiled and they sent it the laundry of the crash and shock of battle. They didn't do altogether a successful job of the laundering over there. It has got to have more rinsing and more mangling or more starching or something so that democracy will come out of the wash for keeps. But we did go through the processes of laundering the oppressions, the autocracies, the age-long acerbities of the world. We must keep on sending our international linen to the laundry.



## Lions

You have been crowned kings of the jungle. Your speaker makes bold to believe that his appearance before you this noon-tide is the fulfillment of the Sacred Writer's assurance: "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings."

I am rejoiced to take my stand with you for those social, civic and commercial integrities embraced by the Lions Clubs' code of ethics.

Hamlet hinted at Yorick's engagement with the Lions when he referred to his setting the table in a roar. But before that Daniel, looking quite down in the mouth, attended a regular meeting of the Lions, but with little expectation that there would be any after-dinner speaking.

We are indebted to Billy Sunday for a vivid account of how Daniel got along with the members. When the King looked in for a moment expecting to see Daniel furnishing inside information for his hosts, he beheld him lying with his head pillowed on the tawny mane of one Lion and fanning himself with the tail of another, saying: "Don't this beat hell?"

I suppose it is because your organization has an officer called the Tail-Twister that a wrathful wife passed unfair condemnation upon you. She had some words with her husband, who happened to be a lion-tamer, and he showed his displeasure by leaving the house and not showing up till morning. She wanted to know where he had spent the night.

"Well," he confessed, "it was not very comfortable here last night, so I went down town and stayed with the Lions."

"What! you mean to say you forsook the wife of your bosom to consort with those wild beasts? You coward, you!"

A group that goes upon all fours, as you Lions do, with high devotion to your trades and professions, with uncalculating friendship and forthright citizenship, should arouse only a sense of privilege and security among its guests. Least of all is there basis for the mortal fear that caused Rastus to refuse

to play opposite a Lion in a moving picture. When the part was offered him he promptly begged to be excused.

"There is not a bit of danger," the director explained. "Why that old Lion was brought up on milk."

"Wasn't I also?" retorted Rastus. "But I dearly loves meat!"

When the regular Lion-tamer was taken ill, they invited another colored helper to enter the cage just as your speaker has invaded this agreeable company today. But Mose was not keen for the substitution. Insisted that he would rather be on the outside looking in, as life was very sweet to him.

"Your fears are groundless," the management pointed out. "All that is necessary is for you to put on that purple uniform, hold a whip in your hand, and sit on a stool in the corner of the cage as the procesison goes through the streets and make those Lions feel that you are the master of the situation."

"Not me, boss," murmured Mose, "Ah jus' couldn't be so deceitful!"

You do well to go to the animal kingdom for a strong and stately symbol of your associated endeavors in worthy directions. Kipling sings:

"This is the law of the jungle, a law that runneth forward and back:  
The strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf  
is the pack."

What you seek under your splendid code in succor, service, sympathy, selflessness takes on mightier ministry through group thinking and doing, and it all redounds to the glory and uplift of a goodly company of welldoers.

Evil associations corrupt good manners, but noble foregatherings foster consecration to the Common Good. After all, to be Lionlike in the sense you have formulated into a creed, is only a re-statement of an old and sacred aspiration:

"Be ye kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another."

## Lincoln

Appreciation of the droll and ludicrous, familiarity with the backwoods life from which the best fables spring, genius for gentle narration and parabolic application, were attractive elements in the character of this story-telling president.

Lincoln the lowly born, the rail-splitter, farmer and flatboat man, the country store-keeper, postmaster and lawyer, is known throughout the world as the foremost type of our national tendency toward lightheartedness, philosophy put up in anecdotes, a happy counterbalance for our commercial intensity, a saving vent for the terrible pressure of great problems.

"A man of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears,  
A quaint knight errant of the pioneers;  
A homely hero, born of star and sod;  
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God."

When he landed upon the dock in New Salem, Illinois, in August, 1831, a lanky giant of 22, dressed in homespun, he accounted for himself in this wise:

"I'm a piece of floating driftwood. I came down the river on a freshet and was lodged here by accident."

While drilling a company of 22 militiamen, recruited for the Black Hawk Indian War in 1832, Capt. Lincoln came to a gate in a fence. He could not remember the command for throwing the company into single file. So he shouted: "Halt! Company is disbanded for two minutes. It will fall in again on the other side of the fence!"

Many years later he said he wished it were possible to adjourn congress for the day in the same fashion and start fresh next morning.

In the practice of law Lincoln made use of his fund of anecdotes, with telling effect. He once likened a voluble opponent in a case to a Mississippi steamboat that had such a big whistle

that "every time it blew a signal it had to wait two or three hours to get up steam again."

Opposed in a campaign by a bombastic and boorish candidate of means, who had recently completed a new mansion, Lincoln said he did not possess the material wealth of his antagonist, but he rejoiced in the fact that he did not have to put lightning rods on his house to protect himself against the wrath of a just God!

His quiet declaration as he peeled his coat to reply to the eloquent Douglas, has become a classic in the annals of joint debates:

"Now I will proceed to stone Stephen!"

But he told stories, not to provoke a titter, but to round out and bring home by a short cut his contention; to terminate controversy or dispose of a vexatious disputant; to soften refusal or blunt the edge of deserved rebuke. The anecdotal habit was construed by his detractors at first as a sign of ignorance, a cloak for weakness; but as time went on his stories partook of the illustrative power of Æsop's Fables.

Nothing incensed him more than the familiar suggestion that he relate one of his "good" stories, with the emphasis upon the good. He was incapable of the impure and witless recitals sometimes ascribed to him by the uninformed and vulgar-minded. It was not the parable itself, but the purpose of it that was uppermost in his mind. Often it served as an emollient, relieving the heartheaviness of shadowed years.

Someone alluded to the burdens of the strife that threatened the nation's life. Lincoln said they were heavy enough, but the office-seekers were harder to bear.

"I feel like a householder letting lodgings at one end of the place while the other end is in flames," was his quaint way of putting it.

Maryland protested against the pollution of her soil by the feet of soldiers. "Inasmuch as they can't go under the soil of Maryland or fly over it, and we've got to have them, I guess

there is no help for it. They'll have to keep crossing the state."

He was slow to anger and plenteous in mercy with the uninfluent, the common soldier. To the little slip of a sister who came to intercede for her brother, a German charged with desertion through his inability to speak our language, the tender-hearted Lincoln said:

"I am going to pardon your brother, not only because you have come all the way here to plead for him in your own name, but because"—here the president looked at the slight girlish figure—"because you don't wear hoops!"

Such delightful flippancy! On the score of scantiness of apparel, an entire army might be pardoned in this present era.

What he called his "leg cases"—absent without leave, etc.—the commander-in-chief of the army was disposed to treat with leniency. "If the good Lord has given a man a cowardly pair of legs," he reasoned, "it is hard to keep them from running away with him."

Lincoln, by the way, was an authority on the proper length of a pair of legs. He maintained they should reach from the knees to the ground.

But he was not so tolerant of gold lace and red tape. Advised that the Confederates had carried off a Brigadier-General and twelve mules in a raid, he remarked: "Too bad about those mules. It will take \$200 apiece to replace them."

Thus Lincoln became "the lord of his event." Thus was laughter mixed with the sterner stuff, until the nation came to see in him, not only "the strength of Hercules and the sense of Socrates," as Joaquin Miller phrased it, but America's Perfect Humorist, in the meaning of the fine definition of humor—wit mixed with love.

It was because the Emancipator's life was set so deeply in the shadows, that we love to recall on this recurring anniversary occasion, the mirthful Lincoln, even though there be but very little of that Lincoln.

For wit is not superabundant. It is a thing that flashes at



intervals like vivid lightning against a darksome sky. Lincoln's mirthfulness lives, because its luminance had a sombre background and a mitigating mission. It taught a nation to keep smiling through its tears.

He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with mirth. Any appraisal of the attributes of this foremost American that omits his love of anecdote and his use of parable—not for buffoonery, but for upbuilding—is sadly incomplete.

It is fine to think of the tall, angular, sadfaced man, his long legs crossed unconventionally or poised conspicuously upon the council table, saying, "Gentlemen, why don't you laugh?" as he tried to set the austere and often recalcitrant cabinet in a roar.

He had a right to relax. He had earned his moment's merriment. He had bought it with a great price.

### Lumbermen

I measured my early love for you by the yard. The lumber yard was an ever present help in time of truancy, a refuge in the after-dark game of "Yoler, yoler we won't foller—whistle if you're near!"

Let others sing the joy of the open spaces; I pay tribute to the sanctuary provided by the interstices between the fragrant yellow stacks, as a boyhood hiding-place in play-time.

It was a perfectly proper hiding-place in those days, for the lumber was dressed and the piles were upright. The delivery of a load of lumber at any point in the village was the sensation of the day. Coming events cast their  $2 \times 4$ .

I never saw lumber delivered in a lumber wagon. But just the same we were concerned if the unloaded pine presaged a new house or barn. We were delirious if it foreboded a circus billboard, soon to be all stuck up with the lurid foretellings of the coming of the greatest show on earth.

As the official billposter of Boyville I was a consumer of second grade lumber myself. One night I was at the top of a ladder pasting a streamer high up on a billboard close to the

sidewalk. There being nobody astir I left my half barrel of paste in a wheel-barrow at the foot of the ladder. A citizen so bent under the burden of a sack of shavings that he couldn't see ahead of him, came along and collided with the paste container. Pedestrian, borrow, barrel, shavings and stickem rolled over in a heap, hit my only means of support, and I came down with pastebrush, streamer and ladder to join the friccased shavings being served on the sidewalk. It was a propitious moment for everyone concerned to make a good resolution with a firm determination to stick to it.

Times change and we change with them. In this cycle of insufficient housing facilities I feel more like making a motion that we take the lumber that goes into unsightly billboards and put it into the places where Bill boards. Does anyone support the motion?

I acquit the lumber dealers of responsibility for the shortage of homes in this country, You have done all that is humanly possible to remedy the situation revealed by recent statistics showing that if you place all the boarders in this country end to end they will reach; and we realize as keenly as Mark Twain did that, while every man will fight for his home, not one can be found who will fight for his boarding house.

I heard Dean Cooley, of the Engineering Department of the University of Michigan, predict the disappearance of the timber supply of this continent at the present rate of consumption in 40 years. But the Dean did not foresee the scandalous sacrifice of arbored shade to automobile space on both sides of widened city streets, affording unlooked-for timber for consumption—and consternation. No longer “Woodman, spare that tree,” but “spare that tire!”

Happy should you be that you are putting sliced trees into shelter and sightliness. The first newspaper was a wooden tablet placed in front of the homes of Roman citizens. Now every Sunday newspaper nearly takes a tree. You may be denuding the land of foliated grace and splendor, but—take it from a news-

paper man—it is a higher service to transmute noble forests into white houses with green blinds than to put them into yellow newspapers with red headlines.

The Secretary of Commerce calls attention to conservation to be accomplished by establishing shorter lengths in lumber. This applies to shorter lengths in speeches.

Lumbermen, how much better to be home-builders than to be home-wreckers. You have a right to whistle, for your business is out of the woods. Wherefore, let your gratitude express itself in compassion toward wayward boyhood. If arbitration cannot take the place of force in the woodshed, you can at least humanely outlaw composition shingles.

### Medical Association

I prefer to keep my youthful opinion of the family physician. He was an ever present help in time of trouble. He brought the babies, just as the milkman brought the milk, and the vegetable man the onions and cabbages. "We take off him, too," said a neighbor's boy when a certain baby-bringer was under discussion. Babies were cheap in those days, not over \$15 or two for \$25.

There was sawdust on the porch and front walk; to assure quiet, I know now. But then the children's thought was that the baby the Doctor brought must have been well-packed. Once an older sister set up a conflicting claim. She pointed to a hole cut in a hollow tree as the source of infantry supplies. This was confusing. The doctor's gig would have had a hard time getting so far into the depths of the woods; and he had never been seen to come to our neighborhood from that direction.

"I remember, I remember,  
The place where I was born."

wrote the poet. But that must have been the cottage variety of advent. It is not so easy to remember the division, floor and number of a hospital maternity section.

Obstetrics, amputations, teeth-extractions, bleeding were embraced by the pioneer doctor's practice. By contrast the twentieth century practitioner is likened to an automobile service station that tells the customer that he will have to go down the street a few blocks—it does nothing but correct engine trouble; and at the place down the street he is sent a mile further, for front tires and not rear tires are their specialty!

Regrettable as it may seem in some respects, specialization is the inevitable order of the day. A call for a doctor in the crowd brought from the owner of a physician's kit the statement: "I can't do a thing for the poor fellow unless you throw him into a fit. I'm hell on fits."

A specialist the pathologist may be in this day, but his usefulness is not confined to his professional service. Often he is a healer of domestic disabilities. A man was taken home by his friends the worse for indulgence. To give the emergency a plausible aspect they called a doctor and asked him to reassure the wife. The physician told the good woman, that her husband was suffering a slight attack of syncope. She went to bed reassured, but when the invalid went down to breakfast in the morning she had a searching look in her eyes.

"I've been looking up what you had last night in the dictionary," she said, "and it defines 'syncope' as an irregular movement from bar to bar!"

It takes only an occasional instance of a large fee, no doubt warranted, to raise again the indictment of mercenariness against the entire medical profession. But what class of scientific men give more without thought of compensation than the doctors? Called to prescribe for one patient in a family, often they are found counselling others in the same household. While treating a husband for some minor ailment a doctor was besieged by his wife for free medical advice. Among other things she asked:

"Doctor, can you tell me why it is that some people are born dumb?"

"Why—ahem!—certainly," the physician replied. "It is due either to congenital inhibition of the faculty of articulation, or to some anatomical deficiency in the organs of vocalization."

"There now," she remarked triumphantly, with a withering look in the direction of her husband, "see what it is to have an education! I've asked Theodore more than a hundred times why it was, and all I could get was a grunt or 'cause they are.' "

Doctors have a right to protect their standing from the eccentricities of patients. A surgeon, making the rounds of a hospital during the war, solemnly pulled the sheet over a still figure and announced, "another gone west." The recumbent figure raised up, protesting against the in memoriam stuff. "Lie down, there," the surgeon commanded, "you want to make a fool of your doctor?"

Always at the beck and call of the afflicted, no time they can call their own absolutely night or day, it is not to be wondered at that they get mentally fagged and absent-minded, like the practitioner sitting at the bedside of a patient, whose nervousness and anxious concern were evident. Grasping the sick man's wrist, the doctor took out his watch—his thoughts evidently elsewhere. A puzzled look came over his face; he placed his hand over the invalid's heart.

"No more heart action, no pulse, nothing! Strange—you should be dead!"

Whereupon the patient sat bolt upright.

"Oh! my mistake!" said the doctor, coming back to earth. "My watch has stopped, that's all!"

### Memorial Day

The father of the Decoration Day chairman and my own father, who long ago came to make their beds in this beautiful grove, were friends just as we are friends. Difference of racial origin did not keep them apart. One was a Holland Dutchman, the other a German Jew. And sleeping in this same God's half-



acre is a third member of that fine fellowship, Samuel Stephenson, a Scotchman. And it would be easy to name many an Irish Catholic to complete that company of Democratic cronies.

But this is enough to remind you that these strong men over whose resting places we linger today did not wait until death was near before they burned that excessive pride of nationality that keeps good men apart and embitters our social life.

Death is the great leveller. "We have all one mother, the Earth," wrote someone, "and some day we must all go to slumber in her bosom." How those of us who are in the afternoon of life realize this! The Hudson of my childhood is pretty much the same Hudson that reposes so silently beneath these maples.

But if we come in sincerity to patriot graves today, we will not wait until we are dust to defer to the doctrine that all men are created equal and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We will honor that American principle in our daily lives as this group of life-long friends did.

Say it with flowers is a commercial suggestion. But there is something that is not sordid in it, it is sweet to note by bloom and fragrance that these grassy mounds are not forgotten. But it is better to say it with fulfillment, with fraternity and fidelity, thus making forever effective what the patriots who fought against oppression from the Old World and slavery in the New World, made the supreme sacrifice for.

Decorate to be sure. "Cover them over with beautiful flowers." But also emulate. Put away racial and religious intolerance, the most hateful and poisonous of human perversities. The founders and the emancipators whom we recall in this festival of commemoration fought and bled in vain if we of this generation fall apart over color or creed, replacing brotherhood with bigotry, neighborliness with divisions, concord with conflict.

You may plant flags above the tombs of the nation-savers of

the 60's, but if you suspend the 14th and 15th Amendments in your thinking or flout any portion of the Constitution you are cheating the heroic dead out of the victory for which they gave full measure of devotion and sacrifice.

Insofar as you can you are putting things back to where they were before they went out to do and die.

If I am able to search my own heart I am happily free from racial or religious prejudice. I fail to understand men who rail at another's origin or creed. I can thank my father's precepts for this and my native community's example. His injunction that I should make light of no man's physical peculiarities or ridicule his faith, was the spirit of this community's practice very generally.

I believe I went even farther than the catholicity of my father's inclusive friendship by having a playmate of such dusky hue that he bore the nickname of "Smoke." His watchful mother used to warn him against getting too thick with me. "Ef I catches you playin' with that Skinnyhorn boy," she would threaten, "I'll skin you, horn!"

I suppose I never reasoned it out, in justification for having "Smoke" for an associate street nuisance, that he was one reason why the cemeteries burst into petalled beauty and into the sheen of the Red, White and Blue on Decoration Day. I just naturally recognized his eligibility to citizenship in Boyville, that's all. And "Smoke" kept the faith.

Here again the Hudson background helped when I went to West Point and found in my class a colored Cadet from Ohio who was made to feel every hour that he was not wanted there. I treated him according to the Decoration Day deduction already alluded to. He graduated and gave a good account of himself in his country's service and was buried not long ago with military honors in Arlington. His name was Colonel Charles Young.

I cherish a letter he wrote me from the African hinterland,

where he was building roads and training the youth of Liberia for constabulary service. In that letter, written in reply to an invitation to a class reunion, he told of his gratitude to those among his fellow-cadets who had helped him over hard places with their confidence and words of encouragement.

"I will excuse you from the ceremonies of my last resting place," a philosopher once said, "if you will go up on the hill yonder and comfort the lonely heart of that little mother up there."

The heroes who responded to Father Abraham's call and went forth to save the Union and strike the shackles from the black bondmen would forego the garlands we bring today, if such renunciation were necessary, to keep us constant to the dictates of compassion, humanity and patriotism that sent them to the colors.

The Unknown Soldier is a symbol of a free nation's disregard of considerations of race, religion, fortune, party, social station.

### Michigan

Michigan belonged to the Indians originally, and since 1918 many citizens have shared Sam Barnard's willingness to give it back, provided the restoration could be ceremonialized with a little of the fire-water that went into the purchase price.

Everybody else is satisfied with the situation as it is. When the four years' realty course is established in the University of Michigan, realtors will discover that the "*Si quæris peninsulam anænam circumspice*" on the state seal says: "If you seek a beautiful peninsula look around you."

Doing which now, thanks to the Eighteenth Amendment, they do not see it twice.

There are really two peninsulas to look around upon, but the scheme to set one off as the State of Superior has been dismissed as too confusing. It would not do to have two superior states

surrounded by the Great Lakes, which are five large bodies of water, connected by the Statler hotels.

If this writer really had the state of Michigan to sell at public vendue or otherwise, he would not pick any one of the 3,668,412 Wolverines as his prospect. They know a good thing when they have it. They know that the Lord started Michigan, and Ford, Olds, Durant, Mott, Chrysler, Briggs and Leland finished it.

We would offer it to the inhabitants of all the other states, happy in the possession of one feature of beauty, or a single source of wealth. We would enchain their interest and first payment by showing them that all the claims to greatness and beauty which the other forty-seven states put forth, are met and out-matched by what Michigan grows and shows.

Inclusiveness and variety spell Michigan's matchlessness. Versatility in production extends to the weather, and stops short only of political control. We might use to advantage a little less variableness in climate and a trifle more in party supremacy, in the light of the last tax rate.

We are great in what we produce, and in facilities for dalliance. When weary with the pursuit of wealth, the restless may pursue big game or little in forest or by babbling stream. We have sixteen hundred miles of disarmament along our graceful coast lines, and every settlement has its personally conducted lake. Florida and California do not fit into Michigan's scheme of necessities; they are of interest only to our defectives, whom we send there so that they may return to Michigan in the spring with gladness and a song.

To move the world, one would begin at Wheeling, West Virginia, said a wag. To transport the whole United States, just give her the gas in Michigan.

With all else that it has been, and is, Michigan the mighty and many featured, is mobile.

A scholar and a poet of England who fell in the World War, left some touching lines to the effect that wherever his dust reposed, there a little bit of England would abide always.

Wherever you go, a little bit of Michigan may be found—something from her mines, fields, forests, fisheries, flocks, factories.

Wheresoever you wander, you may break bread at friendly boards, that is made of the snow-white powder into which eleven million bushels of wheat are pulverized every year, or which releases the golden sunshine locked in 48,000,000 bushels of corn.

There is a toothsome bit of Michigan on every banquet table, to which the celery, peppermint, maple sugar and beet sugar abundance of the Lower Peninsula contribute.

You Michiganders are second, your majesties, in bean and beet sugar production.

In this favored land of milk and honey, the grapes take on their purple as the summer wanes, the peaches are kissed by the morning dews, and pears grow golden in the sunlight.

The eleven million bushels of juicy apples must keep a king's army of doctors away, if the old health proverb holds half true.

Michigan's fertile surface is fairly apportioned between agriculture and golf. The big stick was indigenous to Long Island, but we boast the country club.

Cheerful reports from the acreage planted with links where they are trying to get into a hole; tidings more doleful from agriculture, which is trying to get out of a hole, and take the air for a brief space before the greatest tax rate ever pushes it back again.

The deep waterway may help the farmer. Last time deep waterways were provided, the glaciers came down from the vicinity of the arctic region and scooped them out for the Great Lakes. This time Uncle Sam and the Daughter of the Snows will have to do the digging themselves. But they will not have to go any deeper than the Michigan farmer has to go right along in his daily digging.

It will be great to be both lake ports and ocean ports; great to see the 100,000,000 tonnage of the Soo canal go higher;



great to make it more than three times as much as the tonnage of the Suez and more than eight times as much as the tonnage of Panama.

If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look around you. If you seek inspiration, look at the top of the map of the states. There is Michigan, an upraised hand voting for the constitution down to the last amendment, and for law and order and social justice and progress.

Just as Constantine saw the flaming Cross, and over it the prophetic legend in the sky, so you behold Michigan standing out against the blue of the inland seas. By this sign thou shalt conquer, O you much-favored Wolverines.

### Milk Dealers

A deacon took the new minister to task for unduly extending his remarks. Dominie stood his ground, reminding the parishioner that the Holy Word adjures the faithful to declare the milk of the word. "Well, make it condensed milk, then!" rejoined the deacon.

Be it known that I am delivering condensed milk of the word, honest measure and undiluted, after the examples of my Dutch progenitors in Holland. When I visited our ancient family seat in North Friesland over there a few years ago I learned for the first time that those conscientious dairymen really built the dykes to keep the water out of the milk. You never hear them warbling the milkman's favorite hymn "Shall we gather at the river?"

A direct line is no longer the shortest distance between two points. That distinction now belongs to the wonderfully efficient milk delivering facilities. Source of supply and consumer are so close together there is scarcely room for a middleman milkman.

Milk consumers have a minimum of relationship with the middlemen, so short the distance, so speedy and inexpensive the transit from the udder to the other. Distribution to the door

costs less per ounce than the mailing of a letter and the margin of profit per bottle is so small it takes the second pint to give the purveyor a profit.

So far-flung the paper-capped container in this age Romulus and Remus, founder of Mussolini's Boot, could be served on the hill before breakfast with neatness and dispatch. Would not have to take off of the she-wolf.

You modern milkmen are fortunate in having silent partners. They never kick if properly approached, do not lie down on the job and seldom horn in. They use every means to co-operate, including vitamins. One of Charles M. Schwab's neighbors, being hard up, sought to unload a common cow upon the gentleman farmer. "How will this humble critter line up with my blooded stock?" asked the steel magnate. "Waal," said the farmer, "y' kin depend upon her givin' th' best that's in her!"

The milkmen's source of supply can be depended upon to give the best that is in them. We hear much of the Eternal Triangle of the Good Book and the infernal triangle of the divorce court and the first page. Give us this day our daily bread and milk with the help of the lacteal triangle—cow, creamery, customer. Did you ever clean your shoes on the welcome mat at the gate and step into one of these certified or pasteurized dairy farms? They are so dainty—as Mark Twain said of Bermuda—a fellow doesn't know where to spit!

Little wonder the indispensable bovine was worshipped in Old Testament times and figured prominently in the dream interpreted by Joseph. Mr. Bryan also used the cow in confounding the evolutionists. He asked them to explain how a black cow, grazing on green pasture, gave white milk that churned into yellow butter.

Bless the unbelligerent bovine, savior and never destroyer of human life. We have had bloody battles in this land over tea and whiskey and water; but your product, pure milk, gentlemen, never broke the peace!

### Mother's Day

"God could not be everywhere," wrote someone, "so He made Mothers."

If anything comes closer to the Divine in struggling for others, suffering for others, going down into the very Valley of the Shadows for others, than Motherhood, we have yet to hear of it.

There is a story of a prodigal son who fell so completely under the power of a heartless, sinful woman that he told her to ask whatsoever she would and he would give it to her.

The wretched creature, jealous of the love her victim held for the one who bore him, demanded the mother's heart.

He was carrying the ghastly gift she asked when in his haste to heed his comely mistress' every wish, he stumbled and fell.

"Did you hurt yourself, my son?" asked the mother's heart!

Another definition for mother is: "Tired hands." Inasmuch as there are three hundred sixty-five days in the year, it seems quite fitting that there should be at least one "Mother's Day."

It may mean the same kind of ceaseless giving of herself as every other day; but it is different in one respect: The price of Mother's Day carnations—red if living, white if gone to her reward—goes up from two hundred percent to 300 percent in honor of "the last best work, the noblest gift of Heaven." That's a token of Mother's influence.

A little fellow was prattling about what he was going to do with his children when he got to be a man. He wasn't going to make them go to school and study horrid books, for one thing.

"What will their mother say to that?" asked his mother.

"Their mother—who's she?" the tiny lad inquired.

So seldom are mothers released from the kitchen and nursery to go holidaying, one is prompted to ask, when Mother's Day is mentioned: "Mother's Day? Why, who is she that has a whole day off?"

A western farmer had a chance to sell out at a good figure, \$25,000 or \$30,000, but the hard-working life partner would not sign off without being assured of her share of the proceeds. She had helped indoors and out for forty years; brought up the children, made the butter, looked after the chickens, fed the threshers at harvest-time without ever receiving a dollar from the output of the farm. The time had come for her to take a stand for her rights. She was unyielding.

The husband got a lawyer to act as go-between. He came out from town to see the wife and mother who was standing in the way of a sale.

"My good woman," he began soothingly, "we realize you have done your part in building up this property all these years. We feel that you should be compensated for all this fidelity and toil. Now what would you consider your share of the returns from this sale?"

After long pondering the farm partner for a life-time lifted her eyes almost guiltily and asked timidly:

"Do you think thirty dollars would be too much, Mr. Lawyer?"

It was a great "Mother's Day" when she signed off and received her reward.

But there is a good time coming. Mother's emancipation is at hand. Thanks to the practice of giving her a day off by proclamation it will no longer be said of the angel of the hearthstone what the neighbors observed when a couple were hurled through the kitchen window by the explosion of a gasoline range:

"That's the first time they've gone out together since they were married!"

### Music Supervisors

Is the human vocal cord to become the "Lost Chord" that we have been singing about so long? The federated Musicians

of America are fearful that it is. Through an advertising campaign throughout the country they are calling upon the public not to let the national passion for real music be displaced by mechanical substitution.

It would seem as if the saturation point were reached when the canned article pours into the street wherever you pass, penetrates the walls of your apartment, proceeds from the transitory attachment of the hurrying automobile, competes with conversation at every tea-table, not to mention the public assemblage places where you go to get musical entertainment before it gets you.

Bank robbers loot vaults to the tune of the Negro Spiritual, "Steal Away"; domestic infelicities clash with "Kind Words Will Never Die"; as you leave your box at the laundry the strains of the "Bubble Song from Lux" breaks upon your ear; "The Slumber Song from Ostermoor" is the accompaniment of your visit to the furniture store. Is it any wonder that the woozy home-goer picked up a water-main cover and tried to play it on his Victrola?

"Who has sight so swift and strong that it can follow the flight of a song?" do you ask. Oh, anybody owning a radio set can tell you just when it reaches Davenport, Iowa, Winnemucca, Nevada, and San Diego. Follow it? Why, oftentimes the singer is way ahead of it. A prima donna began to be flooded by telegrams of appreciation the other night. She was an honest woman and had to tell the announcer that she hadn't started yet.

If the mechanized melody would displace the musical misfits and monstrosities only, it would be an unmixed blessing. "What do you think of my daughter's execution?" the fond mother of the conservatory graduate asked a neighbor. "I'm heartily in favor of it!" was the reply.

"Do you sing and play a great deal?" asked the nervous young man as his heart's desire thrummed the keys Sunday evening.



"Only to kill time," she replied.

"You gotta fine weapon," he opined.

"Ours is a musical household," the father reported. "Wife is a 'cellist, daughter a pianist, one son a xylophonist, another a cornetist."

"What are you?"

"A pessimist."

"Jedge," said Rastus, "when you united me in holy matrimony to dat wench Dinah, I nebber knows she performed on the ocarina, and dat she has four children dat go toot-toot all de blessed time on some kind of instrumentality!"

"What do you want, Rastus, a divorce?"

"No, sah! Ah want dat fambly disbanded fo'thwith!"

It lies with you teachers and supervisors of teachers to make it possible for music to retain its rôle of "Heavenly Maid." Instill in the hearts of your pupils that devotion to a divine art that will wake the soul and lift it higher. Artistry must continue to have higher reaches in this country than that attained by the unkempt individual who sighed as he recalled that he, too, was an organist once.

"Why did you give it up?" they asked.

"I lost my monkey," he replied sadly.

Music, music from human lips and hearts, is a soul-cleansing, unifying force. I close my eyes and see a fireside where it was the accompaniment of grace at the table, the tranquilizing influence of evening groups, the joyous feature of Sunday morning family worship, the processional that carried the little ones to bed promptly and happily. Anything coming out of a box could hardly do that.

When Wagner's son closed a program of orchestration from his great father's compositions, at the moment of the ovation from the audience the orchestra arose as one man and swept softly into the strains of "The Ode to Siegfried." With this piece of joyous acclamation the great Wagner signalized the birth of his son Siegfried, sixty years before.

To the leader of the orchestra that night it must have been like his father's voice speaking to him across the years.

Don't let those who look to you for instruction lose any measure of the exalted ministry of music.

There is one compensation about the canned music. It has no sensibilities to be jarred by the conversational competition of the hearers. At the Symphony a box-holder leaned over during an exquisite score and said to the man in front:

"D'yuh know it sounds much better if you have your eyes closed?"

"Yes," said the other, "and keeping the mouth shut helps a lot, too!"

### Natant Leak of Nations

This vision of a natatorial confederation of the nations came to me while I was clothed (in a one-piece bathing suit) and in my right mind. Was floating at the time. ("Nightmare!" I hear the derisive doubters say. "Get over on your side!")

A great mind declared: "An enterprise in which no one dares to go ahead is never achieved." Noah adjusted himself to the situation I have in mind without the aid or consent of a shipping board.

"There is only one thing mightier than armies," said Victor Hugo—he might have added navies—"and that is an idea whose hour has come."

In the bringing in of the new order—it will be largest single beverage order ever placed—there will be displacement and sacrifice, to be sure; but the gains will far outweigh confusion and wastage. Besides, is it not in accordance with the inexorable law of the survival of the swimmest?

In addition to free and unlimited natatorial rights for all, on the premises, there is the automatic fulfillment of the St. Lawrence deep waterway project and the extirpation for all time of river and harbor appropriations scandals.

Walking would be placed beyond the reach of all who are not

able to invest in bell-diving equipment, but it has already become a lost art, while swimming has grown to be as much of one's being as breathing—as one can easily see by visiting the beaches and looking at the comic strips.

What we would lose through the super-saturation of the motor market, would be more than be made up by the mounting interest in aircraft production.

An international natatorium of uniform depth would lead the world to gainful peace. "Agree with thine adversary quickly," the Scriptures have it, "while thou art in the way with him"—meaning, of course, while you're in swimming with him.

Neither would control of the sea threaten the world's tranquillity, as all warships would be beaten into diving floats. Or at least get America a-wash without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth.

As terra-firma is terribly blemished with war-stains, the best thing that can happen to it is to put it to soak. It has not had a good rinsing since the reactionaries cried at Creation, "Stop! you're monkeying with chaos!"

While nation-wide inundation with aqueous content of 100 percent is primarily a domestic issue, suppose we strike out for the European shore?

When Benjamin Franklin went to London as a journeyman printer, he had to do as the amphibians did and attempt to negotiate the English Channel. That's where he must have won the title, "Poor Richard." But he made as good a showing as the mighty Cæsar in buffeting the troubled Tiber, according to Cassius, who insisted that only his sinewy shoulders stood between Julius and the pulmotor.

Leander of Abydos outswam all three, braving the Hellespont nightly to woo with undampened ardor Hero, priestess of Aphrodite, in her tower.

Italy, which has had one foot in the azure depths ever since Neolithic man pulled the peninsula's leg for copper and gold, is naturally anxious to get in all over. Benito Mussolini is not

the man to be satisfied with having Italy tread water or use the crawl.

The blue Mediterranean looks after the refilling of the gorgeous open-air natatoriums that lie along the villa-dotted shores of Naples, eagerly the travel-weary try the cerulean waters where fishers sing at their nets under the heights of Amalfi and Sorrento; and the Adriatic never lets fashionable Lido, across the lake from Venice, run shallow of the pellucid stuff in which the colorful crowds disport themselves.

But Rome begs to submit that a shake-up is necessary. Since Horatius called upon the Tiber to take charge of "a Roman's life, a Roman's arms this day," and plunged headlong in the tide, the tawny stream has been approaching the depleted condition of the Falls of Lodore, which a sentimental American, seeking in vain the scene of the rhythmic ballad of his youth, had the irreverence or misfortune to sit on.

The attenuated Tiber needs this proposed legislation, if any discouraged stream of history does.

The Thames, the Seine, the Loire, the Danube, the Spree, the Main, the Rhine, could all undergo replenishment without impairment of their limpid charms; the Italian lakes and the Swiss lakes, even sequestered Wansee, over which you float from Berlin to look upon the untenanted palaces of Potsdam and Sans-Souci, could take on the proposed additional three fathoms to their scenic and commercial advantage. Any economic conference would concur in this, we are sure.

Holland is a problem. Having given so much effort to drainage it does seem a pity to put the water back on that partly dehydrated country. On the other hand, if the return to the fluidity of the fathers should prove to be ill-advised, the Dutchmen will have all the pumping facilities on hand for going back to a half-wet half-dry basis.

When the author of this proposed innovation went in at Scheveningen on the North Sea, it was so late in the fall he had to float alone; and he nearly had to float another one to

make it right with the beach guards and bathhouse attendants for staying overtime at their posts to permit his sunset splash in the foaming brine. If statecraft be wise enough to Scheveningenize the two continents all will be able to enjoy the benefits of salt-water ablutions without being required to fund Holland's floating debt.

Fancy placing within reach (or depth) of a sultry world such hot-weather delights as a plunge into the town fjord from the wooded peninsula projecting from the precipitous hillslope of Bergen, Norway. Think of having the pleasure of a plunge into the fjord elsewhere without the pronunciation.

Saltsjobaden, famous watering-place an hour and a half's sail over silvery skerries and past wooded shores from Stockholm, Sweden, would become a world-encircling fountain of youth, directly we wipe out all land by one grand breast-stroke of diplomacy!

And Abo, ancient seaport of Finland, offers a novelty in the unblushing commingling of the sexes, acquatically and uncladly. This "chaste indecency of childhood" could hardly be internationalized immediately as things now stand, although it may be said that bathing beach costumes in other climes have been tending gradually, of late years, toward the Finland frankness.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, all whose tender recollections go back in gratitude to the old swimming hole and its life-saving tutelage should give their hearts and the first two fingers of their right hands to this vote for a Natant Leak of Nations!

And all honor to the Beavers for inspiring this floating friendship of the world!

### New Libraries for Old

What wasted fervor for Sir Walter Scott in his "Ode to the Harp"—prelude of "Lady of the Lake"—to invoke the enchantress to "wake again."



"O Minstrel Harp, how long must thine accents sleep  
Midst rustling leaves and fountains murmuring."

All that is necessary is to get HARP on the Atwater Kent, and the stringed instrument that "mouldering long has hung on the witchelm that shades Saint Filian's Spring" can compete with any drawing-room conversation.

Othello, the Moor of Venice, having "put out the light, put out the light" of poor Desdemona's life with a pillow while she slept, detains the deputation that has come to take him for the crime, with a swan song that concludes with these lines:

"Set you down this:  
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog  
And smote him thus! (He dies.)"

All very well "in Aleppo once," but in Hamilton County, Ohio, Othello could omit both speech and self-destruction. All that is necessary is to plead temporary maniacal derangement and be committed to a sanitarium.

"Neither borrower nor lender be," said Polonius to Laertes. Where would industrial banks come in with relation to nine billion dollars' worth of installment buying if we did not have new libraries in exchange for old?

Pray, what would become of such household dialogues as this?—

"Anything to pay on the installment plan this week?"

"Not a thing."

"Nothing on the radio, vacuum cleaner, furniture, moving picture camera?"

"Not a cent."

"How much have we on hand from last week's wages?"

"Ten dollars."

"Let's go buy a car, then!"

The lovelorn Romeo, weary of breath and seeking suicide facilities, cried:

"I do remember an apothecary,—  
And hereabouts he dwells."

Nothing doing in an up-to-date drug-store in the way of poison purveying. As for radio parts, leather goods, latest fiction and cheese sandwiches—that's another matter.

And the new libraries have the answer to Hamlet's interrogation of poor Yorick's skull in the graveyard scene—

"Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

Just look over those dictaphone cylinders on the shelf labeled "Yorick's Gibes and Flashes" and you can hear them despite that grinning, empty skull. Then betake yourself to the movietones and there you have gambols, garnished with gibes and flashes, as roaring as life, distinctly audible and visible long before Gabriel's trump.

In "David's Lament Over Absalom," N. P. Willis makes the bereaved king to cry:

"But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come  
To meet me, Absalom!"

Willis, if still with the world he enchanted, would have to rewrite to conform to an era of canned accents. Through the mechanical reproduction of the magic disc and needle the rec-reant Absalom could come to speak to the father's broken heart again.

Surpassingly sweet of that champion speller in Whittier's "School Days" to say—

"I'm sorry I spelled that word:  
I didn't mean to go above you,  
Because, because—the brown eyes lowered—  
Because, you see, I love you!"

But that was before the daily newspapers featured the spelling contests; and first-page picture and flaring headlines were part of the award that it would take a heap of loving to forego in behalf of another.

For the purpose of comparison, perhaps we should give especial attention to the description of Annie Laurie:

“Her brow is like the snowdrift,  
Her throat is like the swan;  
Her face it is the fairest  
That e’er the sun shone on;  
That e’er the sun shone on,  
And dark blue is her e’e,  
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie  
I’ll lay me down and dee.”

That’s from the old library of song. Now for the new—the very latest. Not a case of “Berlin to Bagdad,” but “from Bobbie Burns to Berlin”:

“Here she comes—come on and meet  
A hundred fifty pounds of what is mighty sweet and it all belongs  
to me!  
Rosy cheeks and red-hot lips,  
And polished nails upon her fingertips  
And it all belongs to me!  
Those lips that I desire are like an electric wire,  
She kissed a tree last summer and she started a forest fire.  
I’m in love with what she’s got,  
And what she’s got she’s got an awful lot!  
And it all belongs to me!”

### Mr. Noad on Adless Day

He awoke in the morning when he chanced to. No Big Ben wrested him from Morpheus’ arms, for that would be alarming publicity.

No glorious sunlight flooded his chamber with dancing beams; no cock’s shrill clarion awoke the god of day; no glow-

worm showed the matin to be near; no wanton songster trilled a roundelay beneath his window—all day-breaking publicity being banned.

Nervously Noad went down to the table unsummoned, as the gong was tabooed. There was an ominous hush; even Snookems had cancelled her contract for matutinal prattle and loud wails for vitamines via the milky way.

The morning paper is missing, for this is adless day. Noad goes to call up the newstand and finds that more than ever he is forbidden to advertise his wants over the phone.

Tries the nearest signless newsstand, only to find that it cannot afford to deliver an adless print.

A plain clothes man (a cop without advertising in colors) whispers a tip that a bootleg paper can be procured for a quarter at the newspaper counting room, but Noad must not tell where he got the information.

Back to breakfast, Noad finds the cereal has gone with the serial, and he hikes over to a row of stores in the next block only to note that they are as indistinguishable as the houses the faithful servant chalked in the Forty Thieves—signs and placards having vanished.

Takes a chance on a shop that looks encouraging and finds he has invaded an undertaker's rooms.

Three doors further down the street he hits it right, but in the absence of wrappers the clerk isn't sure. Makes as good a guess as he can on an unlabelled carton.

When Noad gets back to his skimmed milk—no cream at top being permitted to proclaim the richness of the lacteal fluid—he finds that the grocer's boy had advertised his ignorance by giving him only food for reflection, lawn seed.

He grabs the phone to transmit the text of his state of mind, but the grocer's number is out for the day. He consults his watch to see how long he has been in misery, but no hour or minute hand reaches out to him from the dial, for that, on the face of it, would be advertising.

Next Noad gets the wrong street and the wrong car at the corner; the frieze of vacant spaces where the pictured appeals were wont to beam upon him from on high in the street car, now mourn with him publicity's passing.

The only way he can tell the name of a passing auto, the style of which strikes him, is to ask the man who owns it; but the owner puts his finger upon his lips and shakes his head solemnly.

Pity the plight of poor Noad! He is compelled to buy a movie ticket without knowing what the attraction is. Upon arriving at his office the boy brings in a fresh supply of unprinted stationery, as impersonal as a cafeteria toothpick.

All the doors of his office neighbors and all shop windows are just what he keeps remarking—blank! blank! blank!

Absence of calendars makes it impossible to tell the number of days till Christmas; the skies are non-committal, promising neither fair weather nor foul; as between hot and cold, the radiator stands neutral; the mercury in the thermometer is evidently having its day out.

"When my secretary arrives, personal advertising in all of its irresistible appeal will be restored," soliloquizes Noad. But when Miss Tayke Dycation appears her coquettish face is heavily veiled and the capital V has been put back in her shirt waist.

Noad informs her the day is dark and dreary enough without any more in memoriam stuff, and he calls up the evening paper to insert a liner for a less lugubrious assistant, when he is admonished to get wise to the fact that this is Adless Day in Noadville.

And out of the fervor of the contrite heart of an ultimate consumer he prays the Lord to take everything else, but leave publicity in all of its aforesaid plenitude, variety and indispensability.

Thus Mr. Absolutely Noad echoed the cry of the dying doubter, "More light! More light!" and by this sign he conceded that Publicity is the light that saves and serves.



## Ohio Society

All this laudation of your nativity is vital, I'm sure, but you have (with malice aforethought, probably) barely left time for a Michigan man to come "over the line." The situation is like unto that described by the country editor who informed his readers that his mother-in-law had been lying at death's door for three days and it was all a council of doctors could do to pull her through.

After attending upon the limpid flow of this prideful son's oratory tonight I have discovered that Ohio, short for Iroquois, describes a beautiful river of resistless discourse, for there is no beautiful river (as we understand the term in Michigan) in your area to warrant such terminology.

I have seen streams in Cleveland, Toledo and Cincinnati that require no artificial coloring to take on the hue of mock turtle soup and the waters of which could not be quaffed without being pounded.

No, it is Ohio—meaning the beautiful currents of elocution—that seems clear, even if the Maumee, the Ohio and the Cuyahoga are not.

Oil is found in limitless quantities in the Trenton limestone of the Silurian formations in your state, and at the roots of smooth and eloquent Ohio tongues; and fast flows the converse of your delightful spokesmen. In it I perceive none of that Western reserve that I have heard about as a part of your physical characteristics.

I can understand from the pitch of your praiseful speech here tonight, gentlemen, how Ohio happened to become the center of the air-sailing enthusiasm. Aviation seems indigenous to the abiding place of such soaring loyalty as yours.

"Mother of presidents?" Yes; but there are practical folks in Dayton, with thoughts centered in the air-sailing test at Washington, who declare that they would rather be Wright than President.

But while taking to yourself the credit for launching the aeroplane industry don't forget that it was Michigan ballast that kept the aviation undertaking from going too high into the air!

Do not misunderstand me. I am neither covetous nor peeved over Ohio's claims to distinction. But I arise, sir, under the weight of a solemn duty. It is an ancient jest, but as true as it is trite, that these after-dinner occasions are merely a revival of the Belshazzar system of lying at meals. Tonight we have seen eminent members of the clergy and the bar renewing their childhood and betraying your confidence in the gentle art of stringing Buckeyes.

What we want at these functions is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Gifted orators may, with their glittering generalities, bring a company of banqueters to their feet, but when the Mayor of New York said something resounding about an editor at a press banquet the other night, he brought at least one belligerent banqueter to the top of a table. When someone threw a brick into "Pat's" boudoir he exclaimed, "Will yez look at the Irish confetti!" The throwing of an occasional verbal brick at these after-dinner functions is a saving exercise, rescuing them from tutti-frutti inanition.

Therefore let me observe that the beloved Dean takes to himself too much credit for being born in Ohio. There is no particular glory attaching to a man's becoming a native of a state just because his parents were residents of the same commonwealth. Where's the initiative; the independence of such an imitative proceeding!

And so of all the other speakers and all of the other sons and daughters of Ohio that I see before me. You do not stand erect in your own mental independence. You do not do your own thinking. You are natives of Ohio because your parents chanced to reside there.

It is a melancholy spectacle of subservience in this glorious era of insurgency. Alas, that there are so few to come over the line of inherited selection and be progressives!

I recall that it was the prideful claim of one of your members, another of the clergy, that unto him a child had been born in every one of the three or four states in which he had served as pastor. He announced the advent of the Michigan branch of the family at a church dinner with the modest suggestion that he might in time become the father of his country. It became my happy privilege to congratulate him upon the geographical complexion of the parsonage, prophesying that in good time he would be able to look upon the national ensign with paternal enthusiasm and read his family record in the stars. And now he has moved to Rhode Island, the very center of the protective doctrine, where certainly the encouragement of infant industries shows no abatement.

### Pershing

Thirty-two years ago the corps of cadets at the United States Military Academy was reviewed by Gen. Phil Sheridan, the dashing cavalryman who came in from Winchester upon one occasion at a rate that would be the despair of a "safety first" league.

The charger that Little Phil mounted 20 miles away, came from Michigan. The steed was a distance-consuming precursor of the Detroit flivvers in which Gen. Joffre took his famous joy-ride to the Marne.

The rotund, sawed-off Sheridan was popular with the West Pointers. Someone asked him what was the funniest thing that happened in all his army career. He replied it was when a tall, raw-boned Irishman tried to subdue an army mule. In the course of her gyrations she got her foot in one of the stirrups. "That settles it," said Pat. "If you're going to get on, I'm going to get off."

At another time Little Phil took a hand in putting an awkward Celtic through squad drill—the same sort of ordeal our conscripted lads are now enduring heroically in all the cantonments.

"Bear in mind, Mike," said Sheridan, "you must put your heels together, stand erect, draw in your stomach, throw out your chest, grind back your shoulders, look neither to right nor left, up nor down, but cast your eyes 30 feet straight ahead."

"Must I do all that, General?" Mike inquired.

"Sure," said Gen. Sheridan.

"Well, then, good-bye, General," shouted Mike to his short-statured instructor. "I'll never see you again."

When the grey-coated gallants marched in review before Gen. Sheridan upon the parade ground at West Point, he saw a firm-jawed, well-set-up six-footer, steel-true and blade-straight, in charge of the cadet battalion.

He was a first-classman; from Missouri; and he had shown them, for he was captain of Co. A, the highest honor the corps has to bestow. He was older and more serious-minded than most of the members of the class of 1866, carried himself always like a soldier, the very incarnation of discipline and steadfastness.

It was a rare quip when someone put him on the program of the One Hundredth Night entertainment (100 nights before graduation) as giving a "tearful rendering of 'Take Back the Heart That Thou Gavest,'" for he wasn't that kind at all.

The fourth-classmen, the plebes or "conditional its," learned in their first summer camp that he was born to command, for he would beckon to them as they passed his tent, indicate the paucity of moisture in his water bucket and shout in a resonant tone of voice (as required by the book of tactics), "To the hydrant, march!" And they marched.

Cadet Captain of Co. A fulfilled the promise of his West Point career by his brilliant campaigns against the Indians of the southwest and by his subjugation of the murderous Moros in the Philippines, for which he was made a brigadier-general—President Roosevelt jumping him over the heads of hundreds of men his senior to bestow this distinction.

He showed how his soul was steeled for the disciplines and deprivations of life when he was recalled from the Mexican

border by the tragic fate of his wife and three children, burned to death in their quarters at the Presidio, San Francisco. He took only time enough from his duties at the border to go back and bury these cherished treasures of his heart and to provide for the only surviving little one at the home of his wife's parents in Wyoming, and then on duty again uncomplainingly for the country he has served so well.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance  
He did not wince or cry aloud.  
Beneath the bludgeonings of fate,  
His head was bloody, but unbowed."

One midsummer day in 1885, with storm clouds sweeping up the Hudson and the artillery of heaven vying with the West Point batteries as they boomed the general's salute, the battalion was ferried across the river to do honor to the foremost figure of the war of the rebellion, the Victor at Appomattox and its famous apple-tree, who had breathed his last at Mt. McGregor and was being borne to the place of sepulture at New York.

At that time there was still to be seen in the riding hall the mark of Cadet Grant's record jump in the saddle; and in his Memoirs with which he occupied himself in the closing months of his life he had frankly told the story of his academic tribulation in the statement that he would have been a high-ranking member at graduation if the class had been turned right around.

As the draped funeral train moved slowly past the station at Garrison's, the West Point battalion stood at attention and presented arms while the band played softly, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer." The scene was prophetic, although no one knew it then.

The cadet officer in command of this demonstration in honor of the departed leader of the victorious northern armies of the great Civil War, was destined to be the foremost figure of a greater military project 32 years later, leading the first expeditionary force to the western battle-front in Flanders—brave



Black Jack Pershing, worthy leader of our sacred adventure in the name of democracy!

### Piano Dealers

Mr. Assembler— The assembling has gone on here felicitously in the hands of the night-shift until the time has arrived for tuning up.

They tell me that after the frame has been set up and bridges, strings, keys, sharps and flats have gone into the internal mechanism of the piano, the expert with practiced ear and soul attuned to exquisite delicacy of expression takes the job in hand and puts the instrument in tune.

And yet, try he ever so laboriously, he can never bring forth a set of strings of absolute perfection of scale and resonance. Its notes, albeit undetectable by the human ear, will fall short of divine melody. These defects tend to overtones. This seems altogether familiar. We are all "a little lower than the angels."

An accompanist stopped short as the vocalist was trying her voice and finding it guilty. "What's the trouble?" she cried. "Trouble a-plenty," said the pianist, "I play on the whites and I play on the blacks and you sing on the cracks!"

Private converse and public discourse disclose the same tendency. Overstatements are much more common than understatements. When tuned to the finest standard of citizenship and patriotism, we reveal serious imperfections. We run to overtones. We forget the Scriptural injunction, "Let another praise thee and not thine own mouth."

We are not unacquainted with undertones. Witness the admonition upon the wall of the public library in Boston: "Only low conversation permitted here."

We use undertones in making our disclosures to the assessor; they are also characteristic of certain forms of corporate and political intercourse. They savor of the reply of the good sister to the parson who helped her on her journey with a ride in his gig. "I'm so much obliged to you," said the sister in alighting

at her destination in the gloaming. "Don't mention it," said the parson. "I won't," said the sister reassuringly.

Last fall we felt full surely, good easy souls, that we were setting up a tariff revision instrument. We put so much high patriotism into the mechanism that was to resound with the vibrations of tariff reform. Well, they're tuning up and down in Washington now, and all we hear is overtones. There is protection for pig iron, but none for the farmer. Guess he'll have to raise iron pigs.

For the tariff overtones emanating from the committee room at the Capitol are not only disturbing to the consumer, but discouraging to romantic literature. They have even now persisted in using overtones in advocating a tariff on feminine necessities till we have reached a point where the beautiful heroine is no longer able to doff a red skirt and flag the express train rushing on to certain doom. We have only to apply the everyday evidence of our own eyes to be in a position to lament the unpreparedness of our thinly-clad heroines for such an emergent moment.

You, gentlemen of the piano trade, have bravely pronounced against overtones in advertising. You do not want to be subject to the imputation of bad faith set forth in the fable of the advertising doctor who said to another advertising doctor, "How's business, Doc?" To which the quack replied, "Well, sir, since we began advertising all treatments positively free our receipts have just doubled."

You have declared, also, against the stencil evil—permitting a name that may stand for merit to be applied to a product of doubtful value. Well, if you have your quarrel just with this questionable practice in connection with four-legged products, of how much greater moment is the demand that certain insatiate interests be restrained from stencilling some of the two-legged "instruments of the people's will" that we send to the halls of legislation!

There is one more overtone in our national life that should

be mentioned; it is the overtone of materialism—making the commercial note so high-sounding that it drowns the finer harmonies of life, and produces such a feeling message as this in the case of an eastern concern whose traveling representative died suddenly in the far west: "Ship samples back by freight and search body for orders."

In holy writ it is set down, "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings." But commercial overtones have made it necessary to write a new epistle unto the hustlers: "Be not too diligent in business or you shall fall by the big stick."

Poor Richard's almanac stirred the slothful with such homely exhortation as this: "Drive thy business; let it not drive thee." The motto we need in this era of material or corporate overtones is: "Stop, look, listen; lest you be arrested for fast driving."

Other nations, more accomplished in the technique of rest, have both marvelled and made merry over our overtones. A French wit observed that the jewels our women wear are the perspiration upon the brows of their husbands crystallized. If you visit the fashionable resorts of the land you will find the American wives with their jewels and the American husbands with progressive paralysis.

And the end of all this accumulating passion, these overtones of possession? Perhaps it is suggested by a recent society note, wherein it was recorded that the happy couple, immediately after the ceremony, left for Wisconsin where the bride's father has a large fortune and diabetes!

### Fruit Preservers

You Chicago preservers are to be commended for your confidence in yourselves; or is it courage? I have looked upon jars of your own appetizing-looking jellies passing around the tables at this feast, and not a preserver has passed up his own preserves!

You set a better example than the boy at the church social, who refused the jam. "Nawthin' doin'," said he, "I work where they make it!"

You are braver than the innkeeper, to whom the disgusted guest had come with a complaint about the eggs. It seems the waitress had draped herself beguilingly over his shoulder and asked him if he would have eggs or tea. He replied in the affirmative. After he had opened an egg, she twittered: "Shall I open the other?" To which he made reply: "Nay—open a window!" So he took it up with the landlord.

"Why dost come to me—the hens laid 'em!" said the proprietor.

"But don't you own the place?" persisted the aggrieved patron.

"Sure I own the place," replied the boss, "but I don't eat here!"

With reference to the hen-fruit dispensed in that establishment the well-informed landlord made it a point to mind the "Amen" in the sense that the little sister used it when she saw Tommy reaching for the marmalade on the top shelf. "Amen!" she shouted.

"What you mean by Amen?" asked the bad boy.

"That means 'so let it be!'" sister explained.

But Tommy refused his sister's warning. That night he saw his father examining some stains on the pantry doorpost. "Jus' my luck," he muttered, "to be born into the family of a fingerprint expert!"

There was a time when we could not eat our fruit in the good old summertime and have it, too; but now we can! we can! What boundless joy it gave the country parson to receive a sample of Sister Simpkins' canned peaches, which, if the truth must be told, had taken on an alcoholic content in excess of the Volsteadian limit.

"We thank thee for the evidence of thy housewifely skill in

putting up the golden fruit," wrote the sky-pilot, "but even more for the spirits in which the gift was sent!"

Preserving has taken a wide range. It has given us canned tomatoes in the winter time and canned speeches at any old time. Humanity dictates, however, that the former should be uncanned before being hurled at the latter.

After-dinner occasions like this are not so different from the wonderful exhibit of mechanical devices that you are showing in connection with your annual convention. You have syruping and scalding processes, and so do post-prandial affairs.

A speaker was irritated recently by the braying of a jackass just outside of the hall. He turned to the chairman and said: "They say that nuisance can be stopped by tying a stone to the pest's tail."

"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!" said the chairman, gravely.

"You will now have the privilege of listening to the 'Young Cyclone of the Northwest,' " announced Dr. Depew in presenting Dr. Vincent, then President of the University of Minnesota.

"I appreciate the designation by the foremost wind authority of the East!" began Dr. Vincent.

National Preservers and Chicago Preservers are significant names. Some critics would have us believe both are being preserved in alcohol. They intimate too many of our best citizens are experiencing the ecstasy of the Scotch Presbyterian whose guest on a cold night served him with a glass of milk to which had been added three fingers of a forbidden stimulant.

The disciple of John Knox smacked his lips and cried: "God bless that cow!"

Chicago is not obsessed with foolish pride in the race for city supremacy. It will "take water" any time if it finds it advantageous to do so. Those of us from other points on the Great Lakes hope the "I Will" port will grow in the industry here represented until the water level is preserved for all time.



Among other developments in your line are the almost human labeling machines. With what accuracy and speed they do their chromatic work on cans and bottles. If the Beauty Shop that served a male patron for baldness had been as unerring in reading the labels a sad misadventure would have been averted.

After a few scalp treatments the patient went to the proprietor showing immense swellings all over his head. There was an immediate investigation. Upon the jar from which the hair-restorer was supposed to have been taken was a label plain enough for the blind to read: "Bust Developer."

### Prisoners

A word in closing to you men who cannot go home when I do:

I want to express to you my appreciation of the way you have received me. The man on the platform gets two views of his hearers. For a while he sees their faces, which, if not receptive or responsive, are generally respectful. Only now and then does an audience conduct itself after the manner described by the spellbinder who insisted that his speech was a big success but that the nincompoop who preceded him disgusted the audience so that it kept on hissing long after he had started.

Then, for a trice, the speaker sees the backs of his auditors as, departing, they leave behind them a fellow creature wondering if he has helped or hurt; whether he has brought forth anything to repay the listeners for their time and attention.

Sometimes an estimate of the discourse is heard in transit, as when a man in the rear of the house yelled "Louder" and the speaker inquired: "Can you hear me back there?" "Not a word," was the reply. A sufferer half way up the middle aisle turned around and shouted: "Be quiet, you lucky cuss."

But those who listen must not think the speaker himself does not review the evening's effort. The act of delivery has gone deeper into the convolutions of his grey matter than getting ready did, so, in reality, he makes three addresses—the one he

thinks he is going to give, the one he really gives and the one he recalls that he might have given when he is going home after it is all over. It has been known to happen that the speaker feels worse over the speech than the audience did. This was true of Lincoln's immortal address at Gettysburg. His words seemed so commonplace compared with the brilliant oration that preceded it, that he felt he had failed.

During my remarks to you I have been comparing your behavior with that of other audiences I have addressed, and the comparison is to your credit. I knew at the start that I would not have any such exciting time as the agitator who was asked if he had his audience with him and replied that he had it with him for three blocks, but was successful in leaving them in the fourth block.

I presume that discipline has had something to do with the perfect order that has prevailed—albeit the speech is not in your sentence. I am happy that it was not one of you that I had to quell upon a certain occasion with a paraphrasing of the lines :

“Oh, for a touch of a vanished brand,  
And a sound of a voice from the still.”

Dr. Vincent becalmed a bunch of highbrows who took umbrage at his breezy persiflage, by pausing to remark: “All I can do is to spread the truth on the ground where it is equally accessible to giraffes and jackasses.” And it was another alert advocate who stopped, when someone hissed, and exclaimed: “Will the janitor look to the radiators? It's getting too hot in here for somebody.”

At the conclusion of my remarks, I will be the only one to leave. It is yours to pass to the silence and the loneliness of your cells, but, if called strictly to account for the thoughts we have harbored and the desires we have secretly entertained, but which we have been restrained from acting upon by the angels of our better natures, how many us on the outside would be making our beds tonight with the detected and condemned. A propitious star that has shone above us and enabled us to resist temptation

should not lead us to be unduly inflated in our own credit, but to cry with Wesley when he saw a felon being borne to the gallows: "There but for the grace of God go I."

Let me tell you men that if any one of many of my own boyhood escapades had been looked upon by stern law as more than mischievousness from young animal spirits—making it necessary to lock me up—I think I know what I would do to make the best of my loss of liberty:

To begin with, I would make of banishment a re-birth. I would say to myself, "You have made a mess of life; here's where you make a fresh start, like the absent-minded drawing professor who came out of the class room to take a hansom cab for the station, and seeing a sorry-looking animal in the thrills, spavined and boney, cried: 'Dear me, rub it all out and do it over again.' We all need to do it all over again. We all make fresh starts at New Years' and on our anniversaries. In some respects isolation makes for a more impressive and promising turning over of a new leaf."

Put away, I would ponder upon the advantages of seclusion, granting escape as it does from extortionate landlords, high taxes, excessive cost of living, bad weather, crowded streets, slaughterous automobiles, irregular meals, late hours, harmful habits, bill collectors, long visits from distant relatives. I would reflect that many men outside the grey walls, most of them, in fact, are prisoners, serving self-imposed sentences, bound to their tasks by driving necessity or enslaving ambition or enthusiasm. They, also, never see how they can get away.

I realize that it is a serious offense to help the imprisoned to escape, but I am going to take a chance on telling you that in my look through this place preceding my lecture, I found a sure way of getting out. It is in the library. No one can keep the mind behind bars. It can scale the highest walls. Every unoccupied moment I would avail myself of this mental reprieve.

John Bunyan employed his long stay in durance vile to produce an allegory that ranks with the Bible and Shakespeare as a

piece of literature. O. Henry came back to liberty to put himself at the forefront of short story writers. Our country has numbers of men who have redeemed themselves gloriously from lapses of their earlier lives.

This audience is not to adjourn, but it can heed and take hope.

### Purchasing Agents

Nothing could do you more credit than the order you have placed for the goods I am about to deliver. There is no question of quality involved. I will do my best to satisfy you as to quantity. Delivery is another important point. A speaker took his hearers into his confidence and told them he had developed his articulation by adopting the Demosthenes method of speaking with his mouth full of pebbles. "Thought you used concrete!" cried a paid admission in the back of the hall.

No danger of getting you confused with the shunned people in the halitosis ads. Everybody seeks you out. Very different from the dear young woman who confessed that she had taken two cases of Listerine before she decided she was naturally unpopular. You purchasers are inescapably popular.

You enjoy an advantage. Under the operation of the law of supply and demand, you represent demand. Ikestein complained of the abusive treatment he had received from a customer. "Why didn't you clean up on the blackguard there and then?" asked his partner. "How could I?" came back Ikestein, "when I hadn't sold him yet?"

"Isn't that an Israelite over there by the door?" asked the Grand Kleagle at a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan. "Get to him at once and find out what he is doing in this secret meeting!" A hooded bouncer confronted the trespasser. "Your business here, interloper?" he cried. "I vant to see der man that puyts der vHITE goots!" explained Levi. Everybody runs after the purchasing agent.

It is a wise procedure, born no doubt of costly and painful experience, to put the purchasing in the hands of dependable

experts. "You remember that horse I offered you last week for \$100, and you turned it down cold; said it was windbroken and spavined and fit only for the glue factory? Well, you may be interested to know that I sold that very same horse for \$300!" said a young man to a horse-fancier. "Who in the world did you sell that bag of bones to for that money?" asked the horseman. "To mother!" the seller replied triumphantly. Mother needed a purchasing agent.

But the two partners who went to Canada for a large invoice of jewelry for the Christmas trade didn't need a purchasing agent. One of the buyers gave his note for 30 days, another for 60 days, and the two gave a third joint note for 90 days. Then they sought to get the purchase across the border in a coffin. The conductor came along. "Your relative in the box up there?" he asked. "Yes, our uncle," one of the partners made answer. "Where's your baggage?" "Vell, uncle passed away so suddenly ve hat no chance to get ready for der sad journey." "Well, then, where's all the mourners?" "O, dey'll be along in 30 days and 60 days and 90 days!"

This being the era of intensive salesmanship instruction, it behooves purchasers to take a few lessons in self-defense. It must have been a graduate of a school of purchasing that asked the coal dealer who said "take those cars on the track at your own price!" if that was the best he could do.

Great responsibility attaches to the job of purchasing. Pestilential plays, rotten books, illicit booze, pornographic newspapers are all charged to the buyer. "We are giving the people what they want," plead the sellers in extenuation for the tainted dollars they are taking in. What anguish they must suffer in catering to the depraved tastes of their customers.

Demand offers no defense for dealing in the contraband or the carnal. But purchasers might spring a neat trick on the purveyors of filth and fraud by notifying them that they are no longer in the market for merchandise that smells to heaven. Let them sell exclusively to morons.



The parson got on the matter of purchasing technique at the Thanksgiving dinner. "Might I ask, Sambo, how much a fine bird like this cost?" "Dat bird, pahson, costs jes' one night's sleep!" answered the host.

Decline of the demand for questionable commodities would cost the shady merchandisers several nights' sleep.

### Realtors

We offer you discerning gentlemen choice holdings in the new superdivision, "Castles In the Air," a high-class proposition, romantically laid out on either side of Empyrean Boulevard, selected for the transcontinental and intramural air-traffic already referred to.

This highway has been twice widened already in the surveys, as the certainty of congestion has been realized. Schroder, who went up 30,000 feet some time ago, said he did not get beyond additions to the "Castles In the Air" superdivision already staked out.

As this superdivision was secured in answer to prayer from the Original Owner, we are authorized to let all presidents of realty boards, national, state and local, come in on the ground floor—or whatever the phrase may be.

What we are placing at your disposal are re-sales. Investors fairly flew over the ground to grab up the locations in advance of announcement. We tried to dissuade them by telling them the novel enterprise was without foundation; but they would not be denied.

It is because a number have dropped out that we come to you at this tender moment of farewells, to let you in on the only possibility of getting you within the mile circle and affording you the only justification you will ever have for looking down on our fair city.

Fact of the matter is if you wish to take a flyer in Detroit realty, it will have to be in a superdivision and not in a subdivision, in vacancy celestial rather than in vacancy terrestrial.

There is no more mundane frontage to be had for love or money.

Multiply the square feet occupied by the average car by the total number of cars and you find that the area of Detroit Avenues is completely taken up by cars. "Get off the earth!" was once an execration. It is now a necessity.

"Castles In the Air" is the superdivision of your dreams. This superb location, far from earthborn hubbub, pollution and congestion, was really discovered by accident.

Your speaker was up there looking for an ideal daily he once conducted in collaboration with many public-spirited realtors when he chanced upon the future site of "Castles In the Air."

Go up tomorrow without fail and pick out your location. Bernard Shaw says he is convinced that the Almighty is using this earth for a madhouse for all the other planets. Why take a chance of being a neighbor to nuts?

The founders of this lofty adventure in "the city beautiful" have provided just what Emerson had in mind when a Seventh Day Adventist told him he was convinced the end of the world was at hand. "Very well," said the philosopher, "we'll get along without it."

Whatever overtakes the world, earthquake or internal fires, you are secure in "Castles In the Air." Fronting on the superhighway of the empyrean, the best of transportation is assured. Heat, light and power from the sun; refrigeration from the altitude; first chance at the washed air. Let those below relaudry it, if that is necessary.

You are only 580,000,000 miles from the sun in this new superdivision and a matter of 34,000,000 miles from Mars—next-door neighbors practically. Heaven is only one joy-ride distant. The lower regions are comfortably remote.

Everything is restricted by contract and the laws of gravitation. You remember the family that did not have to go abroad every summer because they were on a party line. Well, all lines

of radiocasted conversation and concerts pass through "Castles In the Air."

No chance to get lonesome. Someone always dropping in. Why remain "dull, slumbering on earth" when you can get up in the world? Here you have another Jacob's Ladder reaching the realm of bliss. What the venturesome climb the Himalayas for or lose their lives to achieve in the snowy crags of the Matterhorn, may be enjoyed without hardship all the year round in "Castles In the Air."

Buy now and buy where Detroit is bound to grow—above. Build now, for construction on "Castles In the Air" is comparatively inexpensive. We stand at the threshold of the aerial epoch. Easy payments. Nothing down.

Ah, that's what has been bothering you. I can see that. How much down and how soon? Don't let the imagined insubstantiality of this superdivision worry you. That has all been provided for.

We are inviting you to a higher life—to a location occupied this moment by the purest hopes and aspirations of the human family, the outreachings of the faithful, the upward-winged longings of the bereft, the unfulfilled daydreams of the children of men.

Even Detroit's appreciation of the guests now within her gates is high enough to be up there somewhere. So don't fail to go up before you turn your faces homeward.

Following the conclusion of the official program, proceed to any one of the several Detroit airports, take Scout airplane lettered in skyblue, "Castles In the Air," disembark a little beyond the twelve-mile limit for refreshments.

All-metal dirigibles made of duraluminum and carrying helium content—product of the Detroit Aircraft Development Corporation, will then convey you to where you will behold two highly emblazoned grand entrances, all lit up. Arched over these imposing portals, looking not unlike the entrance to the Jasper

City, will be the words, "Castles In the Air," against a background of nebulous, bubbly effect.

Here you have refreshments again while winged agents for the property smite their harpsichords in the joyous acclamation—

This is the place I long have sought,  
And mourned because I found it not.

Then pass through the first of the illuminated grand entrances that you will see. The second isn't there. Step lightheartedly upon the air, securely upborne by the wonderful Hertzian waves, and then—

"GOOD NIGHT!"

### Relief Worker

The paramount issue at these social functions is not how much one can stand, but where one is going to sit. To the speaker there is one thing more important than his place at the table; that is his place on a long program. There was the harlequin who performed in a tent show that paid off alphabetically. His name was ZeZe. Sometimes the receipts were not sufficient to take care of ZeZe, much to his discomfiture, for he needed the money. They were all signing up for the next season when the acrobat entered the manager's office. "Good morning, ZeZe," said the chief breezily. "ZeZe nothing," said harlequin, "my name is Ajax."

Then there was the searching question of the customer at the lunch counter who had just surrounded the hardboiled eggs: "How d'ye think that fried chicken there would set on them eggs?" "All right," said the waitress, encouragingly, "set on 'em all last week." Not where the guest of honor sits tonight concerns us, but how does this series of psychoanalyzings set on the unassuming soul of the guest of honor?

Here gather those whose balances on hand have been visibly affected in behalf of the world's miserables, by this guest. He has helped rebuild fallen walls by getting over the walls of the wealthy. He has put the dispossessed in war-torn countries upon the land by landing upon the prosperous in the United States.

It is time to vary the testimony a bit by a word from myself as an ex-publisher who has taken money away from our guest as a supporter of a newspaper with ideals. That was no fable—the story of the burglar who broke into an editor's house and after a desperate struggle the editor succeeded in robbing him. So quiet, ye contributive! Make room for the receptive!

As one who has reversed the guest of honor's system of abstraction, I beg to explain that I, too, was only a humble medium of speeding the money upon its mission of humanity. Silver and gold have I none. In justice to him whom you honor as the world's foremost money raiser, I should explain that this condition antedated my meeting up with him.

And what with the unemployment situation becoming more acute, and the law of supply and demand being rigidly enforced, things have not been looking up in the literary market. President Coolidge and I both were doing very well in 1928, and as long as the President came in on the same basis as the rest of us, a dollar a word, there was no cause for complaint. Bright men once shunned the Presidency of the United States as a place that had no future, but in Mr. Coolidge's case the paths of glory have led but to *The Ladies' Home Journal*. There is no cause for complaint, but when he lugs in statistics for which he already has been compensated by the nation, a grave question of literary ethics arises. Personally we propose to take no action until he adds a couple of stammering characters to his copy.

I am with you tonight from Detroit, his old home, to introduce the guest of honor to you of New York, his new home. Michigan has made helpful response in the past to Manhattan's Macedonian cry. We sent you Ingersoll to keep your time, Smith to keep the New York Central running, Ring Lardner to keep



the parts of speech dismembered, Copeland to keep your health and Durant to keep the Eighteenth Amendment.

It is an awesome thing to have the traffic of a great city hushed for a brief space in memory of the passing of a political or industrial leader. Michigan's foremost motorized product receives that homage at every intersection of New York's teeming thoroughfares every minute of the day. And in upper Broadway night is turned into day by luminous motor names that so shine before men that they may see Detroit's vast works.

But to him that hath shall be given. Now we bequeath to you the indefatigable, the dynamic subject of these remarks. Back in Motorville they think he has come here to be the American Ambassador to Gotham, where we have been without representation since you left the Union a few years ago.

What you need from us in Michigan, as suggested by the election returns in 1928, is one of our competent highway engineers to keep the direct road from Albany to the White House in better repair.

Ephraim and Dinah appeared before a judge in Alabama, accompanied by a group of pickaninnies, seeking a marriage license. "Whose children are these?" asked the judge. "Dey is all ours, jedge, eb'ry blessed one of 'em," said Ephraim. "Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, applying for authority to wed, with a full-grown family on your hands?" asked the magistrate, sternly. "Well, jedge, Ah'll explain the situation to yuh. We tried to git in befo', but de roads was so bad we couldn't make it." That defective roadway between Albany and Washington is delaying the union of the Democratic dries and wets.

The cynicism of the big city has produced a fable of the man of affairs who separated himself from his community for a considerable space and when he returned to receive the expected welcome, found that half of the people didn't know him and the other half did not know that he had been away. This is not true of the strong, buoyant man—a born builder whom Detroit regretfully relinquishes to the first city tonight. Both a doer and

proclaimer of the word, he has the power to make himself felt wherever he goes. "What I am speaks so loudly," said a sage; "what I say is of little account." Both what this guest of honor is and what he says out of his passion for impelling others to unselfish and noble accomplishment, explain the far reach of his influence.

The enterprises that he built up in Michigan will miss him, but regret is somewhat mitigated by the fact that substitutes are rapidly taking the place of the commodities of coal and ice in which he dealt. One woman who started the cooking of her dinner from her place at a bridge club, by pressing a button, found this out to her dismay. The wires became crossed and when she reached home the cook stove was encased in ice and the refrigerator had burned up.

But we again are reminded that the introduction of modern and labor-saving devices does not necessarily mean the throwing of competent men out of work. It may throw them into a bank. No one knows what a day or an hour may bring forth. There was Jesse James. He planned to go through college, but changed his mind and went through a bank. Bill Nye used to tell how he thought out the leaders for the Laramie Boomerang by tipping far back in the editorial chair and pressing the heel of his right foot against the wall. One night he withdrew his heel after a particularly forceful editorial on "Whither Are We Drifting?" and a stream of gold dollars trickled into the sanctum. So powerful had been his cerebations he had bored into the First National Bank! Once the guest of honor here had put his foot down and his shoulder to the wheel in a drive for charity, a stream of gold came gushing in.

The revelations at this board, this auspicious night, have confirmed all that has been whispered of the guest. The pure gold of "Go ye into all the world with healing in your wings" has been cornered. The hegemony is here in all its potentiality—the hegemony of kind hearts, which are more than coronets.

### Reserve Officers

We are mobilized at this festal board in the spirit of the desperate command in the moment of crisis: "Bring up the reserves!"

I doubt not every shoulderstraps present or accounted for stands firm in the faith of the patriot whose name admitted of a variety of pronunciations:

"I don't care what they call me, 's long as they call me for dinner!"

You are of the-old-guard-may-die-but-it-never-disbands persuasion. Quite different in spirit and practice from the colored infantrymen of retiring disposition, who met at a safe distance in the rear of the first engagement and solemnly resolved: "Dat dis bloody war do now adjourn sine quinine."

It is not characteristic of the Reserve Officers to "go forth to battle and to come back first." It is yours to have ready that skeletonized third line that is the hope of the nation in a stubborn test of its fighting quality.

Pat had the same zeal when Mike and himself, crawling through No-Man's Land, came upon eight sleeping Germans in a trench.

"Let's give 'em the bayonet wan by wan!" whispered Mike.

"Hell, no!" muttered Pat. "Let's wake up the devils and fight 'em!"

When the Armistice was declared you recall that it kept the morale department busy devising ways and means of impressing the troops still in the training camps that punishment and stigma were in store for all absent-without-leavers. They sent for me to come to Camp Custer and steady the 14th Division that showed unmistakable signs of shifting to Subtraction.

I responded to my country's call and kept the vocal artillery going all day as the restless reserves came and went, three thousand at a time, 21,000 in all. The only time I was ever confronted by more people in a single day was when the creditors

of my newspapers began to learn that there was no demand for an anti-septic sheet in Detroit. Individual drinking cups and paper towels and napkins were as far as hygiene had gone in that city.

But as the last audience was moving out along toward dusk, one doughboy growled to another: "Th' horrors of war are still upon us, all right."

Let us keep that in mind with this long program tonight, comprising Reserve Officers and reserve orators. Let us see eye to eye, let us greet heart to heart, let Reserves speak with reserve.

The gallant colonel who directs the Reserve Officers' organization activities in this army corps area, and who has spoken so inspiringly, is not to be confused with that officer who was exasperated by the frequency with which snipers' bullets were peppering in his vicinity. He wanted to know why the enemy sharpshooters were not taken care of. Some of the best shots in the command got busy, located the tree whence the bullets were coming in an altogether too personal way, and let the snipers have it. As one of them came tumbling from the branches, the sergeant in charge of the squad of marksmen shouted:

"Take that, will yez, fer missing our Colonel!"

It is encouraging to find a fellow-Congregationalist on the program tonight. Our Episcopalian commander-in-chief gave us an Episcopalian chaplain-in-chief over in France, and following the invocation by an Episcopalian rector we find ourselves edified by a response to a toast by an Episcopalian bishop. All this suggested that we were to fight as a denominational entity and not be fed into other faiths.

But it is hard to go far without at least chemical traces of Congregationalism, sometimes enviously characterized as "retired Christians."

This Congregational dominie did outstanding work with the Y.M.C.A. over there. The only disappointment coming out of

his overseas service is a penchant for getting back there at every opportunity. His congregation gets glimpses of him between foreign tours. They are in the distressing predicament of Dinah, who said between her husband Mose and the furnace she had no peace of mind at all. "Whenebber I turns to look at one de other goes out."

It was sweetly fetching for the fair Regent of the D.A.R. to say that when it comes to speaking her place is behind the door; but what does this sky-pilot mean by saying that it is the same with him? He'd rather be behind the door with his charming seat-mate on this platform.

### Retort Instant

The most relishable evenings for jaded diners are where the tables are set on a roar by the provocative thrusts, the play of wits, the fables and the persiflage of the hour.

It is choice fun manufactured on the premises; or time-tried articulator accessories brought in and made to fit in plain view of the audience.

Such was Bob Burdette's comeback when Joseph H. Choate asked the company if it did not strike them as incongruous for a humorist to stand before them laughing at his own humor? "Isn't it more droll," queried Burdette, "to look upon a great lawyer standing before you with his hands in his own pockets?"

Then there was the oft-quoted colloquy between DePew and Choate, the later having complained of the development of after-dinner speaking into a veritable automatic process, a nickel-in-the-slot mechanism. "You put in a dinner and a speech comes up."

"Yes, and sometimes you put down a speech and a dinner comes up!" added Chauncey.

"Well," philosophized Choate, "it is better to have lunched and lost than not to have lunched at all."

Dr. George E. Vincent, president of the Rockefeller Founda-



tion, known for his rapid-fire enunciation, was presented by Depew when he was president of the University of Minnesota, as the "Young Cyclone of the Northwest."

"I appreciate the designation by the foremost wind authority of the East," said the Doctor.

"When I came into this banquet hall," said Elbert Hubbard in Boston in 1911, "I looked at John Kendrick Bangs and Bangs looked at me, and then we laughed, for we are on to each other!"

Bangs, in quest of a subject, said he was minded at first to speak about Hubbard, but he did not care to usurp Hubbard's prerogatives.

Raymond B. Fosdick's luxuriant shock of hair dazzled a chairman who introduced him in connection with his activities in the training camps during the war. Probably it was because his own head was quite guiltless of hirsute adornment.

"This is the first time I ever had the privilege of presenting a speaker whose hair is crocheted," he began.

Fosdick said it was a novel experience for him, also. He had "never before been introduced by a chairman whose hair was (k)nit."

The late Tom Marshall, always irresistible upon after-dinner occasions, paid his respects to a loquacious toastmaster in these words:

"This presiding genius of ours likes to talk so well and so long that, if he were a ventriloquist, he would never give the dummy the answer."

These retorts, instant and courteous, are wonderfully stimulating to listeners—more humanly inspiring than the piquant dialogues of book or play. They are instances of trained minds being an ever-present help in time of need. The gift of repartee, inborn as it must be for the most part, is capable of taking on sparkle through concentration and contact. Therein the high service of the keen mentality that precedes a witty speaker on the program.

The use of anecdote or quip, that have tucked themselves in

the pigeon-holes of the memory, to be called into service when a key-word is sounded, is a different sort of after-dinner gift or device ; although it may be found in combination with the mental nimbleness that is right at hand to turn away ridicule from one's self.

An illustration of how an old story comes back to save the day for a speaker comes out of my own experience. I had begun to address a gathering of Ohio editors at Springfield, speaking from one of the tables spread in the Masonic Hall when there were cries of "platform ! platform !"

So I went to the stage, just vacated by the orchestra, which had adjourned for dinner, leaving their instruments in the center of the stage. I resumed by repeating what I had started to say "when I was called higher," and presented the arguments in favor of the rejection of questionable medical and investment advertising.

When I had finished the chairman said they had listened to a rather advanced doctrine for the country newspapers that required all the revenues they were getting ; but he had no doubt the speaker would be glad to answer any question on the subject of advertising ethics.

Away at the rear a waggish country editor said he had a question. "If the speaker who had given them this hifalutin gospel on clean journalism had been called higher, as he put it, and had finally got down to earth again, why did he leave his harp behind?"

The harp in the center of the stage gave point to this sally, which created a hearty laugh. I told the chairman I would be happy to enlighten the brother at the back of the hall. It was just a detail of orchestral arrangement, I reported—the harp in front and the tuneful lyre in the rear.

This left clean advertising and its exponent in better standing, judging by the merriment it created, than they would have been if the Lord had not been good to me at a critical moment.

As I took the train for home, even the questioner came up to say cordially: "It's all right, brother—that was coming to me!"

What helped me out were two words in a yarn that I had heard years before: "A wife was asked to sing something at an evening function. She went to the piano and began to render 'I'll strike again my tuneful lyre.' Her husband was observed edging toward the exit, muttering: 'I'll be darned if you will! You can larrup me at home, but not in public!'"

Harping on that harp had sent a message to the brain cell where the tuneful lyre had remained hushed all those years.

Something like this happened when the late Mayor Gaynor told the editors of the nations at a dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria that the less he said about them the better it would be—for them. He had issued an order to the public works commissioner two weeks before to arrest anyone found throwing a newspaper in the gutter, but upon reflection he had decided that that's all they were good for!

Not a very complimentary greeting for the opinion-moulders. The mayor's mood was so ruffled and petulant—he had several quarrels with the press—I contrasted it at once with the doctrine of his favorite philosopher, Epictetus, who admonishes all to "abstain and suffer."

So I said, in following the mayor, that when he came to considering the newspapers and their makers he "was about as serene as a man with a wooden leg having a fit on a tin roof."

The simile was not mine. I had heard or read it somewhere, and it had stuck around for the right occasion.

### Rotary

Rotary is a twentieth century conveyor for taking cathedraled religion from within stone walls and carrying it down town. At birth it helped itself to the best name and the best mission that remained unappropriated at the time.

Rotary is the form of motion that makes day follow night, that brings about the orderly succession of the seasons, that records time's flight upon the face of the clock.

Oscillation, vibration, translation have their places in mechanics; but they cannot hold a candle to the Rotary process in production, transportation and progress.

Before the Rotary printing press came, the flat-bed press prevailed. Before the Rotary Club came to foster the amenities among business and professional men, sociability at the noon-tide and the tongue-tied quarter of an hour for bologna and crackers, was flat.

With the ring it has shared the most significant symbol of continuity and constancy, the most compelling sign since Constantine beheld the flaming Cross in the sky. The wheel represents the "process of the suns," the circuits of the spheres, the flight of trains, the generation of power, the development of industry.

It was a favorite figure with sacred writers: "O my God, make them like a wheel!" . . . "Or the wheel broken at the cistern." . . . "Or their wheels like a whirlwind." . . . "Then I went down to the potter's house and behold he wrought a work on the wheel."

As an emblem the wheel belongs peculiarly to the three decades that have produced thirty-five millions of automobiles, foretold in Nahum: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one another in the broader ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Rotary has another meaning that accounts for its amazing growth. It signifies change by alternation. It accelerates business by its boost-one-another implication, and then it induces forgetfulness of business through its creed, its camaraderie, its civic undertakings.

More business; better business; the other fellow's business! Then in rotation, big brothers to boys in need, relief for crippled children, good cheer talk for hard times, and so on.

Rotary substitutes worth-while rotations for what Young in his "Night Thoughts" called the "vain rotations of the day":

"Man's rich restorative ! his balmy bath,  
That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play,  
The various movements of the nice machine,  
Which asks such frequent periods of repair."

It was quite inevitable that Rotarianism, like the morning drumbeats of Britannia, should follow the sun's rising around the world. It has heard the Divine command, re-stated in modern terms: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel of calling one another by their first names, to every people!"

There is no tri-partite agreement for disarmament like one bearing the signature of Tom, Dick and Harry. Rotary's League of Christian names is splendidly auxiliary to the League of Nations. "Who Serves Most Profits Most" is a world-encircling pronouncement that is helping to sheathe the sword throughout Christendom.

It is a sentiment making for the covenanted friendship of the world that is in the hearts and on the lips of 140,000 Rotarians in 44 countries.

The first-name informality is not always so easy for woman-kind to emulate. A society matron said to the new chauffeur: "We do not favor addressing our servants by their first names. What is your last name?"

"Darling, madam."

"Home, James!"

Rotary's dedication to the common good without regard for personal aggrandizement goes deeper than the form of unselfishness expressed in the maiden's prayer: "O Lord, I ask nothing for myself, but will you please send dear mother a son-in-law!"

When Lord Tennyson and Dr. van Dyke parted after a visit that had been warming to the hearts of two knightly souls, they exchanged photographs. Dr. van Dyke asked the Poet Lau-



reate to inscribe upon the back of his picture the lines he would have live if all else were effaced and forgotten. Lord Tennyson handed back the photograph with the lines from "Locksley Hall" penned thereon:

"Love took up the harp of life, smote upon all the chords with might,  
Smote the string of self, which trembling passed in music out of sight."

In smiting the chord of self into vanishment Rotary has given the down-town district a soul-lifting note heard above its badinage and rollicking songs.

It seems altogether fitting that the membership should always include a clergyman, not only for its essentially spiritual objectives, but for the joy it must give the shepherd of a flock to see the Rotarian brethren step up and stand a fine for ineptness or non-attendance. By that system church financing would be wonderfully facilitated.

### Rubber Association

You representatives of rubber and tire, I take it, are lineal descendants of the lamented Nineveh and Tyre, feelingly alluded to by Kipling in his "Recessional."

You were really the four—count them!—runners of this wondrous automotive age. You have always been closer to the good roads movement than the motor car magnates. You got in on the ground floor of this development.

Logically the rubber feast comes first in the schedule of Auto Show Week because your billion dollar industry came first. Well may the Automotive Alphonse bow low and murmur, "After you, my dear Vulcanized Gaston!"

When the widened use of wild rubber made it too costly and too deadly to brave the South American jungles for the magic latex, stretchable sap of the rubber tree, your industry established plantations. That was only half a century ago.

But when the rapidly increasing production of the planta-

tions required greater consumption you resourceful rubber folks caused to be invented a vehicle that substituted your stuff for horse-shoes. And that's the story of the genesis of the whiz-wagon.

Incidentally the horseless carriage line that you fostered as a sort of subsidiary has come along, too. But whatever its boasted annual output, it can never catch up with the production of the parent industry.

When an American drover told a Britisher there were just 1118 sheep in a flock that rushed by, the visitor exclaimed: "My word, 'ow do you h'ever compute so rapidly?"

"Very simple," said the shepherd. "I just count their legs and divide the total by four."

Take the total number of cars in the country—say 25,000,000—and multiply them by four and you get the symbol of numerical supremacy of a product that began with the bouncing black balls of the Indian children four centuries ago. This is not to be confused with the little black ball used for bouncing palefaces from clubs and lodges.

All you rubber kings need to do now is to saturate your products in the limpid phraseology of the current automobile announcements. Here is a paragraph on non-skidding after it comes out of this verbiage bath:

"Our nerve-soothing Non-Skids take you over treacherous spaces with a mild and gentle sympathy that steals away their terrors 'ere you are aware. Every bump is like the benediction that follows after prayer. The colored brother who remarked as a flivver whizzed by, 'Nebber in one ob dem things but onct, an' then Ah didn't let all ob my heft down!' had no conception of the languorous, yielding sensation imparted by our form-fitting cushions stuffed with the down from the skin of peaches."

Your publicity experts should get busy and dispel misconceptions, if for no other reason. When someone asked a neighbor if he had balloon tires, he replied: "Nix—haven't even got a balloon."

It was your literary lameness that was responsible for an old lady exclaiming, as she reached the deck of the Leviathan and saw the lifeboats and life-preservers: "Mercy me, why do they carry so many spare tires?"

What are you doing to bring out the pathological value of your ozone-filled casings? A Californian wired his invalid sister in Maine to take the first train for the Pacific paradise. She was too far gone to make the trip, so he motors to Maine and lets the air out of his tires in the sick-chamber with the result that his sister was able to return with him in three days.

They are using rubber in definitions. A waffle is described as a non-skid pancake.

Your product is getting into politics. A candidate paid his respects to a slippery opponent by observing: "Why, that guy is so smooth that a boa constrictor bathed in olive oil is a non-skid proposition by comparison!"

What an infinity of commercial applications your material has! Babies put their gums on it before their teeth come and the aged put it on their gums after their teeth are gone. You insulate against fires with it, but if the insulation is defective—as the electrician's son said when the hornet stung him—your rubber comes eventually to the rescue in the form of fire-hose.

Thus, as when the nurse married the undertaker, you catch 'em coming and going.

Every damp spot that my infancy knew suggests what could be done in rubber-blanketing prohibition as a dry issue.

And it is high time the United States senate committee located the source of the wild rubber used by a saffron press in the hopelessly-stretched reports of a Mexican bribery fund.

### Safety First

This is the third or fourth time, I think, that I have foregathered with the National Safety Council; so the element of hazard is reasonably reduced on both sides.

Or possibly we are absent-mindedly demonstrating how one

or the other of us got into trouble the last time we came in contact. Mike showed the foreman the bloody end of his fingers from which the tip had been severed.

"How in blazes did you ever do that?" the foreman cried.

"Oi was a-puttin' me hand over the saw loike that—ut! there goes anither wan!" said Mike.

We can't be too careful. We should use anticipative caution. There was an old fellow who gathered up the wet suits and towels at a fashionable beach, famous for its bathing beauties. One day a nymph warned him about his unannounced invasion of the dressing-rooms.

"Some day you'll be coming in here before we are ready for you!" she said sharply.

"No danger, mum," the veteran made answer, "I allus peeps 'fore I come in!"

Safety first!

You are to be congratulated, you who have stressed the economic waste involved in carelessness and venturesomeness. You have reduced every category of the accidental, including "a hole in one," on the greens.

Every category, I should say, but that of automotive locomotion, which has a war-sized casualty list every year because after the wreck comes the reckoning—too late.

It would be a good thing if more of those who rush in where only angels (lighter than air) can afford to tread, had the apprehensiveness of Ephraim who exclaimed as a whiz-wagon roared by: "Nebber in one of dem things but onct, an' den Ah didn't let mah whole heft down!"

Or take along with you the spirit of investigation, like the dear old lady who asked the captain if the boat she was on was going up or down. He answered:

"Well, madam, the boiler is a bit faulty and she may go up. Then, again, there's a leak forward, and she may go down."

Every street and highway presents direful possibilities like that. The scientists reported the finding in Africa of an animal

that has a hide like a tortoise, can leap like an ibex and run like a deer. The ideal pedestrian seems to have been discovered at last.

The National Safety Council has the same forethoughtedness as the stage manager who said to the villian, "After tonight you die in the first act."

"Why not let me be killed in the third act as heretofore?"

"I don't want to take any chance on the audience doing it."

So they arranged it that way. After the villian was slugged and thrown into an alley, a tall baritone with wisteria at his epiglottis, came out and sang sepulchrally, "Larboard Watch, Ahoy!"

Exclaimed a man in the audience: "Great heavens, they killed the wrong man!"

There was a United States senator who weighed over 300 pounds. He entered into the spirit of "Safety First" with avidity. Whenever he found himself compelled to take an upper berth it was his custom to take hold of the same with both hands after it was made up and try his weight upon it.

The man who had the lower always watched the proceedings intently, and inquired what was the great idea.

"Well, the last time I got into an upper it collapsed and killed the poor fellow underneath," the senator explained. "Naturally I don't want a repetition of that terrible experience."

"You'd better take the lower, sir!" the occupant would always insist. "I really sleep better above; better air, etc., don't you know."

"Well, if you insist, I'll oblige you," the senator twittered.

### Santa Claus

Cheerio, all you little and big Congregationalists! Bust my beltbuckle, but that's a long word. Almost as long as from here to the North Pole, where Santa just came from. It is as



long as the howl of an Esquimaux dog which sat on an iceberg and cried: "Now my tail is told."

By my flowing whiskers, the traffic is getting congested up there. So many airplanes coming and going, they have to put in traffic officers. Flying is bringing in so many new people I have to keep all the presents under lock and key, because it wouldn't do to bring them to bandit-ridden Detroit for safe-keeping.

There aren't any bandits here, are there, to disturb Santa's sack of gifts? Of course, if they mean the Christmas stockings, it's all right to cry, "Put 'em up!" And then it is not a jail offense to quietly steal away.

Do you know, boys and girls, I came near missing this church. Since the office buildings got to putting on steeples, it is hard to tell where the Sanctuaries are. If your beautiful tower Angel—just now it is a herald Angel—hadn't been in the spotlight, I would never have known this to be the right spot.

That's a fine idea letting your electric light so shine before the Angel on the tower! She looks much happier than a father back here who said he felt like a Christmas tree because he gets so unmercifully trimmed every year at this season. This father said it took only a ten cent jack-knife to tickle him pink when he was a boy. Now it requires a 50¢ pair of socks and a \$1.00 scarf.

These modern inventions are making it tough for Old Saint Nick. I thought I saw a fine tall chimney to go down, when what do you suppose it was? The Ford mooring mast! "There's a cheerful fire-place!" said I, as I saw a wonderful glow in the distance. What do you think that was? A beacon for birdmen on top of the Murphy Building. Do you know what gets me here two days ahead of Christmas Eve? Why, it's the oil burners in so many homes. That's why Santa is so oily.

Do you know it is hard to keep the Reindeer at work now?

They see all the horses taken off jobs of hauling and pulling, and they think they should be given a long vacation. They think I should use a great silver ship of the air like the Los Angeles, only much larger, to carry the presents around. They say a sleigh is not large enough. Boys who used to be satisfied with a jumping-Jack now want a flying Phil. No more wagons; must be a steam shovel or a truck. Girls who were once made happy by a doll that cried now cry for one that walks, talks, skips the rope and plays golf. Lads that were satisfied with a tin lizard now clamor for a tin Lizzie. I used to think I knew just what to get for the dear children; but what are you going to do when they can step to the radio and get—not an ark full of animals or blocks with which to make houses—but New York, Cincinnati and even Europe for the asking. How are you going to make children happy any longer with the old kind of presents?

I asked a boy once what he would say if I gave him an all-day sucker for taking the ashes out of the cellar for his mother. He said he would feel like one.

Then I told a sweet little girl I would give her ten cents for a kiss. Do you know what her answer was? She said she could make more money than that taking castor oil?

I had a very noisy time coming here tonight. There were so many radios broadcasting "Silent Night" I could hardly hear the jingle of the sleighbells. I felt awfully embarrassed when I broke right into somebody's wireless conversation just above this church. It was very rude. Little children who use the microphone should be heard and not seen. But you are not bothered by much conversation in traveling through the air. Most of it is lighter than air and quickly goes above you.

These beautiful colored globes that shine out on every hand like tiny traffic signs are much more decorative and safer than the old candles that sometimes gave Santa a free hair singe and beard trim. When the electric bulbs first came into use a countryman told the people at home he had to let the light in

his room at the hotel burn all night. "Why didn't you blow it out?" his wife asked. "Couldn't," he said, "it was in a bottle."

The gay Christmas trees, gleaming with colors, makes one think of Rastus' wife Dinah. "Dat woman certainly is an electrified female," said the husband. "Eberyting she got on am charged!"

What can go up the chimney down or down the chimney down, but can't go up the chimney up or down the chimney up?

The answer is: An umbrella.

And it is getting to be about as hard for Santa Claus as it is for a camel to go through the eye of a Victrola needle. He's got to take antifat, that's all. He can keep the Christmas carols, but he's got to cut out the Christmas calories. So the wise older children will say: "Not only the Santa Claus story, but the Santa Claus bay window is getting thin."

Now when he goes down an apartment house chimney he finds the old-fashioned fire-place has been made over into a spare room, and mother can't get the meals ready in the kitchenette unless she uses condensed milk and lots of shortening. Everyone has to go out in the hall to change their minds and hang up their stockings.

### Secretary

Commercial organization secretaries are stout-hearted. Otherwise, architects of conventions that you are, builders of banquets and conscripters of speakers of the evening, how could you have the temerity to contract a convention and endure a dinner of your own?

You secretaries work where they make conventions, consume uncounted collations and unfold postprandial tales a mile long. And yet you rush in where you do not fear to tread every day.

I do not see how you can get away from your respective communities long enough to hold a pow-wow of your own.

Who is looking after the public weal in your absence? If the burghs have any idea of who their indispensable citizens are the flags are at half mast while you are away. Quite different from that old-fashioned medic who worried so much about his patients while he was ill and when he got out he found that they had all recovered.

It was the secretary who was told by the Great Chief to keep all bothersome callers away while the conference was on. "But supposing they claim to have an appointment with you," the secretary suggested, fortifying himself for every contingency. "Just tell them that's what they all say," instructed the Great Chief. The first caller chanced to be the Great Chief's lawfully wedded life partner. The secretary was adamant. "But I am his wife," she explained. "That's what they all say," quoth the secretary.

"May I ask a single question?" inquired a director of the secretary of a New Jersey corporation, incorporated under the laws of that easy-going commonwealth where the dying promotor murmured, "So many to do, so few done." "Ask anything you like, we crave publicity," said the secretary jauntily. "Well, I understand our capitalization is ten million dollars." "Quite right," said the secretary. "One more question," said the director. "Shoot!" spake the secretary. "Is there enough of that ten millions capitalization paid in for us to go out and get lunch?"

Consider the secretary, how the political, the industrial and the commercial chieftains pray to him continually: "Give us this day our daily opinion." Then when the book or interview sees the light and someone says "You have libelled me in your latest literary effort," the boss answers: "Can it be possible! I have been intending to look over that work of mine, and now I must do so to see just what it says."

Consider the secretary, how he flourisheth! Consider the New York Sun, relentless pursuer of President Cleveland, crying: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of pri-

vate secretary Daniel Lamont as he carries the bait can!" Lamont, afterward a cabinet member. It was Lamont, not Cleveland, who coined the phrase: "Public office is a public trust."

Consider John Hay, secretary to President Lincoln, later biographer of the martyred Lincoln, later Secretary of State. The brilliant Hay who told a friend solemnly he was the victim of an incurable disease. "What can it be?" said his surprised friend. "Old age," replied Hay.

Consider Cortelyou, executive secretary to Cleveland and McKinley, afterward member of President Roosevelt's cabinet. The paths of secretary lead but to larger places.

Jefferson said that rather than government without newspapers, give him newspapers without government. His ghost, revisiting the glimpses of the moon on Monticello, must be surprised to see both government and newspapers supplanted to a degree by secretaries. Unawed by advertisers, unbribed by circulation, unshackled by partizanship, they can tell the truth though it shame the department stores; they can serve the community though it confuses the politicians.

Retracing the red track of the war recently in Central Europe, I crossed the thresholds of presidents and premiers to get their points of view on the economic crisis that hangs over the Old World like a pall. M. Poincaré was in London with the reparations commission, but M. Hermite, the *chef du cabinet*, which is French for executive secretary, was on duty at the Quai d'Orsay in Paris. President Ebert and Chancellor Worth were busy in Berlin with the Belgian deputation that had called to collect fifty millions in gold marks, but the Major who was serving as secretary of the foreign press section, and who has a shattered arm as his share of the grim heritage of militarism, gave me a concise summing up of the economic situation. At No. 10 Downing Street in London, Lloyd George and his cabinet were saying something quite understandable to the Turks and backing it up with warships and transports coaled



for Constantinople, but Secretaries Davis and Sylvester were accessible and well-informed. The Scripture had a new rendering: "Seek and ye shall find, knock and the door shall be opened unto you by a secretary."

Did you ever notice that when rulers are assassinated and ministries fall, secretaries are wisely spared to keep the government going? Bullets and ballots have been for the undoing of the dispensable. The King is dead! Long live the secretary! He is the great upholder and the great hold-over!

Have you heard the cuckoo story? It's a bird! The secretary is also a bird. It is found in South Africa. It has a crested head and long legs, and preys on serpents.

There are serpentine presences in our communities into which you crested secretaries are obliged to put your beak.

### Shoe Dealers

I am wondering what the shoe dealer who hung a long string of shoes in front of his store and with it the exclamation, "O if these tongues could speak!" would do with the old hymn beginning, "O for a thousand tongues to sing"?

Would he change it to, "O for a thousand tongues to *sell*"? You remember how publicity opportunism prompted a proprietary medicine to appropriate a Christmas canticle—

"Hark the herald angels sing!  
Beecham's Pills are just the thing!  
Peace on earth and mercy mild—  
Two for men and one for child."

And they have used the same hymn as an anticipative epigraph for the Gloomy Dean of St. Paul's, London—

"Hark! the herald angels sing  
Timidly because Dean Inge  
Has arrived and seems to be  
Bored with Immortality!"

Advertising seizes everything for its own. When the good little girl brought home from Sunday-school an award of merit picture card her father asked, "What have you there, Calista?" To which she made answer: "Just an ad for Heaven!"

And didn't a shoe manufacturer go and call a line of men's footwear "The Preparation" after that injunction of Scripture, "Having your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace"! The copy he put out urged it as a substitute for the Iron Heel, made in Germany.

I like the humility of the purveyors of footwear. They stoop to conquer. They are willing to say with the dullard who graduated into chiropody: "Still at the foot!"

That's where the plausible salesman was when he assured the customer that they were being made narrower this season. "But my feet are just the same as last year!" the pinched purchaser protested.

You're not vending boots and shoes simply. You're dealing in age-long sayings, such as "He died with his boots on."

You're purveying poetry—

How much a man is like old shoes!  
For instance, both a soul may lose;  
Both have been tanned; both are made tight  
By cobblers; both get left and right;  
Both need a mate to be complete  
And both are made to go on feet.  
They both need healing, oft are sold  
And both in time all turn to mould.  
With shoes the last is first, with men  
The first shall be the last; and when  
Shoes wear out they're mended new;  
When men wear out they're men dead, too.  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others, nothing loath.  
Both have their ties and both incline  
When polished in the world to shine;  
And both peg out— And would you choose  
To be a man or be his shoes?

You're trafficking in fairy fables. "Seven-leagued Boots," "Cinderella" and "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe."

Humor.—"What, you black your own shoes?" said a foreign diplomat to Lincoln. "Sure—whose do you black?" asked Old Abe.

History.—The incriminating papers found by the Continental soldiers in Major André's boots.

Custom.—Throwing old shoes after the bride, the modern version of the ancient right of the liegeland to apply the disciplinary slipper to his spouse.

Literature.—Especially the footnotes.

Nothing can remain commonplace if you will but exalt your calling. It is for you as well as for the weary sufferers of the forced march that Kipling sang, "Boots! Boots! Boots! Boots!"

The Vassar girl had the idea of lingual embellishment when she referred to her undertaker father as "a Southern planter." So you are not merely retailing boots, shoes, slippers, gums and spats. You are forwarding a better understanding among the peoples of the earth. You are selling foot health, pedal happiness, walking comfort, slightly heel and toe attire, slenderized ankles.

John Burns, M. P., never referred to the Thames as a river. He called it liquid history.

I speak to you as a friend. Along with the policeman, the letter carrier, the sandwich man and the house-to-house canvasser, I walk into your good graces. I walk because I have a scheme on foot. That scheme is to follow the dictum that three miles a day will keep the doctor away.

Twenty-five million automobiles have resulted in underconsumption of shoe leather. But it might be worse, as the man with chilblains reflected. "Suppose I were a centipede," he said. Suppose the hatter's despair, the bareheaded rah, rah boys, got to going barefooted!

They are liable to do most anything when they chorus such college refrains as—

“My father is an applejack maker,  
My mother makes synthetic gin;  
My sister makes love for a living—  
Gee-whiz, how the money rolls in!”

### This Side of Over There

Out of the stark sombreness of the Napoleonic invasion came Count Leo Tolstoy's epic masterpiece, “War and Peace.”

In the vivid stories of three families the great Russian novelist described the luxury-loving, languorous people aroused to the heroisms of war. Does that sound something like what happened in 1917?

The work, which took longer than it did for the Allies to crush the Central Powers, is at once an historic picture of the Napoleonic campaign and a philosophical treatise in which the mystic self-searcher sought to solve the riddle of life.

His conclusion was that “faith is the power of life. When a man lives he must believe in something. If he does not believe that he must live for something he must die.”

See how very much alive this puissant nation is right now? It believes in democracy.

There are fine passages in the book that must appeal to hearts made tender by the sacrifices of this present time coming very close.

“Remember this one thing: If you fall,” says a noble father as he receives a young soldier's farewell kiss, “I shall suffer. But if I hear that you have not carried yourself like the son of Nikolai Bolkonsky, I shall be ashamed.”

Wherever an American window is starred by memory of a consecrated absentee, that parting scene has been repeated.

Tolstoy had started to write the “Decembrists,” dealing with the suppressed political rising in December, 1825.

It was to be his greatest effort, but he put it all aside as the tragedy of the Napoleonic invasion shadowed his impressionable soul, and he turned to that for his material.

How many plans have been disjointed, how much of energy and resource has been deflected into new and unlooked-for channels by the twentieth century cataclysm that staggered the world.

A vivid slashing stroke is Tolstoy's depiction of the conflagration that destroyed Moscow but saved a nation.

Are we to emerge from the holocaust of 1917-18 a risen and regenerated people?

It depends upon the continuing use of the marvelous spiritual fires that flamed in every patriot heart and shone in every freeman's face while we were raising armies and millions.

Will these sink into flickering, fitful flashes and finally go out underneath the murk of commercialism?

An eloquent interpreter of the heart of America at war has said the only fear is that we have not suffered enough at home to forsake the old selfish pursuits and slothful indifferences.

What the homecoming heroes find of new ideals and finer fellowships will prove whether we have been insufficiently tried by fire.

Then there is the spectral, shadowy outline of the Napoleonic retreat through the long and pitiless Russian winter—a chastened and despairing retirement.

It is easy to discover the historic counterpart in the falling back of the once formidable military machine, nearly a half century in the making, after Von Hindenburg said to Foch at Spa, "Marshal, our armies are at your mercy," and the Kaiser sought a neutral state as the shadow of a rock in a weary land.

"Might makes right" was a broken reed for a superman to lean upon.

How far-reaching is the warning of this vaulting ambition that overleaped itself?

Are the little kaisers of politics and trade, superbosses and



supersyndicates, builders of Berlin-to-Bagdad store and newspaper syndicates, looking upon the abdication and exile in Holland with teachable spirits?

Is the land that insists that little states in Europe shall preserve their territorial integrity, also intent upon protecting the rights and hopes of little tradesmen?

You never catch Tolstoy finding any glory for individuals. In "War and Peace" only a collective hero is upraised by the struggle. The valor and victory of it are the glory of the mass.

America's eleventh hour participation in autocracy's overthrow was like that. The people did it. They were able to do it because "there is only one thing stronger than armies and that is an idea whose Time has come."

The Time had come to widen America's emancipation to take in the rest of the autocracy-plagued world.

### Signology

Maybe you don't believe in signs, but all of the reverent, the faithful believed in signs. The burning bush, the flowering rod, the divided waters of the Jordan, the writing on the wall, all were appeals to the reverent and the faithful. But in their day signs came by faith. Now they come by the square mile. Recently a sign company in Chicago put its affairs in the hands of a receiver. It had a capitalization of twenty-five millions of dollars. To that have we come in this era of signs.

One man said he would never have seen the country upon his summer tour if he hadn't been thrown through a billboard by accident. And the host who had guests said, as he went out to see the country, "We will have to turn back now ; we have come to the billboards."

I think they have overdone the sign business. Its bulk is so large now that there is no vista so splendid, no shore so beautiful, no perspective so fair but that it is already profaned by the ever-present billboard, and yet we have a shortage of two million houses in this country. I am waiting for someone to rise

and make a motion that we take the lumber that goes into the billboards and make homes where Bill boards.

Buxom Aunt Mary had her picture taken at Atlantic City. They showed it around the table at home. Someone said, "Where is the ocean?" Father replied, "Oh, you can't see the ocean, Aunt Mary is standing in front of it." So we have these signs of the times that are blemishing almost every fair prospect and screening from our gaze shrines and vistas that we would like to enjoy.

The passion for progress is apparent wherever one goes. I addressed the National Funeral Directors only recently in Saint Paul. The progressiveness which obtains even in that sombre calling was brought out when, during a funeral service, two shots were heard, and the undertaker said: "Excuse me a moment." When he came back he whispered to the parson, "I got the order for both."

The old settlers traversed the uncharted wilderness with nothing to guide them but the sun by day and the stars by night, or perchance the blazed tree trunk trail left by friendly hands of those who had gone before. I love to see American hardihood and adventure depicted as it is given to us in "The Covered Wagon" and in other cinemas of fine quality. I love to pay tribute to them because we have so many of the other kind. I quote "The Covered Wagon" because it proves that the movies can be made successful without a bedroom scene. There was a melodrama in which the villain had a very graphic line—"My God, I am shot!" He was taken ill and an understudy took his place. He was very ineffective. He would say, "M'God, I'm shot! M'God, I'm shot!" So the director put cranberries in the gun and the assassin blazed away. When the villain beheld the red spots on his shirt front he cried: "My God, I *am* shot!"

Today, instead of an uncharted wilderness, our highways have become universities where a liberal education may be secured. We used to say that "Trade followed the flag," and now

advertising is on the trails of all the great National highways. Going over the sunny slopes of the Pennsylvania hills a few years ago I read this significant sign, "Go into second, Coolidge is glad he did." And at an oil station where there was a temporary decline, it said, "Feathers were down once, but they stuck." An announcement and a warning. And so you have a combination of wienies and warnings, advice and adjurations, guide-post and Go-to-Glory exhortations from the traveling evangelist. As you speed you read, "Try our Welsh rarebit," under which the evangelist has written "Prepare to meet thy God."

Or, "Don't go to bed without trying our hash," under which appeared, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

So you see what has come out of the new locomotion. Here are other legends along the way, "Put on a felt hat, so it will not hurt you when you go through the windshield"; "Angels are made at railroad crossings"; "Last words of great men: 'I must make it'"; "After the wreck comes the reckoning"; "The fool used to blow out the gas, now he steps on it." And that latest version of a piece we all spoke in school-days:

"The shades of night were falling fast  
When through the crossing gates there passed  
A youth who stepped upon the gas—  
And when they opened his head, they found:  
Excelsior!"

Very timely is the title of one of the neurotic novels, dividing humanity into "The Quick and the Dead." Then there was the taxi driver who, as he bowled over a pedestrian, shouted, "Look out!" The prostrate man cried, "My God, are you coming back?"

One thing is necessary in this age of signs and that is the science of signology. Science has its vocabulary, its glossary.

When they asked the husband if he had a little runabout, he said: "Yes, she's downtown shopping this very minute." The old lady on shipboard said, when she saw the life-preservers, "Why do they carry so many spare tires?" The little miss from the city, when out in the country and watching for the first time the process of milking said, "They gave bossy water and bran and then drained her crank-case." In Detroit we use the new terminology on such occasions as this by saying, "The longer the spoke, the greater the tire." And many audiences have appreciated that definition.

Now it is essential that any science should use the terms that everybody understands, the language that is the current speech. When in the Boxer uprising Sandy said to Jock, "We hae Wei Hai Wei." "Hae we?" asked Jock. "We hae." repeated Sandy—speaking Chinese in just two or three days' experience in a strange land. When Mrs. Murphy went to call on the family where the new house had settled and the door had become jammed, she knocked and someone said from the inside, "Who is there?" "Mrs. Murphy," announced the caller. Then the voice within said "Get the ax." When they got the door open Mrs. Murphy had gone, without leaving her card. She understood the language. The nurse, holding her finger on the broker's pulse, says softly to the doctor, "It is 93." The broker sits up and says, "When it's 100, sell!" He understood the language.

When they told an Englishman a great electric sign in New York had 100,000 lights and was a block long, and half a block high, he said, "My word, isn't it a bit conspicuous?"

An outstanding example of effective signology was when the woman came out of the subway in New York and fell over a street cleaner's brush left standing at the top of the steps. She was lying prostrate on the street pavement when she looked up at a toothpaste sign which read: "Comes out of the tube and lies flat on the brush."

## Signs of the Times

The first sign we come to is where the target goes green at the crossing of the ways— "Go." It was heeded recently in the Bankers' Convention in New York, where one man arose and said he wasn't a stickler for "In God We Trust" on coins, but when they issued clearing house certificates he wanted to be sure they read: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It runs all through our modern life. We have the rush and acceleration of a restless, feverish people. The following limerick hits it off:

"There was a young woman named Bright,  
Whose speed was faster than light;  
She departed one day  
In a relative way,  
And arrived the preceding night!"

"Go" is written all over our American life. So let's not use the flash of green as "Go," but let's use it as the symbol of authority, ever to remind you that when authority becomes impaired, respect for that authority becomes diluted by violation of the law, by flouting the law, then you will no longer be able to go with faith and assurance when the target flashes green. That sort of faith they lacked in the community where they needed rain and they decided to go to a neighboring hill and pray for rain; so they all went, and only one little girl out of the three hundred people took along an umbrella. We should have faith in the sign, "Go."

Then we come to this legend in the city streets: "Slow—School." That is a fine association of ideas: "Slow—School." Let's learn again the sacredness of human life. Steady at the wheel there, lest you strike down some future liberator, some emancipator who is ready in the Nation's emergent hour to lead it through storm and stress to a finer destiny. "Slow—School."

Fame is not gained in a single bound, but by toiling upward in the night. The choicest plants are of slow growth. When



Garfield was a college president, a farmer wanted to send his son for the summer months, because he couldn't be spared for a four-year course. "Can you do something for the boy in a few months?" the father asked. "Sure," said President Garfield, "but when the Almighty makes a tree it takes a hundred years, to turn out a squash it takes six weeks." It takes two years to mature a billiard ball; we should be patient with other forms of ivory.

"This isn't the place I wanted to come at all," cried the taxi passenger upon being deposited at a number after a wild ride from the station. "Ah, but consider the speed at which you came!" said the chauffeur.

On the Rue de la Paix in Paris the scientist can go to a window and say, "Pick out the automobile you want brought to a full stop," and you indicate the car, and by means of a Hert-zian wave projected as tones are projected by the radio, that car is brought to a standstill, and the chauffeur gets out with language unfit for publication, wondering what is the matter with the old bus. The same thing has been done to traffic by the Marcel wave, on the principle of the young lady who used her stocking as the First National Bank, because it increased the interest.

We come to where a legend says: "Quiet—Hospital." Not that you are in a hospital—you are a fine, intelligent, upstanding exhibit of good health and independence. But serenity and tranquillity, that are so necessary to the enjoyment of life, are in the hospital. Our streets are made Bedlamish by flat wheels and flat heads; our boulevards are made unbearable by cerebral cutouts—nothing above the necks. A man said to a boy, "What do you pay for your papers?" "Two cents." "What do you sell them for?" "Two cents." "What do you get out of it?" "The chance to holler!" And that is what our life in the city is.

"Quiet—Hospital." Sandy, when he was dying in the hospital, said he would die happy if he could hear the pipes again. So they brought in the pipers, and they played "The Campbells

are Coming" and "Dinna Ye Hear the Slogan" and he was somewhat improved. They came again the following day and Sandy's condition was still better. By Saturday night he was out of danger, but everybody else in the hospital died.

Out of the silences of life there come the great benefactions of mankind. Out of the laboratory has come the insulin. Banning, of the Dominion of Canada, has given to afflicted humanity the first hope of recovery from that degenerative malady, diabetes. Insulin is the product of the quietudes. Marconi comes out of the quietudes to give us the radio, that mystic thing that sings through the night. They have recently been speeding up the radio to seven hundred words a minute. In time he will make it confidential, the message going only to those for whom it is intended. In the solitudes of the laboratory in Detroit today, the engineers are testing, experimenting, planning to utilize the new metal duraluminum in aircraft development, which with helium as content, will safeguard air-sailing.

Finally we come to where the target goes red—"Stop." That's what you have been waiting for, I'm sure.

"Stop"—the target goes red! There was a man who slipped on an icy hill. As he went down he accumulated a plump sister and they slid the rest of the way together. At the bottom of the hill he said, "You will have to get off, madam, this is as far as we go."

After "Detour," and after "Bad Bridge Ahead," and after "Poor Road," we come to where the target goes red—"Stop." "Go" for Authority, "Slow" for humanity, "Quiet" for serenity, "Stop" for eternity.

Medical science, sanitation, recreation, hygiene, preventive pathology have added 20 years to the duration of human life. These signs along the way—"Go," and "Slow," and "Quiet" and "Stop"—are put there to help us stretch it into a full century.

"Stop"—the target goes red. In God's half-acre every white shining symbol stands at "Stop." "Work, for the night is com-

ing, in which no man can work." Carlyle said, "If there is any good thing I can do or any word I can say, let me say it now, because I pass this way but once." A later philosopher has put it in this form, when he says, "Do all your work, make all your plans in a way that has a hint of eternity in it."

May it be a long time for all of you between the green of "Go" to where the target goes red in life's inescapable semaphore!

### Soul of a City

I was on my way to Manchester, N. H., when a manly-looking young fellow with a countenance glowing with health dropped down in the seat beside me as the train pulled out of the Boston station, and said, "Gee, but I'm happy!"

"Wherefore all this exuberance?" I inquired.

"Well I came down here from Vermont to get a job in the street railway, and I expected I would have to hang around several days. But while I was standing in line this morning a fellow in uniform came along and said 'Fall out; report for duty next Monday morning' just like that; and I can't understand it."

But it was easy to understand. The youth bore in his honest face and sturdy figure the evidences of wholesome upbringing; and there would be enacted in a day or two in that farm-home on the Vermont Hills the touching scene that sends its message to the hearts of the homeless from the walls of the Young Men's Christian Association in many cities—"Breaking Home Ties." They would be sending this boy from the Christian fireside with their prayers, their tears, their hopes, their fears, down to Boston to be part of the great industries there.

The country training, loving home nurture would be doing this for Boston. These questions come to us: What would Boston do for this splendid product of the Vermont Hills? Would it give him a fair chance to continue in the stainless way he had started? Would it send back to the Green Mountain State a reassuring answer to the question that was ever on the

lips of the old king as the couriers came with tidings from the battle front, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

We know that all too often our cities, under the sway of the corruptionists, are obliged to reply to the anxious questioning of fathers and mothers, "Nay, the young man Absalom is not safe. He has gone down to disgrace or death under the enticements and defilements that municipalities tolerate." Over and over again, there wells up from agonized hearts the cry of King David as he learned that his beloved son had come to his death through his own waywardness:

And now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,  
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;  
And thy dark sin— Oh! I could drink the cup  
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee,  
May God have called thee like a wanderer home,  
My lost boy, Absalom!

The city with a soul, when it comes, will reduce sordidness, coldness, and wretchedness to the minimum. It will rejoice, not in physical expansion or material opulence so much, as in urban life being made secure and comfortable for middling folks; in the reduction of infant mortality; in the ample provision of schools and museums and music and sculpture and playgrounds; in the perpetuation of loyal heroisms in stone and bronze and tablet; in the unrelaxed vigilance of the protectors of life and limb in the streets and the safeguarding of pedestrians and homes at night; in the supplying of such indispensable things as transportation, pure water and light at cost; in modern housing and hospital conditions; the shielding of young people from organized vice and contaminating amusements; in the prompt repression of all forms of lawlessness and viciousness, whether in the slums of society's outcasts or the palaces of society's shameless speedy pace-setters.

The great business of a city with a soul, in short, is to conserve the soul-stuff of the city—the boys and girls who are to comprise the citizenship of tomorrow. They are alert, open-

eyed, never fear. They know whether business or bridge comes before the polling booth on registration and election days. They have inside information as to whether our pledged allegiance to the constitution goes deeper than our cellars and higher than the high-balls.

An office boy burst into the lawyer's inner sanctum and shouted: "Boss, der nashunal game's beginnin' terday and I want ter go out and see the Peach slam 'em out in der good ol' way!" "Quite laudable, my boy, to take an interest in outdoor sports, and I am disposed to dismiss you for the afternoon. But you should solicit these special favors in a more respectful manner. Take my place at the desk here and I will show you what I mean."

While the boy dangled his feet from the mahogany chair the lawyer knocked on the door, and, at the invitation "Come in!" entered hat in hand and addressed the chair as follows: "My dear sir, this is the opening day at the ball park, and if we are not too busy in the office I crave the privilege of attending." "Sure," said the attorney pro tem, digging into his pockets, "an' here's half a dollar for your ticket."

A member of the Governor's Footguards of Connecticut was marching by his home with that gloriously uniformed command which turns out on every occasion and sometimes when there is no occasion. His wife and young son stood at the gate reviewing the dashing formation. "Look ma', ain't they grand!" the enraptured hopeful cried, "and see, everyone's out of step but father!"

Such filial confidence as that must not be betrayed. Fathers and mothers must catch the cadence of a consecrated citizenship and keep in step with all the comrades of the common good until the city with a soul has advanced from vision to verity. By precept and example they must awaken in the hearts of the coming citizens that passion for their city that prompted Paul to declare: "I am a citizen of a no mean city!" and that evoked from the youth of Athens that wonderful pledge of fealty:



"I will never bring dishonor or disgrace upon my city through any act of mine, nor desert my suffering comrades in the ranks. I will fight for the sacred ideals and standards of my city, both alone or with many, I will respect and obey her laws and seek to impose a like obedience and respect upon the parts of those above us who are prone to annul them and set them aside. Thus in all ways will I seek to transmit my city, not only not less, but greater, more beautiful and better than it was transmitted to us."

What is the great essential of a city with a soul? It is a citizen with a soul—hundreds of thousands of him—a soul above self-seeking, accumulation and sordidness. A citizen who reflects continually upon what he can put into his city, not what he can get out of it. Who says with impassioned sincerity what Nathan Hale declared with reference to his country: "I regret that I have but one life to lay down for my city!"

Citizens of this calibre make a city with a soul; and our piety and patriotism must come down from the mottoes of our office walls, get out of after-dinner speeches and party platforms, and get into the ordering of urban affairs, the conduct of our businesses and the marking of our ballots, before our eyes will behold the coming glory of the soul city.

It will not come through the pernicious activity of the gangster who confided to his wife that he was going into the council.

"Honestly?" she said.

"What difference does that make?" he rejoined.

Nor through the grade of public service provided by the legislator who confessed that when they called the roll he did not know whether to answer "present" or "guilty." It must have been of this man's beautiful residence that it was said no one knew all the materials that had gone into it, but it contained beyond a peradventure a great many aye's and no's.

This also is what the philanthropist must have had in mind when they brought a subscription paper to him, with the request that he contribute five dollars for the burial of a poor, old politician. "Here's fifty dollars," he said, "go out and bury ten politicians."

### Last Speaker

The value of a verbal memory to the after-dinner speaker is heightened by the fact that opportunity knocks more than once in hitting off a given situation. I went out to Ann Arbor with the late Joseph L. Hudson, Detroit's philanthropic merchant. We were to attend a meeting to raise funds for improving the Y. M. C. A. building in the university city. Mr. Hudson said earnestly, anticipating that both of us would have something to say at the meeting, that he would give anything to be able to express his thoughts clearly on his feet.

I told him it would please me to make an exchange with him for what he had, the importance of which was demonstrated when he told the meeting in a dozen words to put him down for a substantial sum. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Some years after this incident I presented James Couzens, formerly of the Ford Motor Co., now United States Senator, at a Christmas party at the Board of Commerce. As he came to the front of the platform he apologized for not being able to keep up the fun the introduction had caused. "Some of us can do one thing, and some of us another," said the man who had become a multi-millionaire in a few years. I came forward and announced that I would swap with him!

It was not as spontaneous as it seemed; and it proves that many a flash of wit may in reality be a re-flash.

But never let the last speaker in an after-dinner program excite your commiseration. With a good verbal memory or with mental agility, he can build a speech on what goes before even if he comes to the banquet table quite barren of ideas.

It was only a part of the after-dinner fooling when Dr. Lyman Abbott, coming on at the end of a long program at the American Bar Association dinner thirty years ago, described his perturbation in the petition offered by the presiding-elder at a Methodist conference:

"O Lord, bless the first speaker and give him power to

“speak. And, Lord, be with the second speaker and endue him with Thy spirit. And, Lord, Lord, have mercy on the last speaker!”

The last speaker does not stand in need of special dispensation. I have seen audiences sit up with the speakers as late as 3 A. M. In fact, it was worth coming on at that hour in Baltimore in order to raise the question:

“What is the great idea? Are we going to gratify personal curiosity to see with our own eyes if ‘the flag is still there by the dawn’s early light’?”

Think of the ready-made fables at the disposal of the last speaker. There is the one Ambassador Herrick once used in feigned rebuke of the preceding speakers—the prisoner, sentenced on 19 counts to a cumulative term of 99 years in state prison, and being asked if he had anything to say, answering:

“Nothin’, judge, ’cept you’re almighty free with another man’s time!”

When the Right Reverend George A. Beecher came from Nebraska to join with the Wolverines in their annual dinner in Chicago, he applied the fable of the Michigan farmer’s contempt for easygoing stockraising methods in the south, to the volubility of former United States Senator Joseph A. Bailey and other speakers who used up the time before midnight.

Noticing the porkers scattered along the roadway, the Michigander said to the owner: “Why don’t you put ’em in a pen and feed ’em there the same as we do up north? It means a great saving of time.”

“Geewhillikens,” cried the southern farmer, “what’s time to a hog?”

There is, also, the eleventh-hour wheeze of the dominie prolonging the funeral discourse because everyone was crying encouragingly. The sexton pulls his coatsleeve.

“Better cut it short, now, pastor; it’s getting late.”

“I know, I know, but this doctrine of the resurrection is **very vital, very vital.**”

"Well, we got to git our man over there in time fer it!"

How aptly the last speaker may reflect the state of mind of "a large and exhausted audience," by telling the story of the lecturer who says at the end of two hours' discourse: "Now we have covered this fascinating theme in all of its ramifications, I think; but we will pause a few moments for questions. Has anyone a question?"

Husky voice in the rear: "What time is it?"

This goes along with the sermon on "The Major and Minor Prophets." After devoting an hour to the major prophets and an hour to the minor prophets, the good man in the pulpit says: "We have assigned the major and minor prophets to their logical places in Biblical history; what shall we do with Ezekiel?"

"Give Ezekiel my place," calls a brother near the door. "I'm going home."

### Teachers

About the time one sainted teacher that abides in grateful memory had completed her arrangement with her school board, I entered into a life contract with her.

As the years rolled by we rejoiced in having the fruits of that union in four different grades at the same time. So there were five reasons, now grown through the coming of grandchildren to eighteen, for my keeping close to the public schools.

And the Keeper of the Celestial Gate has kept tab on you. When he asked who was tapping at the portals there came the answer:

"It's me."

St. Peter bade the applicant come in.

Another knock. Another "Who's there?" Another "It's me." Another "Come in."

Then a sharp, imperious rap at the door.

"Who's without?" asked the Guardian Angel.

"It is I," came the reply.

"Another of those darn school-teachers!" exclaimed St. Peter.

It is not so bad now, but there have been times when the taxpayers were not any too appreciative. They were holding a Teachers' Institute, and the speaker of the afternoon finished his tribute with "Long live the school-teacher."

From far back in the rear came the sepulchral query: "On what?"

Let me answer that one item in the teacher's compensation is the refreshing unfolding of youthful minds in all their frankness and unafraidness. For example a teacher came upon an urchin sitting on a rail fence and watching a great red glow in the western sky.

"My lad," she said enthusiastically, "it pleases me that you are so taken with the beauties of nature."

"Yes ma'm," the boy assented.

"Do you come here often to watch the setting sun?" she asked.

"That ain't no setting sun!" said the lad, his countenance beaming. "That's the schoolhouse burning down!"

It is sex o'clock in both the dumb and audible drama. The stage has reached the limit of fleshliness and suggestiveness. One may ask at the box office as pertinently as at the real estate counter: "How many bedrooms?"

The popular taste in literature may be gauged by the kinds of cheeses epicures call for. Bookshelves and newsstands reek with the malodorous and the neurotic. By fiction the walls of private apartments and fashionable resorts fall down, leaving little that is undepicted. "Why quarrel, old chap?" asked a realist accused of plagiarism. "Isn't there vulgarity enough to go round?"

There remains a blessed trinity—Home, Church and School!



There abideth these three, equally essential to the survival of self-government.

But here again vital forces in the great task of recovering the Christian character of America and of safeguarding its institutions are faltering in their mission because of the pre-occupation of the people in money-getting and excitement-seeking.

You know these busy parents are not in school. How much you miss and how much they miss by not coming often to see how it goes with the precious soul-stuff they commit to your care and guidance.

They are not in church and Sunday-school. "Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home" has picked up into "Swing into high, sweet chariot, going for to carry me away from my church home."

"The janitor and I will hold the regular midweek prayer-meeting" announced an honest pastor from the pulpit Sunday morning; and a newcomer to a fashionable sanctuary confessed that when the rector said "Dearly beloved" to a handful of worshippers, she blushed.

So many children are orphaned in the fatal vestibule between church and Sunday-school. Their fathers afield with stick and little white pill remember the Sabbath day to keep it holey—9 to 18, even 36.

We both know these modern fathers and mothers are not at home. Home is now a place to go away from. Over the mantel is the motto: "What Is Home Without a Movie?" Answer—A place where the Campfire Girls sit up for mother while the Boy Scouts are trailing father. Home is a place where you go while the car is being fixed.

I am concerned on this occasion with what the public schools are going to do to tote the heavy load shifted to their shoulders by home and church. There abideth these three, but the greatest burden-bearer and blessing-bestower is popular education.

I do not have to beseech you monitors of the schoolroom to

stand by. All the teachers that fond memory recalls stood by; sometimes with a vigilance that betokened suspicion of what I had behind my Colton's Geography.

Whether there be truancy; whether there be absenteeism, the faithful teachers never fail. Either in public or private station they are the despair of the "penny dreadfuls," alert for a daily sensation.

Always in your daily receptions, 8:00 to 12 and 1:00 to 4:00, you are the hosts serving the oncoming citizenship, sometimes receiving radicals in embryo, sometimes entertaining angels unawares!

Also in counterbalancing the banality of a period wherein "the jingling of the guinea heals the hurt that honor feels," and wherein the sumum bonum of existence seems to be more motor cars, more clubs, more country-places; wherein 22 cents out of every dollar goes for luxuries, 14 cents for waste and 1½ cents for schools—you moulders of the soul-stuff for the tomorrows of America are a host!

You fought for the health of Young America until the statute books caught up with the textbooks and licensed poisons that laid in wait for the bodies of boys and girls, were banned forever. Keep up the fight, Comrades of the Common Good, to conserve the health of Old America; until our national life approximates your daily precepts!

We can quote the epitaph of a Spartan mother without taking up a Spartan sword:

"Eight sons Damaineta to battle sent  
And buried all beneath this monument.  
No tears she shed for pity,  
But thus she spake:  
'Sparta, I bore these children for thy sake.'"

The passion of the Schoolmaster of Drumtochty, you recall, was to pick a "lad of pairs" for the higher schools, to prepare him for the honor and to find, if necessary, a bene-

factor to back up this dedication of talent to high purposes.

Every schoolroom should hear over and over again of what the future citizens owe the local government for the temples in which they prepare for a life's tests and the protections that surround them in the time of preparation; they should never be permitted to forget that the opportunities awaiting them at the graduation hour were bought with the blood of patriots all the way from the lanes of Lexington to the flaming autumn forests of the Argonne.

We are hearing much of specialized vocational equipment, of selective education. I am for it unreservedly. In an age when all the showy, garish influences are on the side of acquisition and gainfulness and indulgence, let our educators select the likeliest material to specialize in community and country service under the shining legend: "Not what I can get out of life, but what I can put into it."

And as training for a finer citizenship should begin with the grandparents, there is no time to lose if we are to look upon the fruitage of this vocational curriculum in the present century.

### Toastmaster

"Who was the speaker of the evening?"

"Why the toastmaster, of course."

Why do masters of post-prandial proceedings never go to the nightingale, consider how she stops when we want her to keep on singing, and be wise?

"Why didn't you touch my elbow as agreed?" asked a master of ceremonies whose intentions were good when he began. "I had no idea I was talking so long."

"I tried to," explained the signalman, "but I was so paralyzed I could only get my hands up to applaud."

It is only once in a lifetime that an expectant throng is let off as mercifully as the Chautauqua crowd out west, where the Dutch mayor got down to brass tacks in this fashion:

"Ladies und shentlemen ; I haf been requested to introddoce der shentleman vas ish to undress you dis ebening. I have done so und he vill do so."

Speaking of the effect of war on the introduction evil, the crash and shock of battle attached to the manner in which a South Bend chairman got John Kendrick Bangs into action :

"Tonight it is your exceeding felicity, friends, to be favored by the presence of a speaker and writer whose name is a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land, Mr. John Kendrick—er—John Kendrick—"

"Bangs!" prompted the celebrity from the back of the stage.

"Bangs?" asked the chairman.

"Bangs!" repeated the lecturer.

"Bangs!" said the chairman to the audience.

The cause of this artillery duel said afterward it reminded him of the immortal lines—

"Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Volleyed and thundered."

Dr. Henson had a narrow escape once with his lecture on "Fools." "In presenting this famous platform light to enlighten you on 'Fools,' " said the chairman, "I need not tell you that he is one—of the ablest speakers before the public. Dr. Henson!"

"I'm not such a big fool as the chairman—would have you believe," said Dr. Henson in his opening sentence.

Mr. Bryan liked to tell of falling into the hands of a presiding officer in Nebraska that was evidently not with him politically.

"I now have the privilege of introducing a man who needs no introduction to a Nebraska assemblage, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan," said the chairman, and then to the speaker, quite audibly, as he came forward: "Do you speak or sing, Mr. Bryan?"

Dr. Depew relates in his memoirs that when Jos. Jefferson went to the Catskills to give "Rip Van Winkle" in the very setting of the legend, many villagers were used for the "Jolly Dogs." In the piece "Rip," addressing a super, asked: "Who are these men?"

"I dunno, Mr. Jefferson," the native replied frankly, "I never met them before in my life."

Presiding officers are not so candid. They present personages they never set eyes on before with a wealth of boastful biographical detail that betokens a friendship from boyhood up. In a crowd, up to a moment preceding the introduction, they would have been as ignorant of their identity as a party of young brothers passing by the door of a banquet hall in a New York hotel, where a brilliant function was on. They asked about it.

"Hundredth anniversary dinner in honor of Washington Irving," a waiter informed them.

"He's a young-looking duffer for his years, isn't he, boys?" said one of the party as he caught sight of the man presiding.

Now and then a human toastsmaster will try to make amends for usurping the prerogatives of the other after-dinner notables. Hanford MacNider, former Commander of the American Legion, tells about an Irish buddy who jumped to his feet as the people began to move toward the exits at the moment of his introduction along toward midnight.

"See here, min and women," cried the chairmen, "this bye who's going to speak to yez wint through hell for you. Now you stay and go through hell fer him!"

For the targets of toastsmaster raillery, who must be perforated to give point to his ancient jests, there is given but one chance of returning his running fire. It is an unequal contest.

But sometimes, as a sage observed concerning lightning never striking twice in the same place, once is enough.

Woodrow Wilson would say fervently after suffering the



slings and arrows of the toastmaster: "O Lord, from all traducers and all introducers, deliver us!"

"I am very much interested in the gentleman who has been presented to you," he would say after a very laudatory introduction, "but I haven't the honor of his acquaintance."

Then he sometimes told of the too robust individual who banged the undersized fellow on the back and knocked his breath out as he shouted: "Hello, Old Top! How's tricks?"

The attacked party pulls himself together, turns around and surveys his assailant. "I don't recall your name or your face," he says, "but your manners are familiar."

In rebuttal, the next speaker has been known to remind the toastmaster, in the language of this motor age, of the proverb: "The longer the spoke the greater the tire."

Also to quote approvingly the answer of the resident dominie to the visiting parson who wanted to know how long he should talk: "Use your own judgment, but it has been our experience that the greatest number of souls are saved in the first seven minutes."

### Traffic Club

It is asking a great deal of forbearance upon the part of a newspaper man to meet with you railroad officials just as if nothing had ever happened to interrupt the mutually agreeable relations heretofore existing. You know the French battle-cry at Verdun, "They shall not pass!" or the line in *Excelsior*, "Try not the pass!" originated in the present policy of passenger departments toward the press.

No wonder an aggrieved country editor, deprived of his annual, took out the time-table and inserted in the vacant space, "The train is due when you see the smoke!"

After all, the new way is better. Exchange of courtesies has been superseded by exchange of checks. I pay you for being carried on your line and you pay me for carrying you tonight

on my "line." Short settlements and improved terminals make long friends.

You may have heard of the reformer who began the second sixty minutes of his discourse by shouting: "I want taxation reform! I want election reform! I want tariff reform! I want—" "chloroform!" cried a weary listener in the audience.

Your patrons get impatient, too. "Conductor," moaned an old lady on the Rock Island, "aren't we ever goin' to get to Des Moines? I've been on this awful train for fourteen hours!"

"Don't get discouraged, my good woman," said the conductor, "I've been on this train forty years!"

"Forty years?" repeated the passenger wearily. "Why you must have gotten on at Council Bluffs!"

Cutting off passes to shippers, legislators and publishers was supposed to restore confidence in the integrity of our common carriers. They have so far improved morally as to be mentioned in the Scriptures—at least the Grand Trunk has, for it is written of Omnipotence there: "He created every creeping thing."

Courtesies are still exchanged in railroading, I understand, even if newspaper men don't get them.

Riding out of Washington when he was over here to attend the Disarmament Conference, Lord Balfour was much upset over the loss of his ticket. The conductor was considerate with his distinguished passenger—

"I know you from your picture in the papers, Mr. Balfour, and you can ride without the ticket," he said to his Lordship.

"I know," the British statesman made answer, "but the name of my station is on that blooming ticket, and now I don't know where I am going!"

Charles M. Schwab tells of a pudgy drummer in the band he took to New York once on a day's outing, who was a little the worse for the festivities. He couldn't find his return ticket. Thrice the conductor came back to him and still the fat musician fumbled and fumbled in vain.

"Aw, dig it up! You can't lose your ticket!" urged the conductor.

"Hell I can't—oi losht a bass-drum onct!" the passenger replied.

The revival of the week-end round-trip-for-one-way-fare excursions found Sandy with a load on his mind.

"Hoot, conductor!" he cried; "will ye tell me which is the free way, going or coming, sae I can enjoy the ride?"

### Travelogue

Ezra Kendall reported the sleeping car problem to be: "Shall I pull down the covers and get pneumonia or pull them up and freeze my feet?" In our homeward journeying over the Great American desert it's a choice of shutting the window and suffocating or opening it and being incinerated.

You can't leave it to the insincere porter to decide because he makes up everything.

A young lady from a stranded trans-continental automobile trip joins us in the hot Arizona sands, and is grieved to find all the lowers gone. "Again on my uppers," she mourns.

Between meals at Mr. Harvey's taverns, we ride in the Santa Fe train.

On our way to the Grand Canyon we stop for dinner at Needles, Ariz. Here we meet the Colorado river, which has just been through the canyon.

Besides running through the greatest gorge known to man, the Colorado goes very easily through Needles, which the Bible says is very difficult for camels, even.

You have no words to do justice to the awful wide-openness of the Grand Canyon, but this does not worry the automobile concessionaire if you have money that talks. Just content yourself with the laconic exclamation of the down-east tourist,—  
"Golly, what a gulley!"

The El Tovar hotel at Grand Canyon was named after the

Spanish discoverer of the canyon who was a sort of advance agent for Mr. Harvey in the fifteenth century.

The hotel overlooks the canyon, but nobody else does unless it be the tourist awaiting his turn in the one-chair barber shop.

The government takes great precautions against forest fires in the park. There are towers for lookouts, fire-fighting apparatus, and no brush is permitted in the washroom of the El Tovar.

Water must be brought from Flagstaff. The automobiles carry it in great tin canteens. Sometimes you will see a Ford and a Packard drinking from the same canteen.

It will be worth your while to stay until sunset so you can see the native reading his evening paper on the stone wall in front of the hotel with his feet hanging over the Grand Canyon 5,000 feet deep.

Another argument against printing sensational news.

If you don't visit Cremation Point, you can at least call on the cashier of the El Tovar and hand over the money you have to burn.

A Suicide Point is provided for those who don't care to go back by way of the desert. One drop is enough.

At Williams, where we get back on the main line after leaving the Grand Canyon, we are 100 miles from the Moki Indian reservation and just about the same distance from our Pullman reservation.

During our brief stay in the Canyon, dining cars have been discovered on the Santa Fe, and our principal industry is no longer getting out for meals at the Harvey hotels.

Which makes us think of that small town where the leading occupation is going home to dinner from the movies.

Having had extended experience with subscription wood in our early youth, we didn't sidetrip for the petrified forests.

The Painted Desert of Arizona does the exhibition of the San Diego Fair full justice.

The Hopis have weird dances which are really dramatized

prayers for rain. There is a possibility that they included Michigan last summer in their Flute and Snake dance petitions which are said to have great power over the rain gods.

Flagstaff hasn't any, but it boasts the Lowell observatory upon a nearby hill where it hopes to locate the canals on Mars before some candidate claims he built them.

We pass a section gang, on their hand car, at Los Cerrillos. First chance we ever had to see Mexicans at their hand-drawn work.

The origin of station names is an interesting study. At Lamy, N. M., we saw a noble red man wrapped in his blanket and sleeping soundly on the brick pavement in front of the station—"Now I Lamy down to sleep," etc.

The Santa Fe must have been named on the spur of the moment. Santa Fe itself is not on the main line.

We come within 11.3 miles of Rocky Ford, which is about our average in picking out ripe ones that are also sound and of good flavor.

The Kansas temperature is up to 90 degrees. A dog is chasing a rabbit and both are walking.

### Twentieth Century Club

I am glad you have got your house in order. Glad that you have a clubhouse on a large order. If you are not expanding you are decaying in Detroit, where an up-and-doing family is known by the tower it builds.

It is vital that you keep bigger and brighter home fires burning down town, for there are no home fires burning and no one to tend them if burning up town. Home has been modernized, mechanized, organized, electrified, motorized, vacuumed into vacancy.

The old fireside survives only in my friend Eddie Guest's daily delightful verse. The girl who defies birth-control these days is born in a hospital, educated in a convent, courted in an automobile, married in a hotel, established in an apartment,



divorced in court and buried from a mortuary chapel. She never gets home.

No one is to blame. It is evolution. It is economic necessity. The spirit of the times teaches us speed and departure. Meals are no longer prepared. They are assembled.

Instead of sitting down disconsolately and singing, "There's no place any longer like home," you Twentieth Century club-women have set about and substituted the next best thing. The industrial, commercial stone which an expanding and apartment and residential hotel life has rejected has become the head of this hospitable and cultural and growing corner.

One of Britain's brilliant literati—can't remember whether it was Galsworthy or Chesterton—never asked a landlady the price of her lodgings when he was on tour. His question always was: "My dear woman, what is your outlook on life?" He knew a broad outlook implied an appreciation of the relatively small significance of the space he wanted to rent. A narrow survey argued for unreasonable appraisal of the value of her accommodations.

Minimize your estimate of the rest of creation if you want to. Emerson once said to a Seventh Day Adventist who maintained the end of the world was at hand: "Very well, we'll get along without it!" And Bernard Shaw has given out the dictum that the more he sees of the world in its present ferment the more convinced he is that the Almighty is using this sphere for a madhouse for all the rest of universe.

So take it from me that you should forget the relation of the Twentieth Century Club to the destiny of Christendom, and while minimizing world outreach magnify the importance of what you plan and do here for your own happiness and productivity. It would delight my soul to see you branch out physically as far as the east is from the west or the north from the south until you displaced every stage that is pestilential, every printing press that pours forth pornography, every screaming billboard that afflicts the vision, every court palsied with cow-

ardice and every official source that makes us all suffer for its faithlessness. And then, as the aggrieved colored client said to the lawyer in dictating a vehement epistle to his enemy, "begin dere an' work up!"

I remember when you found the little waif, with "Twentieth Century" pinned to its frock, on your doorstep. You have done your duty by it. Don't be cast down if at the age of 27 the charge given to you to keep and bless doesn't turn out to be all that you hoped for. It's a hard time to bring up children, when shouting into mother's rain-barrel has become a tête-à-tête with London, the transfer pictures of your childhood turn out to be television of the present and hop, skip and jump of yesteryear mean in this age of acceleration that our hopeful hop into a seventy mile roadster, skip over the Rockies and jump around the globe.

Don't despair as those who are without hope, if you don't appear to be touching the life of your hopeful at all. All parents have the same misgiving in this age of self-sufficient offspring. One father discussing corporal punishment the other day, said he never struck his children except in self-defense.

Get all the thrill you can out of the age in which you are doing your fond parental best by the boy, this strapping Twentieth Century. How mighty he is physically. He gives every promise of living 100 years. Most of the centuries before him have. And with the political party to which I belong the last century seemed even longer than 100 years.

If you ever feel that you have failed with the lad, you can follow the advice of Dawes when he and Young, weary of their long siege with the reparations problem, availed themselves gladly of the night off granted by their wives in Paris. On their way home from the gaities of the French capital, Dawes said: "What do you say, Young? Suppose we give up trying to save civilization and join it!"

Or I'll tell you what you can do. If your labor seems in vain in a garish and gainful age, just ask in the poet, the preacher

and the player who are here to sympathize with you and have them tell you, dear Twentieth Century women, that they are not able to do any more with your twenty-seven-year-old than you are.

### United States of Europe

One heard much at the recent meeting of the International Advertising Association in Berlin that reflected German readiness for the first step in the direction of European federation.

M. Briand was quoted in one of the sessions as contemplating from the height of the tribune of the French Chamber the United States of Europe, and a former prime minister, M. Edouard Herriot, was credited with the declaration, "Europe will be federative or it will cease to exist!" As someone has aptly said about this dream of European unity, "History says no; necessity says yes."

Here we have added to the shibboleth of American federation, "In Union there is strength," the rallying cry of European grouping, "In union there is existence!"

Out of the abundance of conviction both these French and German leaders must speak, for they are at the very threshold of the assembly of the League of Nations that is to see their plans take form. They are less cautious than Benjamin Franklin, our first great proponent of international good will, who declared late in life that he would not be too sure about immortality because he was going to find out all about it in a little while. They do not take refuge in the sublime restraint of the modern gospeler who said to his parish: "My brethren, unless you repent in a measure, and be converted to a degree, as it were, you will, I regret to say, be darned to a certain extent."

M. Briand and Dr. Stern-Rubarth are going to find out all about the beginning of "The United States of Europe" in a few days. I believe they will not be disappointed for two reasons:

First—The unexpected termination in concord of the Hague

conference proves again that the will to peace is growing among the European powers. For ten years, they have been learning to get along together, proving by the better understanding around the conference table the meaning of the French saying that it is "the absent that are always wrong," and that "to know all is to forgive all." With reference to the divisions that are destructive there has been a United States of Europe at Geneva.

Second—The blighting effects upon European industries of the stiffening of American tariff rates is driving the Old World to the abolition of frontier barriers so that it may have across its borders the same unobstructed flow of domestic commerce that the American States enjoy. Self-preservation is the first law of nations. If "America for Americans," why not "Europe for Europeans"? A solidified, protected Old World against a solidified protected New World. Europe is no longer obsessed with the idea of giving America the benefit of division and detachment.

If imitation is the sincerest flattery, America should be flattered by this impending development. And it will be saved from a softening industrial security by the challenge of a continental rival worthy of its steel—and its pig iron, aluminum, automobiles, et cetera! But it is something new in slogans since the days of the Cobden Club and the English lion in American campaigns: "Protection against the pauper labor of Europe!" succeeded by the tocsin, "To arms against the pauperizing mass production of the United States!"

Once let the 27 states of Europe taste the material advantages of bunching their stars on the economic banner, the rest will be inevitable as the destiny of the Thirteen Colonies who came by mutual self-interest to the day when they felt they must hang together or hang one by one.

No great scheme of confederation is settled until it is settled right. The process of union began within some of the states long ago through the disappearance of lesser powers and

principalities and their mergence into a greater federation. The grouping of the present states is a continuation of the federative principle. It is in keeping with the merger passion of the age, now extended to religion and newspapers heretofore considered uncoalescent. If you don't like to call the country you hail from "America" or "Amerigo," "Amergia" will answer very well. Combinations are the order of the day.

War-weakened Europe would welcome the economies, the efficiencies, the emancipations from feebleness, the fiscal relief, the enlarged living, the assured safeguarding from foes within or without that would proceed from the modern device of combination.

And racial differences and ancient enmities need not stand in the way. Witness Geneva, Locarno and The Hague. Witness international convocations. The United States of America took these ethnic and tradition-bound elements into the melting pot far from their source and fused them into a great achievement in self-government. There could be no more confusion of tongues, sometimes bitter tongues, or falling out between sections, than the American Union has triumphantly survived. Our states under the Stars and Stripes have been known to make one another to see stars and feel stripes as they have spoken to one another with the brutal frankness of blood relations. Didn't a sister star in the constellation of Columbia maintain that Paderewsky never appeared in Rhode Island because of insufficient space for his grand piano?

And what argues more conclusively than all else for the coming of an organic union of European states is that they must have their "home of the free and land of the brave" over there, if at all. The United States of America, since the immigration law of 1924 went into effect, is no longer the refuge of whosoever will.

Victor Hugo was not in a hurry. "It will come up in the twentieth century," he wrote. The great seer is safe for seventy more years, at least. In the meantime our restless fellow-



citizens are thronging European shores in such increasing numbers it will soon be necessary to go to Paris to "see America first." And all the while these expanding institutions of our land that are outflinging their high standards in foreign capitals are using their good offices—Paris office, London office, Berlin office—to show forth the glory of the coming of the day when this old world will be just one "United States" after another.

### Izaak Walton Clubs

If you are always as fortunate in the selection of a fish-pole as you have been in picking a patron saint, you should have nothing to complain of at the end of a day's sport by quiet river and daisied meadow. You go forth gloriously equipped to your quest.

Your prototype was a philosopher, as well as a lover of nature in all her varying moods and visible forms. Angling he held to be the chief end of man. He held that the Saviour never rebuked anglers for their occupation, "for He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are."

Attaboy, Izaak! The Master had a tender word for the Twelve—"fishers of men." He told them where to cast so as to get a good catch. The Rev. Myron W. Reed, who went from Michigan to Colorado to organize a church as independent as himself, found his justification for skipping a prayer-meeting where Izaak Walton drank at the fount of pious philosophy. He faced the reprimands of the faithful the following Sunday by preaching from the words, "Peter saith, I go a-fishing."

By the way, the Solid Muldoon, of Ouray, Colorado, drew from angling its editorial championship of the Rev. Mr. Reed's candidacy for congress when it cried: "Damn a catfish in a trout country! Vote for the Rev. Myron W. Reed!"

A certain small-town gospeler was not so enamoured of

angling, at least as a Lord's Day diversion (Izaak Walton, who said fishing is something like poetry—"men must be born to it"—would have called it worship). He was on his way to service when he saw a parishioner spading in his garden. He leaned on the fence and quoted solemnly: "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work."

"Alludin' to me, dominie?" asked the spader.

"Yes, my good man—to you."

"Waal, ye needn't worry 'bout me. I ain't workin'. I'm jes' gittin' worms to go fishin' with."

Walton's precepts for the sport and his charming word pictures of pastoral beauty are woven into quaint dialogues between Piscator and Auceps, the latter of whom is won over into discipleship under Piscator. There was a modern master-angler who was endeavoring to induct a novice in the fine art of landing rainbow-trout. In the excitement of a strike the tenderfoot reeled in a seven-inch specimen until the mouth of the catch was pressed against the top of the rod.

"Now all you got to do," said the disgusted preceptor, "is to climb the pole and choke him to death!"

"The Perfect Angler," Izaak Walton's treatise on fishing, calls to quietude, patience, gratitude, sensibility to the serenities and splendors of forest and stream. Grover Cleveland, outstanding disciple of Walton among our Presidents, dwelt upon the same attributes of the angler. He held it fortunate that the fishing was not always good, for it was quiet persistence that tested the quality of the true sportsman.

"Successful work with line and pole," quoth an irreverent pupil, "is to seek a grassy slope, a shady pool, and lie in weight."

My slouch hat (with extra hooks fastened in it) is off to the sons of Izaak. I have never progressed much myself beyond the schoolday truancy stage of piscatorial simplicity—stripped tree branch, grocer's twine, bent hook and all that. But ad-

miringly I sit at the feet of seasoned anglers, mark all their precepts, letter and line, and then thrash in with my old-fashioned outfit alongside and land more than any of them!

But Walton was right, and so is Dr. Henry van Dyke, in dwelling upon the cultural uses of angling, its pathological importance, its philosophic contemplations. There was an up-state Massachusetts fisherman who landed such a beautiful trout that he vowed that no one but the Governor should enjoy the trophy. He packed it in moss and started for the capital. He stopped at a roadside inn for lunch and some rascally jokesters substituted a codfish for the beautiful specimen. Arrived at the capital he treated himself to a look at his offering. His amazement and disgust were so great he turned about and made for home. At the same inn while he supped the wretches replaced the prize catch, and the angler bore it home.

"How did the Governor like your beautiful trout?" his wife asked.

"Didn't deliver it," growled the fisherman. "Didn't think it fit for his excellency. We'll eat it ourselves."

Removing the moss, his wonderful catch lay before him in all its beauty. "Well, what do you think of that?" murmured the astonished fisherman. "It only proves one thing: A fish may be a trout up here, but it's only a cod in Boston!"

The Izaak Walton Clubs' use of Joyce Kilmer's apostrophe to the Tree is another sign of their sacrificial devotion to conservation. You plead for protection for the monarchs of the forest even though you know their trunks are posted with signs warning you under penalty not to trespass with rod and line. There's real sportsmanship for you.

### Woodrow Wilson's Epitaph

The Grand Army of the Republic is a thin, faded, vanishing line of blue. But the Spanish-American veterans are still here to attest the unfaltering fiber of our citizen soldiers. I saw the troops disembark at Montauk Point, gaunt, wasted figures bear-

ing the marks of the ravages of pestilence in the camps of Cuba. We know now that the country they were eager to serve in the name of humanity was not equipped or prepared to take care of this untried army.

Tenderly we include these valorous interventionists in the bestowal of our laurels in this hour of tribute; but as we sought nothing of national aggrandizement in that war distant from our shores, the honor that is their due still waits upon the fulfillment of their country's solemn covenant with the world. When independence is granted the Philippines—this is not saying the time is ripe for withdrawing from the islands—then the Spanish-American veterans will come into the full measure of acknowledgment for their service to mankind.

Once we took up arms to make the nation free. Once we appealed to the arbitrament of the sword to make the seas free. Once we plunged into fratricidal strife to make a race free. Once we intervened to make an island free. And last we went to war to make the world free.

In his last address at Pueblo, Colorado, before he gave way under the prolonged strain of formulating a treaty and rallying his countrymen to the realization of his sublime vision of the covenanted friendship of the world, Woodrow Wilson referred to a Decoration Day in France:

"I went to a beautiful hillside near Paris, where was located the cemetery of Suresnes, a cemetery given over to the burial of the American dead. Behind me on the slopes was rank upon rank of living American soldiers and lying before me on the levels of the plain was rank upon rank of departed American soldiers. Right by the side of the stand where I spoke there was a little group of French women who had made themselves mothers of those dear ghosts, by putting flowers, every day, upon those graves, taking them as their own sons, their own beloved, because they had died in the same cause—France was free and the world was free because America had come! I wish some men in public life who are now opposing the settlement

for which these men died could visit such a spot as that. I wish that the thought that comes out of those graves could penetrate their consciousness. I wish that they could feel the moral obligation that rests upon us not to go back on those boys, but to see the thing through, to see it through to the end and make good their redemption of the world."

The lips that drew from a Decoration Day incident this powerful appeal—an appeal that melted his hearers to tears—no longer move the hearts of his countrymen. The pulseless clay of this most lamentable of the World War casualties reposes under a simple inscription in the great cathedral at Washington.

When there falls a Decoration Day in which, by reason of the United States' entry into the League of Nations full faith has been kept with those who died gloriously for a safeguarded democracy and in a war against war, then and not until then, let Woodrow Wilson's epitaph be written!

### Women in Business

You Soroptimists needn't hide your light under a bushel of syllables as far as I am concerned. By any other name, just plain business women, for example, you'd be as sweet to me.

You see I have worked for women—when I was in school—and I have had women work for me. So I appreciate your position—and sincerely hope you will keep on holding it, even at an increased salary.

I can even appreciate the position of the little man far back in the rear of the hall, who piped up—when the suffrage leader cried, "When, oh when, are women going to get men's salaries?"—"Next Saturday night, by gum!"

The many-syllabled name, like the cause it labels, covers a multitude of meanings. At first blush it is as misleading as what the baggage-smasher said to the dear old woman who missed connection at a lonely junction at midnight. She asked him if there was a place to stay over night.



"No place I know of, m'um, unless you put up with the station agent," said the baggage-smasher.

"Sir, I'm a lady!" the passenger exclaimed.

"So's the station-agent," said the baggage-smasher.

This incident illuminates a significant fact. Women are in all the vocations now, with possibly three or four exceptions. They do not serve in the army and navy, nor as commanders of ships, nor as executioners in prisons.

They are seen on ships, however, and in a certain kind of army. The steward was making up the cabin assignments on the basis of probable congeniality. So he put Colonel Higginson in with Major Forsythe. But the Major turned out to be a Salvation Army lassie of rank, and the berthings were revised without discussion.

I have no spleen against women breaking into business. Economic conditions created by men have made it necessary for them to get in. And there is precious little to do at home since mechanism has supplanted manual effort there. Moreover residential hotels and apartments hardly provide space if they did want to abide there. "We've got a whosit at our house!" a little flat-dweller was bragging the other day. "Whaddaya mean—whosit?" asked his companion. "Aw, one of dem tubes you holler up, an' ma or sis hollers back, 'whosit?' "

Women bring order, decorum, fidelity into business. Only objectors are curmudgeons like the employer who was dictating to the new secretary. "Am I too fast for you?" he asked. "No, you're too old!" she answered sweetly. Of course he can't see women in business now.

But where would we have been last week when the returns from the world's series were coming in if there were no women to keep business going as usual? We would have been just four days behind—that's where we would have been.

Every store front, every public park, every theatre where the loud speaker was holding forth became rest rooms for male

workers. Beyond furnishing the deceased grandmothers women had nothing to do with those hours of masculine suspension. They kept at their tasks.

Who shall say that women's loyalty is not needed where the applicant for the job of office boy asked what the duties were? "You're expected to open and sweep the office, get the mail and assort it, dust the furniture, bring in the cards of callers, run errands and when not otherwise engaged, address envelopes and answer the telephone." "Oh, you don't want an old boy!" he muttered, "you want a new boy!"

When a circulation manager of a New York newspaper classified the population according to the hour of coming down in the morning into "the works, the clerks and the shirks," we know there were no women in the third group. To revise the old couplet:

Man works from ten to four  
Woman's work is never o'er.

The Soroptimists, rather than being pulled down by business, are bound to lift business up. Some new definitions shall they give to office life. An afternoon on the golf-links will not be a conference. Debating with the sales manager whether Tunney should have been counted out in the seventh round will not be "too busy to come to the phone." "Oh, what a headache in the morning!" will not be properly describable as "too ill to take up any matters today."

And is business necessarily unsexing, fatal to feminine witchery? Stuff and nonsense. Rather than creating a gulf it builds a bridge, Men have a chance to discover the capabilities, the wonderful intuitions, the fidelities of womankind.

What of these recurring romances of the general offices? Do they not prove that the modern way to a man's heart is not through his stomach, but through a secretaryship? The "Keep Out" sign in the busy marts is not meant for Cupid.

### Youth Yesterday and Today

How does the youth of yesterday line up with the youth of today?

That brings up this dialogue:

"What are ancestors, pa?"

"Why, I'm an ancestor; your uncle is an ancestor; your grandad is an ancestor."

"What is there about ancestors to be proud of, pa?"

Before we can make our comparison of "The Youth of Yesterday and Today" in the broadest sense, it is necessary to know whether the youth of yesterday by and large are a success, something to be proud of, as ancestors.

In other words it means putting ourselves alongside the coming citizens over there at the school desks, out there on the ice pond, speeding countryward in automobiles, absorbing the too often toxic offerings of the movies, or swaying with twinkling feet to the notes of the moaning saxophone.

By their fruits shall ye know the youth of yesterday. We are a part of the fruits. What was fine and what was fearful in the untried material of 1875 are manifest in the maturity of today.

Are we something to be proud of? The question of the afternoon amounts to that. Are we bright and shining living testimonials to the finer influences, the loftier ideals, the pioneer industry, the more decent standards that obtained in the quarter of a century following the Civil War?

We know. No questionnaire, no research of the sociologists can come as close to the facts as we can in holding a rendezvous with our own lives, searching our own souls.

Home-keeping wanes. Charge it to the high cost of living or contempt for domestic drudgery. Say it is due to restlessness or overrest. Shifting to the city or shirking old-fashioned fidelities. Put it on outside responsibilities or outside allurements. The fact remains that the most sacred shrine at which son or daughter ever knelt—as Henry W. Grady reverently referred

to mother's knee—is not anywhere as accessible as it once was.

When the Mendlesohn march sounded and the glorious procession swept up the aisle, a paternal parent in a home where father and son week widens into an all-time palship, turned to the hopeful and asked:

“How does it strike you, son?”

“It's wonderful,” the boy exclaimed.

“Well, if you are ever minded to go and do likewise, I have only one word to say, son: Read your contract.”

Sons and daughters, unfitted for the problem of self-support either by reason of soft schooling or coddling, are compelled by their contract to take a harsh post-graduate course in the University of Hard Knocks.

Along these developments in our twentieth century garish life lie the hidden reefs of marital shipwreck. In Michigan the likelihood of separation is one in three. In one Michigan county when 20,000 marriages were recorded in one year, a patriot cried: “Look! the land of the brave!” When he read on that there were 7,000 annulments he added: “And the home of the free!”

If the youth of 1925 do not have to put their feet in the pathway of knowledge until they get out of a limousine at the school door; if they gather from what goes on or goes down at the family board that the illicit rumseller is an individual to be cultivated; if the mute or spoken drama or the musical comedy drivel, with their filth and fleshliness, have undisputed right of way to their impressionable minds; if the criminals bring their pictorial halo and first-page glorification into your holy of holies and infamies are re-enacted on an enlarged scale in the presence of the children, through an overcommercialized daily press, who is to blame but the youth of 1875, old enough by this time not to condone this quantity production of stumbling blocks for untried feet?

A Woman's Club of a half a century's growth should have accumulated cudgels enough to be felt on the heads of publish-



ers, play-producers, politicians and gelatine-spined public officials who for pelf or place become parties to the betrayal of the republic's future citizens.

These despoilers of youth for what there is in it are not proud of their nefarious business. They do not seek to defend it. For their own part they would have something quite different, they say.

But their alibi is that they are giving people—even good people—what they want. That puts the responsibility on you! What did you ever do, individually or collectively, to let these apologists know you were not a part of the demand?

We enjoy self-determination. We live under majority rule. Your votes tell the story. Every subscription order is your vote for the kind of a newspaper you want your children to read. Every ticket handed to the doorman registers your approval of the current type of stage influence. Every ballot on election day reflects the grade of public stewardship you prefer. What you get you deserve under self-government.

Men close their mouths about these things because they cannot afford, they say, to have newspapers against them in politics or business.

Are you club women sufficiently brave about this to suffer the absence of your name from the society column as reprisal for saying to the newspaper purveyor of social sewerage: "You are not giving our fireside what it wants"?

## Zinc

The American Zinc Institute is in session to consider the blue white wealth it brings up from the Almighty's storehouse.

Zinc has been very considerate of the American Zinc Institute. But for zinc it would not be assembled in sightly St. Louis right now, at this glorious vernal season.

Zinc is migratory, pervasive. It is found in copper, medicines, automobiles, paints, stockings, annual meetings.



Annual meetings have occurred without the aid or consent of zinc, of course. But as the metal has been produced by the dry process, its participation is especially important right now in this Volstead era.

In ancient times zinc was found in coins. Whether it still appears in these useful little articles of commerce is known only to Henry Ford, who has become the world's greatest collector.

There may or may not be zinc in money, but you of the American Zinc Institute know there is money in zinc, which is more to the point.

We are not interested in money, as such, of course, but for the good we can do with it. It perisheth with us—thus insuring good company for both as we go the way of all the earth. A Protestant preacher was fair enough to say the other day that if he were going to hell he would rather have an Irishman for a companion.

This shows our denominations are getting broader.

When all our earthly pleasures are without alloy, the demand for zinc will fall off amazingly. At present there are no signs of a slump.

While lugged into oratory by others—"Zinc or swim, live or die, survive or perish!" cried the great Webster—you never catch zinc spouting of its own accord.

Disinclined to start a conversation, you hear of it only in retorts. And then only after it has been thrown into the air for a considerable period.

How different with the United States Senate, according to Mr. Dawes. After that conversational body has evaporated, there is nothing left to gather up.

Of all the metals zinc stands absolutely unaccused. The poet cried: "Cursed be the gold that gilds the straightened forehead of the fool." Free silver was denounced in 1896. Coal is not a metal, of course, but it comes from the same place; and the consumer is always telling the coal barons where they can go to. Brass is associated with an oversupply of nerve and lead is

what the young wife's biscuits are likened to when they resemble paper-weights.

Zinc never smells to Heaven except in sulphurous combinations. Zinc alone is of good repute. It deserves to be heard. Go ahead and tell your story through judicious advertising, but beware of putting your \$100,000 into mediums so burdened with paid matter that you will have to resort to the electrolytic or electrothermic process to extract any visibility from your message.

Science is raising the mischief with your market. The wire-less creates a situation at which one of your galvanized products cannot recoil. You will have to galvanize the political wire-pullers or other ultimate consumers into life.

Zinc has made good as a preservative for wood. Has the American Zinc Institute thought of putting a shampoo on the market?

## APPENDIX

# THE NEW DEAL

### Currency Question

An authority maintains that there are only seventeen people in the universe who understand the currency question. I have no idea where the other sixteen are or what they may be doing—I venture to say they are all in Detroit waiting for the banks to open—but it is providential that I am able to be with the Lions of Atlantic City tonight, safely removed from the Bulls and Bears.

As it is definitely known that there are only seven original jokes, it really leaves but ten experts who have this monetary science down fine; who really take it seriously. If the one in ten doesn't happen to give satisfaction on this occasion, I pray the outcome will not prove any more disastrous than the visit of the radio crooner to the zoo. John B. Kennedy, who has just gone from Collier's to the National Broadcasting Corporation, relates how a little laboratory work was done recently to determine to what extent listeners-in were justified in their protests against these radiocasters with tear-stained voices. They took one of them to the zoo to pour his vocal sadness upon the animals. "When the lions heard the crooner," Mr. Kennedy reported, "they turned violent; but when they saw the crooner they turned vegetarian!"

When I was a Washington correspondent in Cleveland's second term, a delegation came over from the Senate, called in special session by the President to repeal the silver-purchase

clause of the Sherman act, which was piling up silver bullion in the United States treasury month after month as a concession to the silver-producing states and contributing to a serious monetary crisis. The Senators reported that they could not muster sufficient votes to repeal that part of the Sherman law. They asked the resolute chief executive what he would do if the best they could bring for his signature was a compromise. Cleveland brought his fist down upon his desk and exclaimed emphatically but reverently, "By God, I'll veto it!" They went back to the Senate with that message, and in a few days the repeal measure was put through. If Cleveland had wavered or taken time to bring in a college professor for consultation, the depression of 1893 might have been prolonged indefinitely.

I hailed that debate in the United States Senate as a great opportunity for a Washington correspondent's education in finance. But I had my doubts when I saw one eminent statesman arise and declare that all he knew about the currency question was that it took two names besides his own to make his note good.

What can we expect of the common people when they have to depend upon charts at Washington to get their bearings on the treacherous and uncertain monetary main? and when the Secretary of the Treasurer tells the befogged financiers on Capitol Hill that he hopes we have something that will work but he is giving no guarantee. "Let's try it six months," he pleads, "and then see where we come out."

Being one of the 17, marked down to 10, I can go along with the commentators when they follow "the downward spiral of inflation with relation to the quantitative dollar and its repercussions touching the stabilization of the British pound, shilling and pence, as well as the French franc and centime, with resultant vibrations in the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street and the French Bourse." But how hopeless it is for the technically unenlightened! Can you wonder that they find them-

selves in the situation of the fellow who tried to read Browning's blank verse. Desperately he handed the page to a friend and asked, "What do you make of that?" "Not a damn thing!" said his Browning-taster. "Thank God, I thought I was going mad!" the poor man exclaimed.

It is the duty of a master-mind in this monetary muddle to go about the matter of enlightening the masses in a simple objective way. Let me tell you what has happened to our cash balance through the devaluation of the dollar. This is known as the Booker Washington demonstration. When he was a child he relates how when all the little Washingtons received their spoonful of molasses syrup they would tip their plates first this way and that and get the sweet black stuff to cover the entire plate, just as I show you with the plate I hold in my hand. Now don't you see how the spoonful of molasses has become a plateful? And isn't it better to have the syrup run over the plate than to have a run on the bank? There is really no increase in the circulating medium, to be sure, but it looked like more to Booker Washington and his brothers, enabling him to grow up to be a leader of his race, and it looks like more to you, especially through the eyes of faith—and faith is the very foundation of all financial integrity.

Now the next objective exposition of what has transpired in our monetary life is called the Commodity Dollar demonstration, first given to the financial world by a presdigitator who won his renown by writing with a postoffice pen. It is simple but mighty convincing. I have here, you will notice, a brand-new dollar. Follow me closely (for the hand is sometimes swifter than the eye) while I fold it up into a wad the size of a postage stamp. Do you all see it? You know it has not left my hand. Now I will slowly unfold it. Keep your eye on what was just now a tight-wad. Now see the magical result. It was a single dollar bill when I began to compress it between my fingers, and behold now you find it *in creases*.



That's what happened to the gold you turned over by request to your Uncle Sam. It was say two and a half billions and now it has grown to five billions. You find it increases—inflated by the new wrinkle.

If you recall what they used to do in the minstrel first part it will only increase the mystification about this currency question.

Interlocutor says to Bones: "You remember that five-spot I borrowed of you some time ago; here it is." Bones says to Tambourine: "Aw promised to come across just as soon as I got the money. Inasmuch as you done see me git it, here it is." Then Tambourine turns over the V to the baritone soloist in full settlement of account long past due, and the baritone squares accounts with the interlocutor with the same bill, which has liquidated personal I-owe-you's to the amount of \$20. The middle-man asks everybody if they are happy and they reply that they are. Then he says: "Gentleman, that five-spot happens to be phoney! Our world-famous tenor will now entertain us with, 'The short sheets make the bed seem longer.'"

### Governors' Conference

With all these heads of ten Commonwealths (not one of them uncommonly wealthy just now) gathered in annual conference on historic Mackinac Island; with our sea-faring President in the Sandwich Islands; and the Judicial and Legislative branches of the Government in the "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," there is set up a second AAA—more specifically, "Another Alphabetical Archipelago."

This insular assemblage is conducive to truth. In ten gubernatorial chambers, just now deserted, the "In Conference" report may be taken at full face value.

To make you all feel at home on Mackinac Island, you are still in Straits here. Edward Everett Hale found inspiration in

this serene detachment for his immortal fable, "A Man Without a Country." By your presence you indite a refutation of the current canard that, in this epoch of federalized finance and federalized relief, the United States is a country without a state. I will go further: By the time the home-coming naval craft Houston looms on the western horizon, with President Roosevelt aboard, this beloved land of ours will be a republic!

God rest you, Merrie Governors! After two days of conferring it is your right to play. Nay, we shall give a play! The play's the thing! What shall it be? Ah, I have it! Why not the "Grand Hotel," where we chance to be lingering in the tonic coolness of this August night?

At the instance of the Legion of Decency this version of the Vicky Baum realism has been taken off the Hays diet and made fit for any Governor to take his wife to. It comes out of its fumigation so flawless that we feel free to cast the visiting statesmen for the leading roles. Moreover to avoid even the appearance of evil, we shall make of this "Grand Hotel" an Eveless Eden. Consideration is thus shown the one or two bachelors among our guests. There will be less to remind them of their great luck—hear me! I should say loss.

Understudies are inseparable from every well-conducted dramatic offering. From the imposing list of collegiate institutions that set the feet of these illustrious conferees in paths leading to state capitals, I should refer to them as "overstudies." Anticipating what the NRA may be planning to do with the swollen fortunes of Moviedom ("Hollywood be thy name!") we have dropped two of the highest-paid impersonations in this revision of "Grand Hotel." Madame Grusinskaya, temperamental ballet-dancer, poising on one big toe while the other points to a quarter of six—the type of flaming personality usually found behind every door that is broken in—will be replaced by "Lady Luck," of whom every Governor is inevitably and properly enamoured; and, instead of having the bankrupt

Baron (who came to prey, but remained to neck) fall for her witcheries, you Chiefs of Commonwealths will have to take the Count. Like the Baron, the Count is a sort of Jekyll-Hyde creation, depending upon how things go in September and November.

Permit me to make a curtain call on all the Gubernatorial Players. In the spirit of the current passion for collectivism, all ten will be merged in a composite characterization of Otto Kringelein of Fredersdorf, the bookkeeper guest of the "Grand" who had only a little while to live. I am not insensible of the fact that some of the cast have until January 1st, 1936, and even till 1937; but Otto Kringelein seems a logical assignment for our new-found stars—first time (and in defiance of Gen. Johnson) that all the players have been rolled into one, with the exception of the bedroom movies that the Legion of Decency is trying to take down in the fall house-cleaning. In addition to Otto's passing being pre-determined, he had to slave for Herr Generaldirector Preysing back in Fredersdorf just as you have slaved for your various constituencies throughout this tragic era.

The philosophy the author adduces from the daily routine of a "great pub." is that no one ever checks out the same personage that he was when they went in. There is the desolate Herr Doctor Otternschlag, who has gotten through, and who because his future is all behind him, lays down the gloomy dictum that nothing ever happens. In this version we have underlined our three Ex-Governors because they know full well what befalls Selectman Number One of a State 'twixt inaugural and retirement; not because "nothing ever happens." They have found official life as eventful and onerous and confusing as Lincoln who groaned that between Civil War and uncivil office-holders he was like a landlord trying to rent lodgings at one end of a house while the other wing was on fire.

Something always happens to retiring Governors—elevation to the Presidency, mayhap.

There remain to be assigned the Executive Secretaries who have come along with their chiefs, leaving their Commonwealths doubly bereft. Will they please play "Flemm," the Scrivener of the "Grand Hotel," who went away with the foredoomed but feeling better Kringelein. I understand you will all be leaving together tomorrow. I realize the parallel is lame—as lame as Dinah's name for her hound, "Moreover," from the Bible. Challenged as to the Scriptural origin of what she called her pride and protection she cited her recollection of a passage in Luke, "Moreover, the dog, came and licked his sores."

The characters being assigned, let us go on with the play. The scene is the conference room of the "Grand Hotel," with manipulators of "Balloon Common" and "Bubble Preferred" gathered in the spirit of the New Jersey promoter's dying lament, "So many to do, so few done." Do not for a moment harbor the thought that the schemeful gentlemen of the original text were prototypes of our Executive Thespians, appearing to-night. They were there to do others before others could do them—for acceleration; while our dramatis personæ have been in conference, forgetful of self, for administration—to form a more perfect Union, not to offer up the modern "Maiden's Prayer": "O Lord, I ask nothing for myself, but will you please send my mother a son-in-law!"

### Home for the (Bank) Holidays

When the Florida Open Forum handed this circuit-spieler check in full for six platform appearances from Jacksonville to Babson Park, the voice crying in the Winter Paradise asked itself what he had better do with so much mazuma. Theme before the Forum foregatherings had been, "Democracy, Mobocracy, Autocracy or Technocracy—Where Do We Go

From Here?" In keeping with his advocacy of a safe-guarded monetary system, he answered the question propounded to "large and exhausted audiences" by going from the treasurer's office straight to the local bank and cashing his certificate for several million ergs (Technocrat scale) of enunciatory energy.

Where did he go from there? The not so still or so small voice said to him: "Banks of your native Michigan are so many Rocks of Gibraltar, inscribed 'PRUDENTIAL' in capital letters, while Florida is only a peninsula, rocked by hurricanes and realtycanes at intervals." Having left Brother Roger W. Babson at his School for Secretaries in its Mediterranean setting at Babson Park, all the light to the feet this Forumer had to guide him came from this inner monitor. He heeded its hunch and forthwith put his lecture proceeds into money-orders, posting them the same moment for deposit to his credit in his time-tried Detroit bank. As an extra precaution he accompanied the money-orders on the Miamian as far as Washington on his way to Tammanytown. As he caught the gleam of the Capitol's dome he apostrophized fervently: "My Washington! How it awakes the soul and lifts it higher to realize that you have a money-order system to which a humble platform-toiler may turn in time of doubt!"

The grateful thought invested the morrow, Lincoln's birthday, with especial significance as the lecturer strolled meditatively in the silence of the Westchester woods, "where snows are deep." Did not the Great Emancipator preserve this mighty and puissant nation for postoffice remitters? Monday following, a legal holiday, lent itself to further lingering in Lincolnia.

Checking out of the Hotel Commodore the next day the platformer found a certain prideful pleasure in presenting a check issued against his treasures laid up in his home city. The young lady cashier was right there with a coy quip. "We can take your check for your bill," she twittered, "but are not allowed to cash anything beyond that." It struck the parting



guest as the best wow on current conditions he had heard since a New Year's reveller wheezed: "Adieu, old 1932! You'll go down in history as the year before the great depression." He repaid the cashier's sally with a smile.

Everybody seemed to be right there with the repartee. On his way to the train the home-going spell-binder ran into a newspaper acquaintance. "What's amiss in Motorville?" the publisher asked. "One of our men out there has just wired for fifty dollars to be rushed by money-order?" Strange the influence of the dominant thought, dwarfing all accompanying cogitations. If the lecturer had been appearing in "The Strange Interlude" right then, the thought made audible would have been: "Gee, but it's great to have one's idea of money-sending gloriously confirmed!"

"Happy holiday greetings!" chortled a fellow-Detroiter across the Pullman aisle.

Lower 10 felt like saying, "Holiday's past and you're the biggest fool at last!" But he gave the derisive one the benefit of the doubt. "I don't quite get you!" he replied.

"What? Mean to say you haven't seen the evening papers? Just lamp that first page headline and weep!"

"ALL MICHIGAN BANKS CLOSED FOR NINE DAYS!"

"Two legal holidays and two Sundays are included to pay respect to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, but not to pay anything to anybody else," breezed lower 9, palpably a non-depositor. "The Governor, you will notice, didn't give the 500 banks and trust companies the option of putting up or shutting up. He went from a midnight emergency meeting of the two Detroit national banking groups direct to the morning newspaper and put out a proclamation closing them all tighter than a drum. He didn't want anyone in Michigan to make the mistake of the poor devil in Wilkes-Barre who grabbed a place in a long line that he thought led to a blind-

pig, but after standing there four hours it turned out to be a run on a bank. By his imitation of Mussolini His Excellency has saved the day for Detroit, for Michigan and maybe for the nation. No common stock that Comstock! He grabbed time by the fetlock and shielded the little fellows from the threatened raids of the big and powerful depositors, by tying up all assets. Nobody gets a penny until the holiday is lifted."

"But how about funds deposited by mail?" inquired the bank patron who acted upon the brilliant idea that came to him in Florida, four days before the crisis. "Can't one realize on money-orders placed on deposit prior to the holidays?"

"Tied up with the \$60,500,000 of the world's industrial leader of the greatest liquidity! Misery likes Ford Company, and you should be proud of your association in distress with a concern that has never used banks save for depositories."

"It hasn't anything on me," said the cash-and-didn't-carry passenger from the Southland, "I've never used them over-much for that. 'Safety first' is just a befuddlement these times I'm as luckless as the Gloomy Gus who wailed that the landlady always died where he boarded. Wish I had hung on to that bank ad., adjuring me not to hide my savings in socks and ticks, where moths corrupt and thieves break through and steal, but to consult my nearest banker. That nearest banker is now so near, but yet so far."

### Individual Initialitive

The intimation that there was a reprisal rod in pickle for slackers resulted in such an outflinging of blue eagle wings in shop windows that Broadway took on the aspect of a bird sanctuary. Something of the significance of the cablegram to the Jewish family in New York from kinspeople in Berlin, stirred store-keepers into action, not always whole-hearted and not always sincere:

"We are all well and happy here. Everything is fine. We like Hitler very much. Brother Adolph had different ideas. We buried him yesterday."

Possibility of boycott or prosecution impelled everybody to hoist the NIRA emblem and revise their bedtime prayer into:

"NIRA I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my code to keep;  
But if I my code should break  
I pray the Lord my soul to take!"

All but Henry Ford. He had the spirit of investigation of the little boy spending the night with a neighbor's lad, who said his prayers while the guest hopped into bed. "Aren't you going to say your prayers, Billy?" the boy asked. "Nope," said Billy positively. "Didn't say them last night, aint goin' ter say them tonight, and then if nothin' don't get me, ain't goin' to say 'em at all any more!"

Gen. Johnson's visit to Henry Ford was like the reception committee at San Francisco that sported great celluloid discs that bore the letters "B.B." They signified "Be a Booster." Up came the Los Angeles delegation all broken out with "A.B."—"Am a Booster!" Ford said something to the effect that the corporation had just held a meeting—been to dinner, in other words—and they decided that they would have to go backwards to conform to the code. While they could do that, they wouldn't sign anything that set up an organized authority within their plants.

The tradition-bound deplore the blow to individual initiative involved in the New Deal; but consider what society gains in the way of alphabetical initialitive! The cafe patron appreciated it when he ordered non-skid pancakes, or waffles, and alphabet soup so as to have a few moments with crossword puzzles. But initialitive is not of this century, either. How about BC and AD and IHS, more or less associated with the proceedings

of a modern General Conference, in which there participated an LD, DD, an LLD and a rural delegate who introduced himself as RFD?

Russia, besides giving us the designation of "Czar" for any U. S. official in supreme authority, has set the symbolic precedent with SSSR, OGPU, NEP and RSFSR, while we have individual inspiration from our own citizenry from a traveler who got into the hot belt. He immediately sent an SOS to have his BVD's sent PDQ, COD. Failing to get any response he got the central operator on the long distance. "Where are my BVD's?" he demanded; and central chirped, "I'm ringing them." Only one group now remains uninitialled; that is the SSCSOES, the Sect with a Sub-conscious Sense of Effortless Superiority."

A deal of hilarity in the New Deal! Of old it was written, "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings." But if he presses pants for 39c he shall stand before the judge.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." But if you don't withhold your hand the tax on excess cotton will make you wish you never was born.

Of such is controlled economy, not to be confused with the skinflint husband who protested against his wife's importunities for cash. "Yesterday it was 75c," he wailed, "the day before \$2, today \$1.25." "My goodness, what does she do with it all?" a sympathizing neighbor asked. "I dunno," the aggrieved husband replied, "I ain't gi'n her any yet!"

Managed economy means a group of revised rhymes. How's this for an old favorite?—keeping in mind that birth control in the stys has seemingly influenced the Senate to sanction public discussion of contraception:

This little pig went to market,  
This little pig stayed at home,

There to squeal his swan-squeal,  
As ordained by the New Deal!

Showing that the pen is mightier than the sword, the first milk-shake must take this form:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I marry you, my pretty maid?"

"Nay, that's curtailed, too, sir," she said.

And meet Maud Muller under the new management:

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,

Got this word from the AAA:

"Maud, just go hang up the old rake,

Processing fee for loafing take!"

Having a literary agriculturist for a leader is having its effect upon the terminology of the farm. The hired man now rejoices in the title of "Vice-president in charge of cows." Once thoroughly organized, restricted production may be simplified by going back to the sickle and flail, with which Ruth wrought in the fields of Moab. These, with strip farming, enabled the peasants of Russia to do very well in keeping their output down previous to their falling for the tractor and state farm frills. Substituting locusts and grasshoppers for seeds for gratuitous distribution by the government, and using the same barrel stave and black snake persuasion for keeping the mules on the furrows that were formerly used in inducing them to keep off of them, should be very helpful in transforming Secretary Wallace's vision into verity. There need be no loneliness on the American farms when controlled measurement is enforced. Neighbors two miles apart may solve their problem by doubling the number of feet in a mile to 10,560, thus reducing the intervening distance to a single mile. If it be urged by the captious that they are still an hour apart, doubling the



number of minutes in an hour will clear up the situation in no time.

Controversialists who think they detect a lack of logic in the release of 2,000,000 farmers for the privileges of city life and the back-to-the-farm movement that is to send 2,000,000 city-weary residents to the agricultural regions, have not gone very far in following the working out of this migration. Nothing could be more workable than for the two armies to meet equidistant from the place of departure and adopt a safe middle-course.

### New Deal

In the beginning was the word and the word was with Franklin D. Roosevelt; but the word wasn't the "New Deal." It was the "Forgotten Man." But Al Smith said the word was demagogic; and others said it was plagiaristic. In 1883 Prof. William Sumner Graham, of Yale University, wrote a famous essay on the "Forgotten Man." It appeared in a volume published by the Yale and Oxford University Press in 1918 under the title, "The Forgotten Man and Other Essays." "So the "Forgotten Man" was forgotten, as a campaign shibboleth.

At the beginning of the present century, the writer, impressed by the crusading progressiveness of Bryan and Pingree, dedicated his new daily, "Today," of Detroit, to "the average man, who is too often the forgotten man in our social and industrial arrangements." In the spirit of this espousal of social justice the paper continued for 21 years, but the forgotten men evinced no especial fervor in remembering they had an advocate. Better luck to Prof. Moley's venture, the "Today" of a third of a century later,

Another word came down from on high when the Governor of New York flew from Albany to Chicago to accept the Democratic nomination for Presidency—"Reforestration." The

joyfully acclaimed nominee would get the nation out of the woods by planting more trees! To this was added at once "Repeal" and "Retrenchment." Reforestration, Repeal, Retrenchment—three R's again, reminiscent of Blaine-Cleveland clash of 1884!

Out of the ceremonial of March 4th, 1933, came the "New Deal," conducted to the accompaniment of clanging bank doors. The order closing all the doors that had not clanged was pronounced courageous. Courage has been defined as "fear that has said its prayers." The consecrated Chief Executive went from bended knees to the inaugural. But the action was as inevitable as it was instant, as compulsory as it was courageous. The Chinese cafe-keeper out west simplified the problem in this way: "John has roast bleef and pork and beans. Roast bleef all gone—what'll you have?" The parable of the poker game in the trenches brings out the same truth: a German shell marked "personal" took off the head of one of the players. His comrades looked at his cards. "It's all right, boys," they said, "he wouldn't have won anyway!" With such a hopelessly drab background was there anything for the incoming President to do but to order a New Deal?

There's hilarity in the revelation of just how old the New Deal really is. Medieval Europe saw the setting up of guilds and codes and chantries and church-windows to fight, not depression, but oppression. "Let all share the same lot," ran the law of the frith-guilds, "if any misdo let all bear it." A member could not look for aid from his guild brothers in atoning for any guilt incurred by mishap. He could call on them for assistance in case of violence or wrong; if falsely accused they appeared in court as his compugators; if poor they supported and when dead they buried him. On the other hand he was responsible to them as they were to the state for order and obedience to the laws. A wrong of brother against brother was also a wrong against the general body of the guild, and was

punishable by fine, or in the last resort by expulsion, which left the offender a lawless man and an outcast.

A seven years' apprenticeship formed the necessary preparation for any trade guild. Their regulations were of the minutest character; the quality and value of the work was rigidly prescribed, the hours of toil fixed from daybreak to curfew, and strict provision made against competition in labor. At each meeting of these guilds their members gathered around the craft-box, which contained the rules of their society and stood with bared heads as it was opened. The warden and a quorum of guild brothers formed a court which enforced the ordinances of the guild, inspected all work done by members, confiscated unlawful tools or unworthy goods, and disobedience to their orders was punished. Voluntary association had to be followed by compulsory membership, in time, and legal control over the trade itself had to be secured through the grants of royal charters. Then ensued the inevitable breaking up into the "greater folk" and the "lesser folk."

Then there was a New Deal extending from Northern Germany into Scandinavia, ten centuries ago, known as the Hanseatic League. These far-flung businesses had a General at the head, too; built fortresses and enforced discipline among the store-keepers. They had to live on the Hanseatic premises—to be seen in Bremen, Hamburg, Lubeck and Bergen to this day—and they were cracked down upon if they took wives unto themselves.

What has been planned under Stalin's hammer and scythe, Mussolini's Roman fasces and Hitler's swastika reflect the uprooting spirit in other lands.

But these are New Deals of comparatively recent date. For the spiritual essence of the New Deal ideology one must go back to smoking Sinai, "where the speech of Moses was distilled as the dew." Back to the blessed injunction, "Be kindly affectioned one to the other, in honor preferring one another."

Or to the wisdom of that sage who enunciated a three-word solvent of all human distresses, "Nothing to excess."

Collectivism began with Joseph's brethren who put him in the pit because they thought that was a fine opening for a young man; and the AAA could do no better than go to the first Storage Man, consider how he saved instead of destroying the excess of the seven fat years, and be wise. The managed menagerie of this administration—inedible crow, blue eagle, lame duck, alley cat, cuttle-fish—must have the collectivism of Noah's memorable expedition in mind when it assembled its economic zoo.

### Romance of Re-Beginning

"The Romance of Re-Beginning" or "The Glory of Another Chance!" Sounds like a movie title, doesn't it? Well, it is just that—a pre-view of a 1933 production, mobilizing the greatest cast ever seen on the world's stage.

The NRA has put four million actors into the drama; in a little more than a month the CWA has recruited four millions more; seven or eight millions are waiting to be assigned their parts.

Not necessarily the parts they played before in the industrial drama. A phase of the "Romance of Re-Beginning" is in being no longer a misfit, but being assigned to the role in which one belongs. Have you heard of the Adjustment Service of New York? The Carnegie Corporation gave \$100,000 to help launch the experiment. It is intended to aid an unemployed person in determining his abilities and limitations, and to re-adjust himself vocationally. The depression has brought that blessing to thousands of round men and women in square holes in a single city. Changing a bad Beginning into a better Re-Beginning.

"Romance of Re-Beginning!" Only a new name for an old,

old story. Religion for 2,000 years has been calling it the rapture of being born again, redemption! Putting off the old man of the flesh and pressing forward to the prize of the mark of the high calling.

It is the story of Saul the Persecutor transformed into Paul the Apostle in the radiance of the Re-Beginning light that fell upon him on the road to Damascus.

It is the Woman at the Well told to "go sin no more."

It is the new determination that comes with the grey dawn of the morning. Robert Louis Stevenson, writing all his life in pain and weariness, has put it into a splendid prayer:

"The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. *Help us to play the man.*"

A less poetic father wrote to his son, who was grieving over his first serious misstep:

"Forget the rotten yesterdays. They come not back. You are bound to make mistakes if you make anything. Try not to make the same mistake twice."

"Romance of Re-Beginning." That's the New Year's resolution to be written at the top of a clean page in the Book of your Life. Only it is swearing on instead of swearing off. This is the day of a New Year and a New Beginning; or the turning from a bad ending of a good beginning into the "Romance of Re-Beginning." Kipling's "If" has an inspiring message for the dispirited:

"If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,  
And lose, and start at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,



And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the will which says to you, "Hold on!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,  
And, what is more, you'll be a man my son!"

Kipling, it is said, found his inspiration for this never-say-die appeal in the unconquerable soul of our first President, George Washington. Quite as clarion a challenge to the hard-pressed and dispirited comes out of the life story of the great American who now holds the high office to which the sterling character of Washington imparted deathless lustre. One who saw Franklin D. Roosevelt on a platform at Buffalo several years ago in the full glow of health and strength and not long after witnessed the distressing sight of the transfer of the disease-stricken figure from a train to a wheel-chair at Poughkeepsie, declared that he was in a position to appreciate the epic of Recovery as worked out in the heroic struggle of this strong-willed man. In the period of his upbuilding from semi-helplessness into restored and robust action, a friend of mine who visited the Roosevelt home in New York noted that in the circuits of his self-propelled invalid's chair every stand, chair, divan was a Station of the Open Book. Rather than "dying at the foot," Franklin D. Roosevelt was getting ready to live life more abundantly at both ends. His countrymen will agree that no one has more fully earned the right to summon them to take up arms against a sea of troubles. Here indeed is the "Romance of Re-Beginning."

### **Uplift From the Letdown**

We're not far from the second anniversary of the collapse of Balloon common and Bubble preferred in Wall Street, when the policeman said to the member of the Stock Exchange mak-

ing for the river: "Get in line there and take your turn!" Like the shell that screamed over Sammy's head, as he stood guard, this depression is "gittin' personal!"

But you American Nurserymen should worry. You may whistle, for your business is out of the woods. Come, let us reason together. The corners and margins you adorn are more cheerful themes than the corners and margins of the Street that has been described as so narrow that two bank presidents cannot pass without a merger. Do you see that man running a long narrow strip of paper through his nervous fingers? He is trying to decide whether he will go out and buy a Rolls Royce or get his lunch at the Automat.

Probe for the jewel in the toad's head; seek the sweet uses of adversity. Let's be June graduates again desecrating on the school walls the commencement motto—"Per aspera ad astra," through trials to the stars; the uplift in the letdown. Attend to what the impecunious suitor said to the sweetie whose hand and help he craved—"Be a support!" Adopt the new form of spelling obstacle — "o-p-p-o-r-t-u-n-i-t-y." Chisel stumbling-blocks into stepping-stones.

To the rear, pessimist, who of two evils chooses both; well pictured as a blind colored man looking for a black derby in a dark closet! Your plight is no more pitiful than the young man whose check kept coming back marked "No funds," until he got one with the notation, "No bank." "I expected it would come to that," he reflected.

Equally dismal was the pupil's answer to the question, "How many mills make a cent?" Said he: "Father says not a darned one."

What we need is the sanguine spirit of the tradesman who chirruped: "We're getting along all right. Six months ago we couldn't give our goods away; now we are selling them at a loss." Or of the hopeful industrialist who enlivened a

symposium on the state of trade by reporting that everything was lovely save in two departments. Pressed for details, he replied: "Production and shipping."

What are some of the sweet uses of adversity? Necessitated simpler living, for one thing; selling your automobile and getting on your feet. Wider reading, for another thing. One finds himself consulting the blue plate offerings on the cafe windows, where the tip you formerly flipped to the hotel waiter now covers the entire meal and admits you to full conversational fellowship with the lunch-counter cowboys and the smiling waitress. And home, long described as the place where you stay when the car is being fixed, has become as popular as it was in the eyes of Sandy when he proposed that Mary and he have dinner together. "Fine! where will we go?" breezed Mary. "To your house?" queried Sandy.

The mid-week prayer-meeting, formerly announced by the minister as the service which the janitor and he would attend on the ensuing Wednesday evening, has become an overflow affair, with its forty-cent supper supplementing the "bread of life."

Renouncing over-indulgence has resulted in a lowered death-rate, eight point nine, interpreted by a member of the common council as "eight dead and nine at the point of death."

Further uplift from the letdown is revealed in government provision for millions of the jobless, for whom industry itself is powerless to offer any succor. The capitalistic system is coming in for such a searching challenging as it never had before by aroused exponents of social justice. Employment insurance, old age pensions, the five-day week, establishing a minimum wage and other correctives looking to a more equitable distribution of the fruits of production inspire the hope that out of the tragedy of interrupted prosperity may come prevention of a recurrence of the disaster.

### Where Do We Go From Here?

Democracy? It is still on trial. For twelve years it hasn't been much of a success, according to the solemn registration of the people's will in November, 1932. It was what the eighth grade pupil called the meeting of Cleopatra and Mark Anthony—one of the greatest man-dates of all time. Four times your speaker has seen the inspired contrivance of rotation in office invoked to chasten the party of Lincoln; now Democracy continues the game, but a long-suffering electorate orders a New Deal. In 1876, when the slogan was "Turn the rascals out!": in 1884, when it was "A public office is a public trust": in 1912, when the battle cry was "The New Freedom": and in 1932, "Remember the Forgotten Man," the Constitutional device of chastisement and reconditioning—in two instances for two terms—was invoked by a betrayed people, "arousing itself like a strong man after sleep." It is a tribute to the sagacity of the Founders, to the authors of that document which Gladstone declared to be the greatest instrument ever struck off by the brain and soul of man, that the captains may depart, but the Ship of State goes on under a changed command through troubled waters.

Three things only Franklin D. Roosevelt will have to do to fulfill his campaign pledges. First, strike a billion from the annual outgo: second, repeal the 18th Amendment: third, enable all to arise and sing, "Happy days are here again." If these come to pass we will go from here to another extension of the experiment under Democracy. But as the man said who had a baby to bring up, it's "some chore" that falls to the Nation's head. All hail and honor to him!

Mobocracy? If Democracy under leaders overwhelmingly declared to be the nation's reliance in time of desperate need, disappoints, what then? Have you noticed how re-currently

that portentous line. "Menacing the very foundations of the government," is heard in public utterances? With this expression of alarm, one hears praiseful comment upon the remarkably few occasions of threatened collective violence. Outdoor assemblages on the order of Hyde Park have become common, but unmarked by mob violence. Something sanguinary might easily have resulted from the clash of Ford workers and the Dearborn police or from the barricading of the highways by the Iowa farmers and the encampment of the chagrined bonus-seekers at the national capital. But Mobocracy, that monster of frightful mien, has thus far been averted—probably because industrialists, as well as individuals, have been afflicted by the economic debacle, and government provision for millions of unemployed has been forthcoming upon an unprecedented scale. It is a possibility in a land filled with jobless men, smarting under a sense of social injustice; but if it come we prefer to think it would be of the bloodless order. In an area as vast as the United States an uprising that gets beyond urban police and federal military forces would have a tremendous geographical handicap to contend with.

Autocracy? Intimations that Democracy's delays, defects and disappointments call loudly for the centralized sway of a dictator—call him a benevolent despot, if you prefer—come mostly from the propertied middle-class or conservatives. Crime's increase, corruption of courts, certain grave trends in our social, educational and religious fields, no less than the revealed waste and venality of our governmental divisions—federal, state and municipal—have caused men of affairs and reflection to ponder the substitution of a Mussolini for our present system of balanced powers. They may not be so sure in their sober second thought unless another flagrant filibuster in the United States wrests from them the cry: "That settles it! Bring on a tyrant who will get things done!"

Technocracy? Shall we turn from Democrats to Techno-



crats? If extrication from our difficulties is not forthcoming under this administration, shall we base a revolutionized social system upon the findings of Howard Scott and his associates, who would substitute the unit of human energy for the dollar in our monetary system, let scientific control keep output and consumption in constant balance and thereby insure a high standard of living at uniform wages in a sixteen-hour week for at least a thousand years? They would eliminate both pauperism and philanthropy; all evidences of debt, such as bonds, notes, mortgages and debentures, would cease to exist, as they would have not an iota of usefulness in the physical operation of the national area under Technological control. The Technocrats contend that governmental functions to save citizens from fire, robbery and assault do not approach the importance and justification of saving them from starvation. Timely, they term their intervention, because projected into a period of mental vacuum. If Democracy fail us—Heaven forbid!—Technocracy may not be so bad to take.

### Free Press

This is the 200th anniversary of the establishment of an unfettered press through the acquittal of John Peter Zenger of the charge of having libelled the Colonial Governor in the *New York Weekly Journal*. Leaders of the fourth estate of this day have felt that the definite reassertion of Constitutional guarantees in the newspaper code was most imperative. The President gave the impression of indulging their demand rather grudgingly, but the re-affirmation of the principle of untrammelled publication went into the code just the same.

Mr. Roosevelt allowed that the incorporation of the Ten Commandments would have been just as pertinent. One musn't be too sure of that. A southern governor used the Lord's Prayer for a Thanksgiving proclamation. The rival sheet said they knew

it wasn't original because they had seen it somewhere. Then the governor's partizan supporter maintained that the "dishrag down the street" was resorting to its usual villification; that the proclamation was the governor's own and in his best style. It would be too bad to have the Ten Commandments become the basis of an attack on the authorship of the newspaper code.

The newspaper organizations are continuing in their determination to thwart any attempt to impair the principle of the freedom of the press, still threatened, as they maintain it is, by the proposed Federal Communications Commission. While the United States' population comprises the larger part of the 228,000,000 who are the only people that are not living under formal press censorship, it is a question if the American press has not suspended voluntarily to too great a degree the right of honest criticism out of deference to the conceded popularity of the President. I complimented one of the owners of a leading newspaper in New York upon its consistency in vigorously opposing abandonment of the gold standard. I was asked to put my approval in writing, so that the unsolicited word of commendation could be printed. I did as requested, but the tribute to the courage of the publication was never used publicly. I did receive very hearty thanks from the ownership by letter, with the explanation that it was not thought wise, in view of existing conditions, to reproduce it in the columns of the paper.

In the limited experience I have had on the air, I have been struck by the super-pains taken to prevent anything savoring of criticism of the administration to get by. "No, no—that's dynamite!" is the studio warning against anything liable to have its repercussions at the capital. There may be a Fascism of fawning and of fearsomeness quite as much as a Fascism of force, and it is not a healthful state of things. Happily since the beginning of the present year a portion of the press has shown itself brave enough to drop that form of effusive personal adulation that would be more fittingly applied to a film favorite

than to the first official of the land. High-purposed as he is, and splendid as his victory over physical crisis has been, he is by his own admission not infallible, and right-tempered criticism is a better service to him and the nation than an excess of fulsome praise. When someone told Lincoln Secretary Stanton was saying bitter things about him, Old Abe asked, "Did Stanton say that?" "He certainly did," answered the tale-bearer. "Well, Stanton is generally right," said the mancipator, "I must go see him about it!" There's the way of a great soul under detraction.

From speaking engagements in eastern cities, followed by a return to the headquarters of the Speakers' Division at the capital, it was apparent that the period of patriotic muteness was over. The cancellation of the Air Mail contracts, entailing the sacrifice of a dozen young Army fliers, was the first occasion of severe criticism aimed at the President since his shirt-sleeved ultimatum to the London Conference last summer. Then "complaint day" at the end of a year of the New Deal at the Capital—a device of Soviet lower courts, by the way—found outspoken observers far beyond the seat of government. A speaker quickly sensed the fact that he no longer had to rely for personal tranquillity upon the gospel as laid down by the Pullman car porter following the sinking of the *Lusitania*:

"Didja know dem Germans got submaroons dat sneak up under de watah an' jab a hole in our ships an' sink 'em widdout trace?"

"Y' doan say! Well, this' chile knows what he's gwine to do. He's gwine to be aw nootrality!"

"Nootrality nawthin'! Aw's gwine to be a German!"

Touching all the alphabetical combinations, permutations and arrangements, it is no longer necessary to predicate life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness upon thick-and-thin deference to the presidential charm. That recovery formula, "Understand

we have no word of criticism for the President," began to disappear. In Washington the testimony of Dr. Wirt, the over-riding of the bonus veto and the lusty movements for the pay-off of depositors and re-monetization of silver brought up the possibility of the United States becoming a republic while the President was working his will upon the barracuda in southern waters. Certainly his felicitous off-hand remarks upon detrain-ing at Washington, in which he dismissed the pay-off plan in playful yet contemptuous raillery, indicated that he was speaking without due consideration of what had been coming in from the clipping bureau in his absence. Later there was suggestion from the White House that something just as good, but of administration origin, might be forthcoming for the suffering depositors.

Particularly is an unafraid press the palladium of the people's liberties right now, when the Presidency of the United States is more or less plural. Granting that "in a multitude of counselors there is strength," there is also the danger of weakness. There are too many brain-trusters about Mr. Roosevelt to make the charge of overlordship very arresting. It is more like an over loaded ship—towed, Dr. Wirt maintained, by the Tugwell. Just why what the Indiana educator heard in a drawing-room should be considered so sensational passeth understanding. Sentiments attributed to certain members of the brain trust are no more radical or revolutionary than what they have put into their writings or embodied in the "evolutionary" schemes of social betterment with which we are now experimenting. Why profess amazement and alarm at the revelation that intellectuals and young radicals have been thinking and talking of what is to befall if democracy fails to provide the way out of present distresses? One of the outstanding pulpits of New York has predicted that "in fifty years the United States will be so communistic and Russia so capitalistic that you will not be able to tell the two apart."

In the meantime Russia is putting so many billions into collective experimentation it might be wise to await her adventures on the social frontiers before we give permanency to all of our emergent measures. The Czar, when the Nihilists were busy with their pernicious activities, had the forethought to let the Czarina test the milk before he drank it. That's an ample laboratory the Soviets have over there! We should recognize that, too. At the same time and all the time quickening the cadence of long-time trends toward more equitable distribution of wealth.

Nobody under the Stars and Stripes was ever threatened with such punishment for gold-hoarding or any other misdemeanor against the currency as was visited upon four hoarders of small coin when I visited Moscow in 1930. We got our change from the hotel newsstand or street car conductors in the form of bits of wrapping-paper marked with the number of kopeks we were entitled to. We didn't demur; treated it as a part of the adventure in the land of the Soviets; but one morning, when four rifles cracked and four men bit the dust for their offense against the financial integrity of the republic, we knew that our slight inconvenience had been expiated behind the grey walls of the Kremlin.

China, in the long ago, had a system of shaping coins to conform to the things for which they were to be extended. A piece shaped like a human body was designed for the purchase of clothing; a razor-shaped coin indicated the purchase of any sharp instrument. What proportion, if any, of the billions being expended under the New Deal should be fashioned to represent a congressional ballot?

When, in answer to the Master's question concerning the coin, "whose is this image and superscription?" the disciples answered, "Caesar's," He said unto them: "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God that things which are God's."



Caesar seems to be claiming the larger share in many realms of unrest and ferment right now; but the New Deal, illumined by the eternal verities of the Age-Long Deal, would give everyone his just due. Consider the brain trust striking hands with the redemptive soul trust! And after that the Millennium!

### Free Speech

I accepted the call of Col. Louis J. Alber, chief of the Speakers' Division, to serve in the verbal artillery of the NRA drive. My friend (long with the Redpath Bureau of Cleveland) assured me I need accept only such calls as would not interfere with my regular speaking engagements. I did not foresee that under NRA there would be no more calls for professional platform folk at the usual rates. Such an array of spellbinders, from Johnson and Richberg down, were available on a pro bono publico basis, other post prandial talent was reduced to the dilemma of the humorist who told the noontide service club, "You treat me like a dog—I have to speak for my dinner!"

The after-dinner headliners found themselves in the situation of the speaker who told the ladies' club he did not feel like accepting the envelope containing a modest fee because he knew from his wife, who was a member, that their treasury was all but depleted. "We thank you very much," said the treasurer, "we will put the check in the fund." "What fund might that be?" asked the philanthropist. "That's a fund to get better speakers," the dear woman replied.

Give NRA credit for one achievement, however misdirected some of its energies may be—it has brought in an era of free speech. Nothing but. Dedicated to revive industry, it has played the mischief with the professional postprandialists.

My first speaking assignment was at Longacre Square, just above Times Square, New York. The impression left by that appearance was that controlled economy was anything but

noiseless; that it was accompanied by Bedlammic confusion. To begin with, Longacre was a traitorous site for a project that implied (through the AAA policy of restricted production) a short acre. Then the spot was where Seventh Avenue runs into Broadway—with a bang. The subway roared directly underneath the speakers' stand, the street cars and the sirens of the fire, police and ambulance departments were worse than Bedlam let loose on both sides; pedestrians and automobiles jammed the streets; a band, dancers and speakers and singers filled the platform, and a famous circus clown of other days was master of ceremonies. The band crashed, the singers sang, the danseuse poised on her big toe and pointed to a quarter of six with the other. Through four amplifiers at the corners of the platform the spokesmen poured out their throaty entreaties to the great throng of listeners to "buy now and reward business establishments for coming under the NRA banner."

The scene was prophetic of the discords that were to develop in the New Deal operations. It was like that occasion when the Republicans hired a portable saw-mill to operate in a lot adjoining the scene of a Democratic rally to be addressed by William Jennings Bryan. After an hour and a half the saw-mill surrendered. I know our voices went home, for two young men from my own town found their way to the stand after the meeting. It soon developed that they came in the spirit of their own interpretation of NRA, "Never refuse another." I made it possible for them to comply in a measure with the "buy now" appeal. By its fruits ye shall know a speech. They wanted \$10. As I handed them \$5, I murmured "Now we're both out five."

My next contribution was a radio speech at 11:45 p. m. on the theory, I took it, that there were many people who had the same problem Uncle Joe Cannon confessed he had in New York, namely, what to do between midnight and the hour for retiring. If people would endure the din of Longacre Square

and stay up till midnight to listen to the radio, I figured that NRA had a chance. I wasn't so sure of it when I complied with the request of the New York advertising committee to prepare a page for the "buy now" campaign in the New York papers. The bankers had subscribed \$12,000 to run the copy over their names, but there was difficulty in getting Washington, New York and the bankers to agree on the copy. Bruce Barton had done his best, but the author of "The Man Nobody Knows" and "The Book Nobody Knows" didn't appear to be able to produce a page that anybody would OK.

I conceived the idea of bringing Aesop into the competition with his "Fable of the Belly and Its Members." Accordingly I condensed the story of how hands, feet, teeth, tongue and throat went on a strike against the stomach because all they gathered and masticated went to that monopolistic member. They refused to go forth for food or to chew and swallow it, and soon had the stomach right where they wanted it. But soon direful things began to happen to the strikers. Limbs withered, teeth fell out, tongue swelled and throat was paralyzed. Then they discovered that they were all bound up together in a scheme of mutuality, and they called off the strike.

I thought this would appeal to both bankers and laborers, but it never saw the light, as far as I know; nor did any other piece of copy meet with favor by all concerned. The appropriation was forthcoming, but the meeting of minds was not. It was as difficult to reconcile the conflicting points of views as it was for the copy-writer to please his client, the country banker. One day he brought in an advertisement containing a quotation from Shakespeare—the advice of Polonius to Laertes. "Strike those chaps out; let 'em pay for their own advertising!" ordered the banker.

The tumult and the shouting of Longacre Square and the New York and Washington heads divided against themselves in the matter of advertising, were forerunners of the confusion

and cross purposes attending codifications and enforcements under the NRA. Prices of consumers' necessities went up quickly despite the "not too fast" protest of Gen. Johnson, but the income of the workers followed afar off in the percentage of increases. True, the fourteen to fifteen millions of unemployed were cut down to ten millions, but it took the CWA, pinch-hitting for the PWA, to get four million more out of the toilless trenches by Christmas. The fierce snowfalls of February and March in New York brought out the costly defects of federal relief. Forty thousand shovellers were at work at one time, clearing the streets. A wag observed that one could gauge the severity of the downfall by the fact that as many as 30,000 storm-fighters were buried without trace. It was suggested that rescue could be expedited by putting the CWA army in uniform. In a cafe near Central Park regularly the employed had to be patient in ordering breakfast owing to the congestion of the unhurrying unemployed. The proprietor said the invasion of the coffee-house began right after they had reported for the day's work to the foremen in the Park. A Fifth Avenue bus passenger remarked the fantastic effects of the snowfall upon the statuary in Central Park. "That's not statuary," corrected a closer observer, "those are the CWA workers!" Federal relief may make leaners of some of our unfortunate citizenry, but not upon the handles of snow-shovels.

Shops profited by a spurt in trading and certain industries got into production in expectation of quickened demand and higher prices; but capital industries lagged through belated code arrangements and restrictions, coupled with misgivings as to the administration's financial policy. The executive head of a corporation of nation-wide operations reported there had been a speeding up of demand, but the imposition of a dozen codes had reduced net earnings almost to the vanishing-point. One of the oldest of Atlantic City hotels groaned under a similar burden of codes, but its grievance was that its readiness to go along

with NRA, in hearty accord with its announced objective, had not resulted in the promised democracy of voluntary association. It saw nothing resembling industrial self-government in the imposition of codes from without the hotel groups. In Detroit the Fable of the Belly was exemplified in President Roosevelt's composing of the labor difficulties threatening to paralyze motor production. But the discovery of the American Federation of Labor that the early prospect of all industries 100% unionized under section 7a, was not to be fulfilled, left bitterness in the brotherhoods, and there are still ominous reverberations, with demands for the thirty-hour week as their dominant note.

The assurance offered smaller concerns that the requirements of the codes would not be enforced where it could be shown that it would be a hardship, had the effect of relieving the lesser industries and trades of the fear of punitive action. A barber-shop in lower New York offered everything for 90c until it put up the blue eagle. Customers balked at the new rates—shave, 25c; hair cut, 50c; shampoo, 50c, etc. "Get everything you want at the old rate," said the proprietor, "noble bird that eagle, huh?"

Checks would be issued for labor within the time limit of the code, while extra hours would be kept off the record through cash payments. Thus the chiselling went merrily forward, the Consumers Board reporting non-competitive price-fixing conspiracies.

Omni-presence of the bird of the broad and sweeping wing has led to many misconceptions of the eagle's mission. "Gimme a quart of that Blue Eagle brand!" was not an unusual order. The English tourist's little lad cried, "Look at the 'awk!" His brother corrected him: "H'it's an 'en!" Up spake father. "Both wrong. H'it's neither an 'awk nor an 'en. H'it's an h'eagle, emblem of this blarsted depression!"

Native sons have been known to discriminate in their birdology. There was the Norwegian who called for a drink of



"squirrel whiskey." "We have no 'squirrel whiskey,'" said the bar-keeper, "but here's some good 'Old Crow.'" "No, I don't wanta fly—just wanta hop!" said Steve.

Winning the war against depression with wings and windows! The poster campaign appealed to the American love of outflinging the colorful tokens of allegiance. There was the KKK zealot who posted the declaration, "100% American." Across the street a competitor put up the legend. "200% American." The KKK member went over to question the discourtesy of such a come-back. "Perfectly all right," said the 200 percenter. You just hate Catholics, Jews and Blacks—I hate everybody!"

Forty thousand cleaners struck in New York in protest against chain-establishments cutting the rate from 75c to 49c. Meanwhile the bargain places were getting more than the code rate through ridiculously high charges for sewing up pocket holes and putting on buttons. A petty instance to cite, you say, but it illustrates the perplexities of controlled economy. And not at all inconsequential in the light of such a domestic crisis as this:

Husband: "That settles it. I can stand your nagging no longer. I go and forever!"

Wife: "Why, you can't leave me like this! Your suit is not home from the cleaners!"





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